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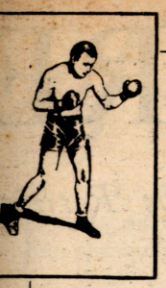

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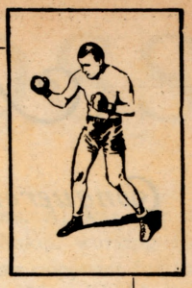

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

At last we've hit it—"THE RING'S" FIRST ANNUAL RANKING OF WRESTLERS, a selection made from an exhaustive study of the mat situation in all parts of the country by our expert "Tex" Austin, with the co-operation of staff correspondents, will make its appearance. If you want to read something worth while and get the dope on the present-day mat stars, watch for this article.

Heigh! Ho!—The Girls Have Won! With the expansion of "The Ring" to 64 pages, a special woman's section on boxing and wrestling will be inaugurated in "The Ring." No foolin', girls, you'll find your boxing and wrestling stars featured in the next issue.

Plain and Fancy Nuts is the contribution of one of America's most versatile sports writers—Bill Miller. You'll like it. Bill's interesting style has few equals.

The first of a series of articles on "Pugilism's Progress," written by the late Charles F. Mathison shortly before his death.

And for the wrestling fans, ten pages of bright, newsy gossip and stories with heaps of pictures of your favorites.

These in addition to six pages of photographs and special articles by "The Ring's" famous staff of writers.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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A PEN PICTURE

Conqueror of Tony Canzoneri Hopes to Emulate Benny Leonard by Retiring As an Undefeated Lightweight Champion

By WILBUR WOOD

OFTEN I have diverted myself by trying to picture the character of a boxer in his everyday life by a study of his behavior in the ring. It is an amusing pastime, especially when one has the opportunity, as I have, of contrasting the impression gained from the fighter's ring behavior with his real character by studying him later, as I get to know him better aside from his fighting.

Take Barney Ross, for instance. The first time I saw him was in Stillman's gymnasium, the day he arrived in New York to start training for his second bout with Tony Canzoneri, the one at the Polo Grounds when he proved that his Chicago victory over the little Pisan was no fluke, by scoring another decision in fifteen rounds.

Barney impressed me at first glance, as he did his fistic chores with an admiring gallery looking on, as a flashy youngster. He gave me the impression of acting up to the role of champion—doing a very good job, too! But, I thought to myself, this boy cannot really be as good a boxer as he makes himself out to be. Nor, I thought, can he really be as much impressed as he seems to be at meeting such famous characters as Benny Leonard and Leach Cross and in acknowledging the good wishes of scores he was meeting for the first time. In fact, I gained the idea he was a flashy kid, with a lot of polish and class on the surface and probably not nearly so much underneath.

A happy reunion. Ma Rosofsky, mother of Barney Ross, journeyed by auto from Chicago to see her son successfully defend his lightweight title against Tony Canzoneri. A kiss from Ma is his reward.

* * *

THAT was my first impression. I have put it down frankly. It is no sin to guess wrong. I was wrong, very wrong. For when you get to know this young fellow, as I have come to know him since that first day, you must agree that Barney is entirely sincere, a fine character who is a credit to the boxing game, aside from his skill in his profession; a boy his mother may well be proud of.

Some time after his second fight with Canzoneri, I asked him a few questions. One of the first was what constituted his greatest ambition.

"Professionally," he replied, "my ambition is to remain lightweight champion throughout my career, giving every deserving challenger a chance, and then to retire, as did Benny Leonard, as undefeated champion.

"But really," he went on, "my greatest ambition is to see to it that my mother, and the rest of the family, have everything they want. If I could do that better in some other profession, I would not hesitate to go into it in preference to boxing. But I thought I had some talent for the ring and could do better as a boxer than in any other profession and so I went in for boxing. So far, I have done well enough and I hope to do better.

"I haven't made what you could call a fortune out of my boxing career as yet. At first it was mostly hard knocks. But I didn't mind, because I always could see better things ahead. And I want to say that I consider boxing a fine profession for a young fellow who has any talent for it. He should soon be able to tell whether it is the right line for him to take. There are some fine men in boxing and if a fellow will give the game the best that is in him he should have as much of a chance to get somewhere as in any other profession.

"But as I was saying, my main idea is to make enough out of the game to take good care of my mother and the rest of the family. When my father was killed in a holdup of our grocery on the East Side of Chicago I figured it was up to me to do what I could for mother and my four brothers and one sister. My mother had a hard life for a long time, but at last things are going to be different. She is going to get some joy out of life. And I want my two younger brothers to have some advantages that I didn't have."

* * *

"WHAT do you plan to do when your boxing days are over? Do you plan to study any other profession, or go into some business, or what?"

"Well," said the champion, "I hope my retirement from boxing is many years in the future. I have an idea that when the time comes for me to hang up my gloves, we all, my sister and brothers, can go into something together. Sort of a family corporation."

"What was your greatest thrill?"

"I suppose you expect me to say that was when I won the title from Canzoneri in Chicago," he replied with a smile. "But that's not true. I got even more of a thrill when I was declared the winner in our second fight.

"You see, a lot of people thought I was just lucky or something in that first fight, that I was just a sort of accident and would get my head punched off when I boxed Canzoneri in New York. Some people even thought I didn't win that first fight. I thought I did and I was sure I could win even more decisively in fifteen rounds. When I won the second fight I proved to everybody that I really deserved to be the champion and that was a tremendous satisfaction."

"Was the second fight harder for you than the first?"

"Yes, I think it was. I think I boxed better in the second fight. It was a harder fight for me because Canzoneri didn't fight me as he did in Chicago. In the first fight, he kept coming after me. In our New York bout, he changed his style and made me come to him. I had to do the leading and make the fight."

"Who gave you your hardest fight?"

"Canzoneri gave me my hardest fights as a professional, be-

# of BARNEY ROSS

cause he made me think by constantly changing styles on me. But physically, my hardest fight was as an amateur, when I won from Al Santora of New York in the featherweight match in Madison Square Garden between the Golden Glove teams of New York and Chicago.

* * *

"I FOUND out that night that boxing is not a soft game. The first two boys on the Chicago team, the flyweight and the bantamweight, were beaten. They came back to the dressing room crying. I knew the rest of the fellows were relying on me to break up the losing streak. I had heard that my opponent, Santora, was very good. But it was up to me to beat him.

"So when the fight started I went after him with everything I had. He came after me in the same spirit. He was just as set on making it three straight for New York as I was for getting a victory for Chicago. We slugged for all we were worth through the three rounds. I certainly was glad to hear the bell at the end of the third, because I was so tired I hardly could walk to my corner. But I thought I had won. I felt like I could sit on that stool and rest until morning. That's how tired I was.

"And then the judges couldn't agree and ordered us to go another round. I wondered if I could even get to the center of the ring. One of my seconds said to me: 'I know you're tired, Barney, but look at him. He's more tired than you are.'

"I didn't see how any one could be more tired than I was but the bell rang and I had to get up and fight. I did it, somehow, and it was not long before I found that my second had it right. Santora was more tired than I was.

"At the end of the extra round I got the decision. That knowledge that no matter how tired or how badly hurt you may be in a fight, the other fellow may be worse, has been of inestimable value to me ever since. I was lucky to learn that so early in my career."

Al Santora, by the way, was at the train to greet Ross when Barney came to New York to train. Al is a professional now, too, but he has not come along as has Ross. Al was one of Canzoneri's sparring partners at Pompton Lakes, working for a few dollars a day, whereas Ross, his one-time opponent for the National Golden Gloves title, drew down $34,000 as his bit.

* * *

ROSS was asked to name his favorite diversion. In nine cases out of ten a boxer will answer that by naming the movies or cards. Not so with Ross. Barney gets his greatest pleasure from listening to music—good music. He goes to as many operas and concerts as possible. Probably he would rather be a great musician than a great fighter. He plays the piano, but says he is not much at it. He never had much time to devote to music.

The win-nah, and still champion—Barney Ross. The veteran Joe Humphreys, who has officiated as announcer in most all championship bouts except the Carnera-Sharkey mill, holds up the hand of the Chicago lad when Referee Donovan awarded the decision to him over Canzoneri.

Barney enjoys the movies, too. He regards "Humoresque" and "Over the Hill" as the best pictures he has seen. He has no particular favorite among the screen actresses. Among the actors he puts Walter Huston and Lionel Barrymore on top.

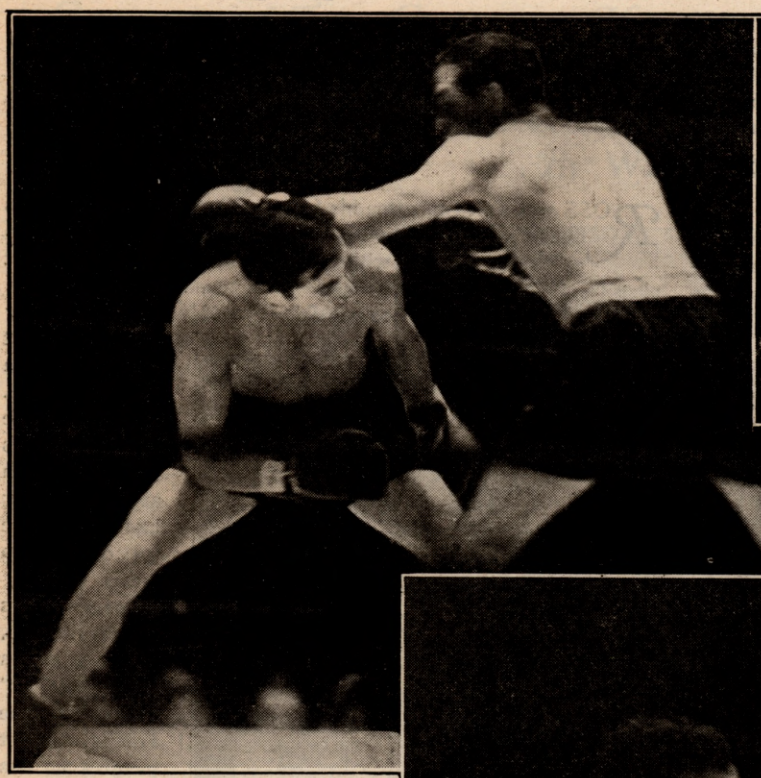
"I surely would like to see Huston in a stage play," he said. "If he ever plays again I am going to see him, no matter how far I have to go. I can afford to give myself that treat now."

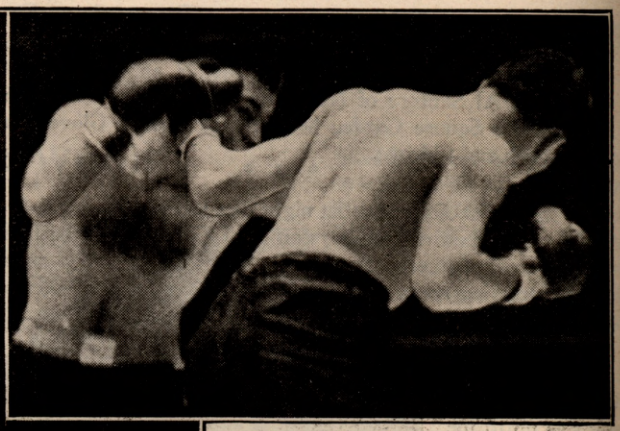
Ross is one of those natural leaders. From his boyhood days he has taken the lead naturally. In Chicago's ghetto he was always the chosen leader of his particular crowd. If there was a tough kid from some other street to be licked, it fell to Barney to lick him. That's really how he got started as a fighter, long before he ever laced on a glove, even as an amateur.

Though he was busy, while going to Medill High School, in helping to support the family, he found time to go in for athletics. He won his letter in both soccer and basketball, playing forward in each sport. They say he was good and there is every reason to believe so, what with his natural speed and aggressiveness.

Barney has the knack of making friends, friends who stick. One of his boyhood cronies, Al Leder, was so taken up with Barney that he bought a diary and kept *(Continued on page 46)*

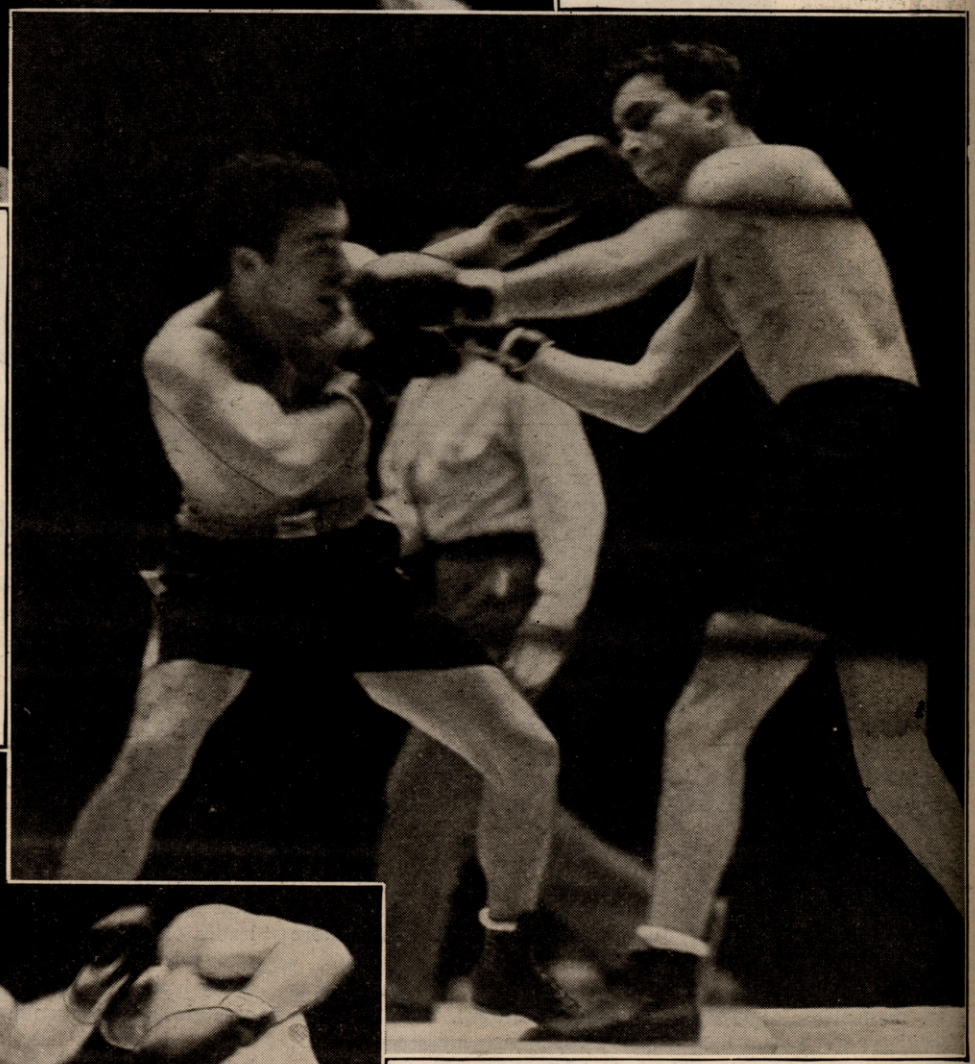
Snapped at the ROSS-



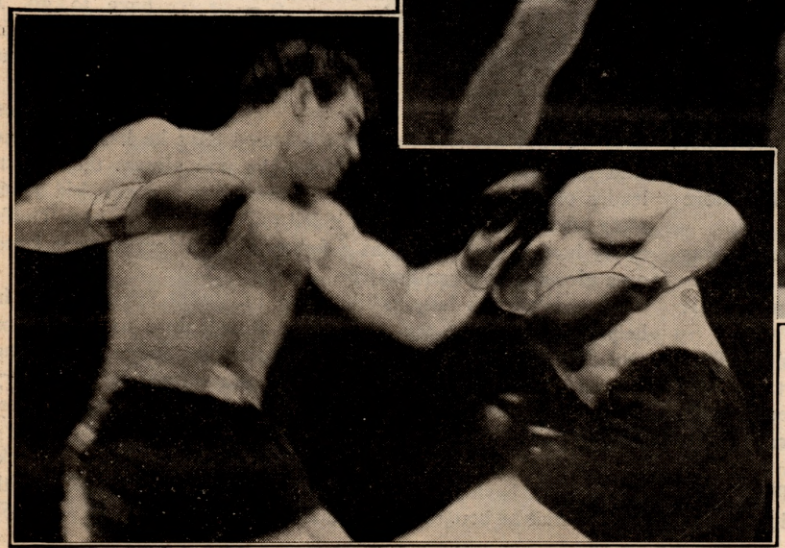


A blow that shook Canzoneri in the sixth, a left to the head. A terrific right to Tony's stomach followed.

Barney shows that he knows how to duck. He forces Tony's left lead to slip over the head in the fifth round.



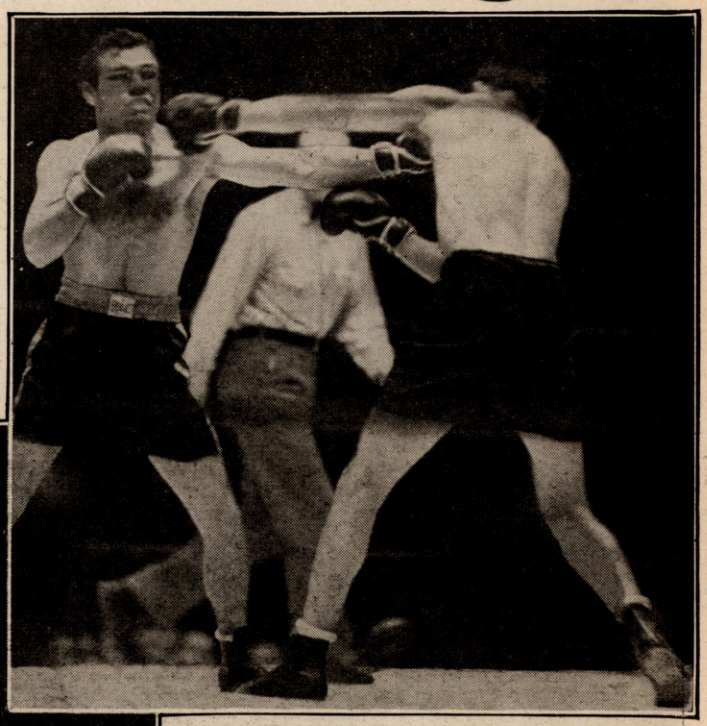
Below—The third was a fine round for Tony, who waded in and landed effectively with frequency to Ross' head.



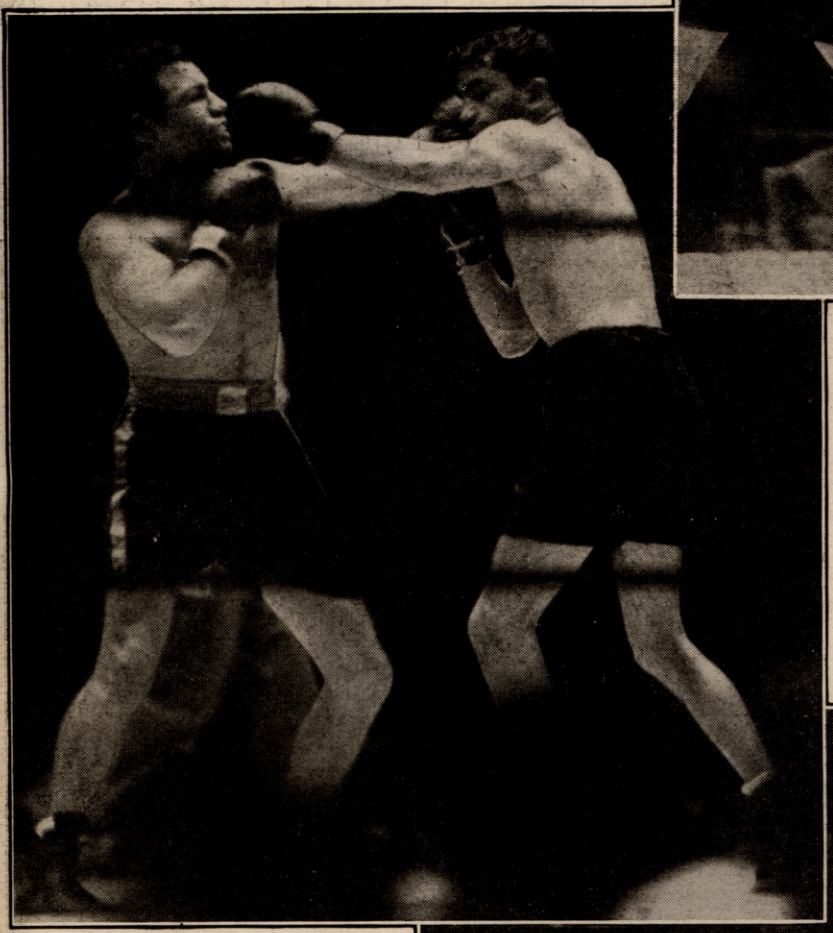
The last few seconds of the fight. Tony blocks a left and reaches Ross' face with a similar blow.

CANZONERI *Fight*

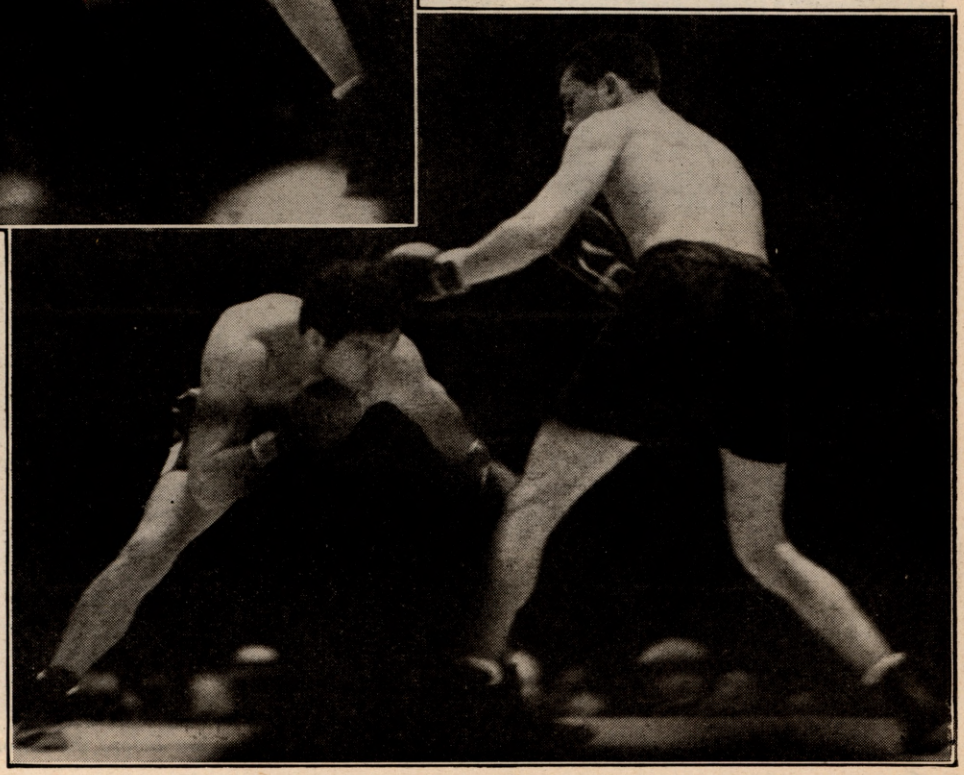
Some Stirring Action Scenes Taken of the Lightweight Title Bout at the Polo Grounds, N. Y.



One of the few times that Ross' straight left failed to reach its mark. Tony's left, however, found a mark on Ross' face.



Left—An exchange of lefts in the fifteenth round, in which Canzoneri made a great effort to win by a K.O.



Right—Tony Canzoneri tried a little ducking in the second. Note Barney's right poised for a shot. Tony tried hard, but just missed being the first ex-lightweight champion to win back his former crown.

"Ten Seconds of Sunlight!"

The True and Tragic Story of the McCarty-Pelky Fight

By JAMES M. KAHN

MORE than anything else, this is the story of ten seconds of sunlight.

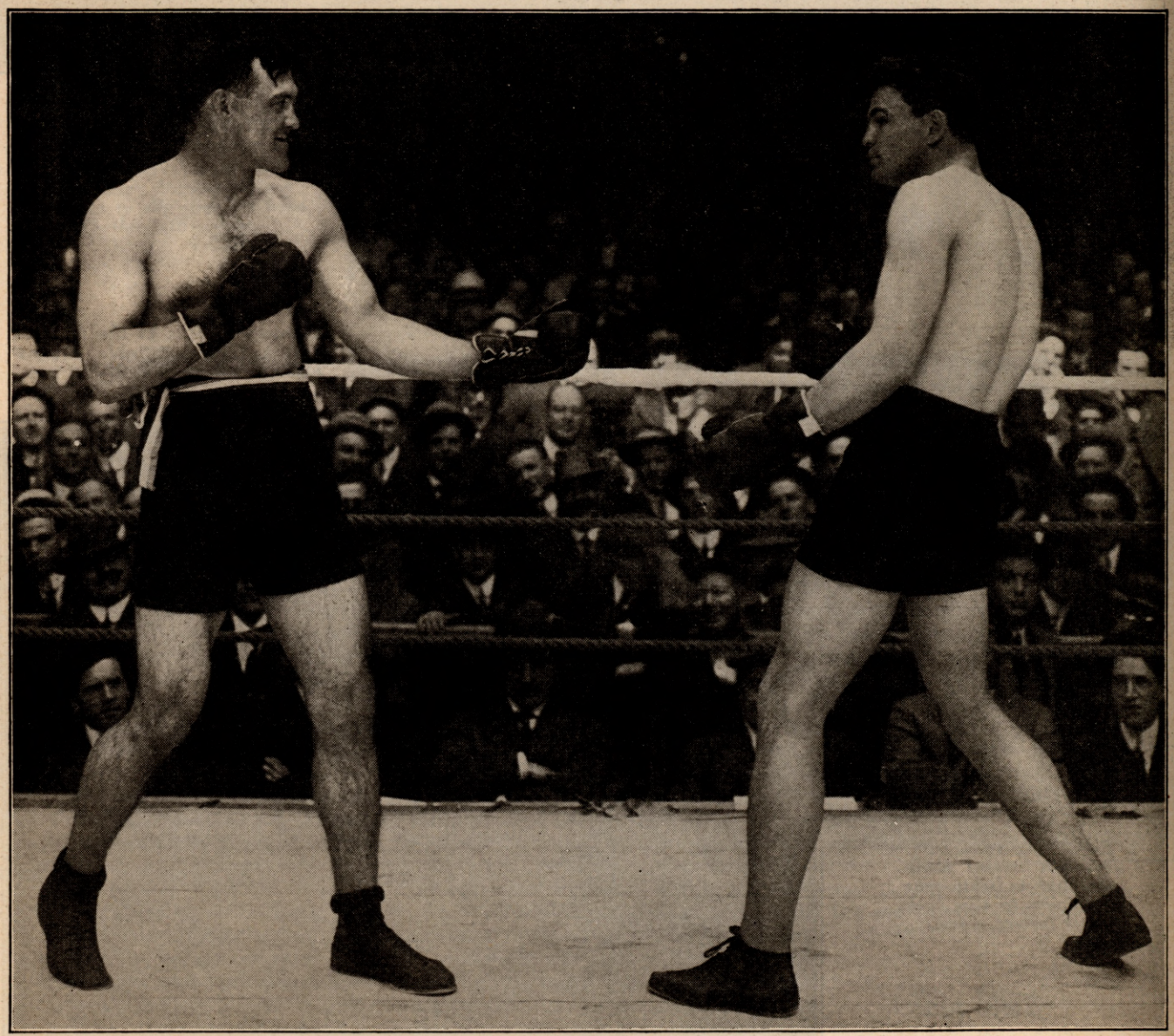
It might, just as easily, have been a story of triumph and glory, conquest and fame, of the flailing fists of a fighting youth and the wondrous heights they carried him to.

But it isn't. It is the story of ten seconds of sunlight, because as that celestial beam held the figures in this human drama in its golden glow it marked the climax of the ring's most tragic and dramatic episode.

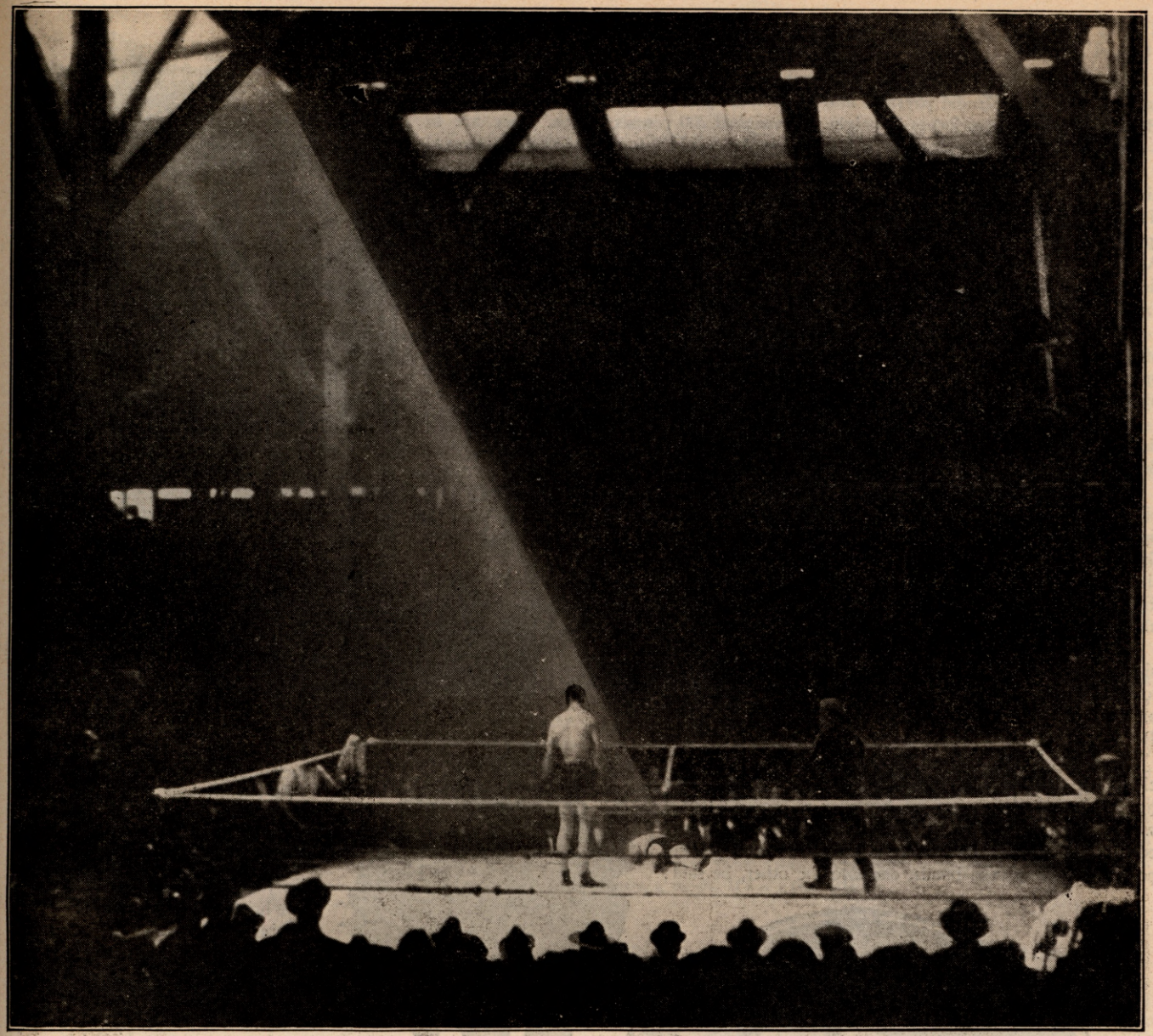
All that Might Have Been—the story of triumph and glory, conquest and fame, of the flailing fists of a fighting youth and the wondrous heights they carried him to—faded with the sun. Into the gray mists went Luther McCarty and into the gray mists with him went What Might Have Been.

But that sombre thought was far from the minds of the excited folk of Calgary, Alberta, back on the morning of May 24, 1913. Here a whole town buzzed and hummed with anticipation. Luther McCarty, "white heavyweight champion of the world," young 21-year-old giant, was to show all of his cleverness and skill as a fighting man in a match with Arthur Pelky.

Pelky was the product of one of the numerous "white hope" tournaments which had sprung up all over the country after Jack Johnson, greatest of the Negro fighters, had hammered Jim Jeffries into the resin at Reno three years before.



Arthur Pelky and Luther McCarty squaring off just before the unfortunate ending



Here is the most remarkable picture in the history of ring photography. It shows the bar of sunlight thrown on Luther McCarty as he lay in the Calgary ring, knocked out by Arthur Pelky—a development brought on by a previous injury and which was to lead to McCarty's death. Ed Smith is the referee.

PELKY was a good fighter. He had met and defeated a lot of good men. Next to McCarty he was looked upon as the one most likely to wrest the heavyweight championship from Johnson, and bring it back to the white race. But he had to get by McCarty. The fight was a "natural." It was inevitable that sometime as these fighting men went on their way their paths would meet, and that they would have it out. What wonder, then, that excitement ran high as Calgary, jammed for the day by crowds from near-by towns, got ready for the battle.

That it threatened to rain that day made little difference. The gray, sombre sky couldn't dull the high spirits of the expectant fans. Tommy Burns, the last white man to have held the heavyweight championship before Johnson battered it out of his grasp in far-off Australia, had arranged the match, and he had looked ahead in safeguarding against unfavorable weather.

He had built a wooden arena which McCarty and Pelky were to christen this day. It was like a giant shed, with four straight walls and a flat roof. Into the center of the roof had been built a glass skylight, through whose murky panes the dull gray light from the leaden skies seeped down upon the canvas of the ring.

Inside the gloomy structure Burns had built seats for about 10,000 people. This was more people than had ever seen a prize-fight in Canada before. But Burns knew what he had and that it would arouse more interest and excitement than ever before. He wasn't wrong. Long before fight time every seat was filled.

THE fight was scheduled for 12:30 in the afternoon. But, after the manner of fight crowds, the arena began filling up long before that time. Slowly but steadily for more than an hour before the scheduled time the buzzing crowd moved through the murky, gray-lit aisles to its seats. By 12:30 the arena was full and the rumbling sound of muted talk hummed steadily through the wooden enclosure.

But as if by a prearranged signal the dull hum of conversation suddenly came to life with a mighty roar. Pelky was sighted coming down the aisle toward his corner. To the noise of the shouting voices was added the clatter of clapping hands. Pelky paid little attention to it, but walked quickly to his corner, reached it, climbed through the ropes and sat down.

With him were Burns and his trainer, Deacon Roberts. Besides being the promoter of the match, Burns was seconding Pelky. He was in his shirt sleeves and his suspenders made a wide fork across his broad back as he stood in front of Pelky, talking to him. Roberts, also in his shirtsleeves, had a towel slung over his shoulder.

Before this first great roar had fully died down, another one sprang up. This time it was a full-throated howl, for the magnificent McCarty, now swinging down the aisle himself with a broad grin on his handsome face, was the popular favorite. He waved a friendly greeting to the crowd as he moved with quick steps toward his corner, towering above everything and everyone around him.

Only 21, yet his early life as a cow puncher and plainsman had developed his splendid physique into magnificent proportions. He stood six feet three inches in height and weighed 200 pounds —a wonderfully built young fighting man.

Billy McCarney, his manager, and Al Norton and Fred Sears, his handlers, cleared the way as he swung confidently down the aisle. At last he reached his corner, climbed through the ropes, spun around with his hands upraised to the crowd and sat down. Again the roar of the crowd died down to a hum, but this time it was buzzing with suppressed excitement and the thrill of expectation.

The fighters sat in their corners, shielded from the gaze of each other by their handlers. The husky voiced announcer, with hands upraised, motioned for quiet. The crowd was reluctant to give it to him. Well it knew what he had to say:

". . . . In this corner, Arthur Pelky . . . . in this corner, Luther McCarty . . . . referee, Ed Smith . . . ."

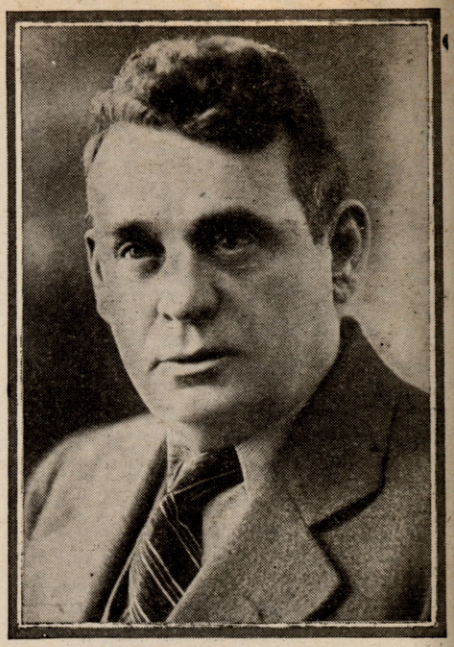
The crowd unwillingly let him say his piece. They were anxious to get on with the fight. But the announcer didn't finish with these customary introductions. He went on, this time to introduce a darkly clad figure sitting in the first row. He was a cleric, the Rev. Peter Walker, a local Presbyterian clergyman.

At the time it wasn't common for clergymen to be ringside spectators. Boxing had not then reached the fine and fashionable estate it was to assume in the years of million-dollar gates and 80,000 crowds. So the crowd, interested, cheered, and the Rev. Walker was induced to say something from the ring.

He said what he might have been expected to say, what a clergyman would say. While the 10,000 listened in silence he said he had never seen any brutality in boxing; that it was a fine, manly sport. And while the boxers sat in their corners, impatiently shuffling their feet in the resin and pounding their gloved hands, one into the other, he said:

". . . . Here are two fine young men. They are in perfect physical condition, ready for their big test. And it should remind all of us always to be ready for our big test: to be ready to meet our Maker when the time comes."

The Rev. Walker left the ring and sat down. In but a short time his words were to take on a prophetic meaning, but at the moment the roaring crowd was too eager for the battle to give them much thought.



"Professor" Billy McCarney, who managed McCarty.

McCarty, the cowboy.

They had minds only for the impending battle as the men met in the center of the ring and Ed Smith took up his position beside them to give them their instructions. They were brief, and ended with the time honored ". . . . and come out fighting!"

The fighters returned to their corners. McCarty, genuflecting swiftly, made the sign of the cross. The bell rang. And the men came out fighting!

Both were cautious and respectful toward each other and sparred for an opening. Then McCarty ducked in and landed a right on Pelky's jaw. In the exchange of blows McCarty got a light tap on the face. The men fell into a clinch.

Smith jumped forward and in a second the men were apart. McCarty danced nimbly on his feet as he started toward Pelky. Suddenly his knees sagged. He put one leg out in front as though to steady himself. Then his arms dropped to his side. His body slid down to the floor and he turned over on his back. He was breathing in gasps.

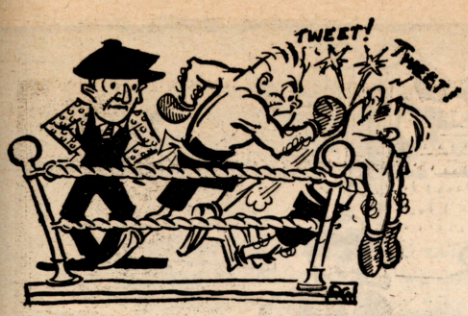
Pelky, his hands at his side, stood and looked down upon the prostrate champion. As he lay there Referee Smith ran over and began to count.

"One!" called Smith. And as he did so all the murky gray light and gloom of the day seemed to disappear. In a golden beam, the sun, obscured behind clouds all the day, poured its beams through the window panes in the skylight above the ring. In a brilliant stream it suddenly came into the gloomy building, and there, as the ominous figures were tolled off, held the prostrate form of Luther McCarty, stretched prone on the canvas, like a spotlight.

Ten seconds of sunlight!

It was just that long. When, with the last slow motion of his swinging arm, the referee tolled off the *(Continued on page 44)*

McCarty, as he looked while training for his bout with Pelky.



DO YOU KNOW?

Oddities of The Squared Circle Recalled

By IRVING WALLACE

REMEMBER Jess Willard, ex-heavyweight champion? A queer thing about his career. Willard never once acted as a sparring partner or fought a preliminary bout during his fighting days. All of his bouts were MAIN EVENTS.

* * *

Speaking of grit. Many years ago, Jem Belcher, a champion, lost an eye, and still he fought 42 rounds in defense of his title. But why not make the thing more modern? Ted Charno won the Mo. Valley A.A.U. welterweight title with a broken arm. The event took place in Kansas City, April, 1932.

* * *

Jack Martin is the fighter who has never seen a fight! Martin, a Philadelphian, never witnessed a boxing match in his long career other than the ones in which he took part.

* * *

The former welterweight champion, Jack Britton, last year fought Martinez of Cuba, who was born the same year Britton entered the ring.

* * *

How is this for a terrible name for a rough and tough fighting man—Gordon Fortenberry of Cocoa, Florida. He actually lives, and has a string of K.O.'s to his credit.

* * *

The late Jim Corbett fought for 18 years in the rough days of the ring and he never received a black eye or bloody nose. That is one of the reasons he was nicknamed, "Gentleman Jim."

* * *

The star ex-lightweight title holder, Benny Leonard, was also apt at dodging blows at his face. His landscape was never marred, and he never had his hair mussed in an important fight except once.

* * *

DO you know that the first American heavyweight champion in history, Charles Freeman, was much bigger than Primo Carnera? Freeman was 7 foot 3 to Carnera's 6 foot 6½. Freeman weighed a measly 320 pounds.

While talking of Carnera, the new heavyweight champion was once a cement worker, a side-show freak, a carnival wrestler. He stated after his Sharkey victory:

"I never met Mussolini but he sent word that I should visit him after the fight, win, lose, or draw."

* * *

Terry McGovern won the bantamweight and featherweight championships, and he knocked out the lightweight champ—and then retired at the tender age of 21.

* * *

Have you ever heard of Commodus? Commodus, the Roman, fought and won 1031 battles in the squared circle (161-192). He was once challenged by a wrestler, and accepted. The wrestler, Narcissus, strangled Commodus to death.

* * *

Recent newspaper dispatches tell of the death of Bob Armstrong, negro heavyweight, who died, penniless, in a hospital charity ward, at the age of 58. Armstrong trained Jim Jeffries, Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson. Bob Armstrong was called the "Gymnasium Champion"—because he always shone in the gym, but he was too tender-hearted to punch hard before a large crowd. The story is told of how Champion Jeffries agreed to box both Armstrong and Steve O'Donnell, in one evening. Armstrong decided to tire Jeffries for his battle with O'Donnell, so the negro went at the champion, hammer and tongs. The decision went to Jeffries, though it was disputed, and Jim was so tired that he called off the O'Donnell affair, claiming a bad wrist.

* * *

In case you forget, it was Bob Fitzsimmons who said, "The bigger they are, the harder they fall," just before his bout with Big Ed Dunkhorst, the human freight car. And to prove it, Fitz knocked Dunkhorst among the sweet peas in an early round.

* * *

And now for a bit of philosophy—good, honest-to-goodness truth. Upon being asked why he is a boxer, Ben Jeby, ex-middleweight champ, answered:

"I like boxing because I don't know anything else I could do that would get me as much money and attention. Six years ago I was a plasterer and only the blank walls saw my work. Now I'm a fighter; newspapermen interview me, photographers take my picture. Sometimes I'm away in the country with a special chef. What's bad about that? Sometimes I get chicken ten times a week. It's a great life!"

* * *

DO you remember an Argentine—a great, hulking fellow, with black limp hair, a nose like the beak of an eagle, a wild gleam in his eyes? He was Luis Angel Firpo—and he used to rinse bottles in a chemist's shop before he traded blows with Jack Dempsey.

* * *

And by the way, do you remember the Firpo-Dempsey fracas, one of the most spectacular bouts in history? Remember Firpo, who fought like a wounded animal? Of boxing he knew nothing except to begin fighting when the bell sounded and to stop fighting when the bell rang again. He clubbed and battered his opponents into insensibility. He was called "The Wild Bull of the Pampas," and he looked it.

He gained a fight with Champion Dempsey. Actually the South American greenhorn didn't stand a chance against as fine a boxer as Dempsey, but Jack wanted to regain his popularity, and so he elected to club it out with the foreign bull. Dempsey was knocked to one knee at the outset, and then punched clean out of the ring by the Firpo giant. Science and skill were thrown to the winds. 82,000 heard the hot, swift thud of the red gloves against bone and flesh. They eventually saw Firpo roll helpless on his back and stomach, unconscious before the onslaught of the Dempsey orgy.

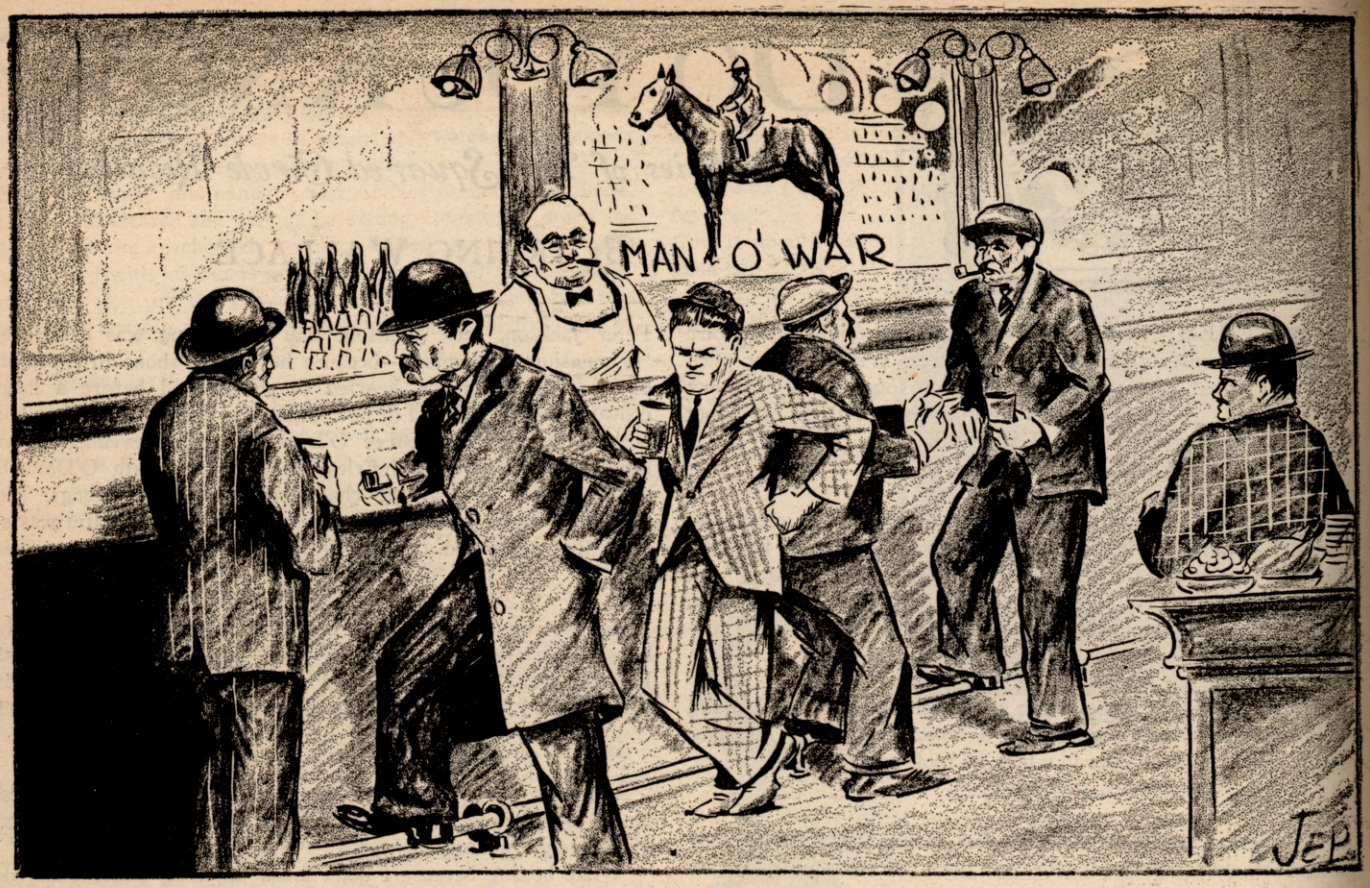
I place this fight among ring oddities, because it was the most spectacular in history.

* * *

However, it would not be fair to leave without mentioning the other sport of the ring—the gentle art of wrestling.

Who will ever forget the time Billiper and Trembloy wrestled 7 hours and 43 minutes to a no-fall draw. That was in Cleveland in 1911.

Hans Steinke, German grappler, won 1000 consecutive matches, while Farmer Burns lost only seven out of 6000.



FISTICUSSES

By BILL MILLER

IT hangs over the bar in Shanty O'Shea's speak—a beautiful chromo of Man o' War. Head proudly erect, neck arched, nostrils distended. True, the glass that covers it has been an oasis for countless flies, flies who lingered, left their mark, and languidly drifted along. But it's Man o' War who catches your eye as you breast the mahogany.

I drifted in, the other day, to escape the burning sun of Southern California.

At one end of the bar, clad in a rusty brown suit, stood a huge, red-faced gent, whose neck bulged over his collar in rippling folds. From a heavy thatch of bushy gray hair, specks of dandruff had sifted down to his collar. He stood alone, in a pensive, melancholy attitude.

"Let's have a beer," I said.

The bartender complied, then wiped the bar in a desultory fashion with a frayed and dirty towel.

"Hot, ain't it?" he essayed.

"You said it," I agreed. "Glass of beer goes good today."

"Glass of beer goes good any old day," grinned the barkeep.

"Nice picture, that," I remarked, nodding at the chromo of Man o' War. "Won a bet on that baby the day he cracked that record at Belmont. Grand old hoss, he was."

"Grand old hoss, hell! Hosses be double-damned!"

I turned in amazement. The gray-haired, red-faced man was the author of the remark, and he glared at me bitterly.

* * *

"WHAT do you know about hosses?" the red-faced man went on, pointing a dirty, stubby finger at me. "What do you know about 'em that's any good, huh? Tell me that!"

"Be-have yourself, Muddy," admonished the bartender. "This genulman wasn't speakin' to you. He was addressin' me."

"That's O.K.," I smiled at them both. "No harm done. I wasn't ballyhooing the noblest quadruped of them all for any personal reason. Just making conversation, that's all. What've you got against 'em, anyway?"

The red-faced man, somewhat mollified, cleared his throat impressively.

"Got time to listen to a story?" he asked.

"Sure!" I said. "Set 'em up, barkeep. Have one yourself."

"Well, sir, Stanley Ketchell was a no-account bum alongside of my fighter," began the red-faced man.

"Fighter?" I asked, mystified.

"Fighter! You bet! And WHAT a fighter!" the red-faced man rhapsodized. "A natural middleweight, tall enough to tackle the big guys, guts enough to take on John L. Sullivan or Jack Dempsey, and brains enough to lick 'em both. What a fighter!

"I first seen him up in See-attle," went on the narrator. "I had went up there with my high-yeller heavy, Dandy Lee, but I went on the rocks when a big lumberjack by the name of 'Sudden Death' Williams flattened my shine in three heats. Just a dime-a-dozen baloney, but that's the heavyweight division for you. Never can tell when some lousy palook from the hay-belt ain't going to knock off your pride and joy.

"So there I was, in See-attle, one of the best managers of fighters in the business, if I says so myself that shouldn't, but with nothing to manage. And the game going pretty good. I sold my fighter's contract to a colored bootlegger for 50 bucks and a case of gen-u-wine gin, fresh from the bath-tub. That's one good trade I made.

"A manager without no fighter is like a aerio-plane without no gas. Or like a carpenter without tools. Gimme a bloke kin hold

his hands up, and knows his left from his right, and I'll show you how to make money in the fight racket. There's lots of good fighters goin' to waste in this country, because they ain't got the right guys a-handlin' 'em.

* * *

"IT'S like gold mines. Gold is vallible, but it ain't worth a hoop in hell so long as it's down under the yearth. Same with fighters. You take Dempsey, Tooney, Ketchell and Leonard, all rolled in one, if they was handled by a mug they wouldn't never get no place.

"So one day I drifts into Muggsy Meeker's gymanazum, and there he stood—the ans'er to a maiden's pra'r. About 5 feet 10, he stood, weighin' about '65, with his clo'es on; fine pair of shoulders, sloping down the way a puncher's shoulders ought to slope; no more waist than a deeb-you-tant. Not much for looks, but I wasn't looking for no movin' pitcher actor.

"I says to him: 'Hello, kid—you a fighter?'

"He looked me over careful. 'It ain't none o' your business, I guess?' he come back. Not nasty, you know. Just plain. Right from the shoulder.

"'I'm makin' it my business,' I says. 'I'm a manager, lookin' for a good prospect to handle.'

"'You got my permission to keep right on lookin'," he said, turning away.

"'You're a fresh pup,' I called after him. Hollered it after him, too, kind of loud.

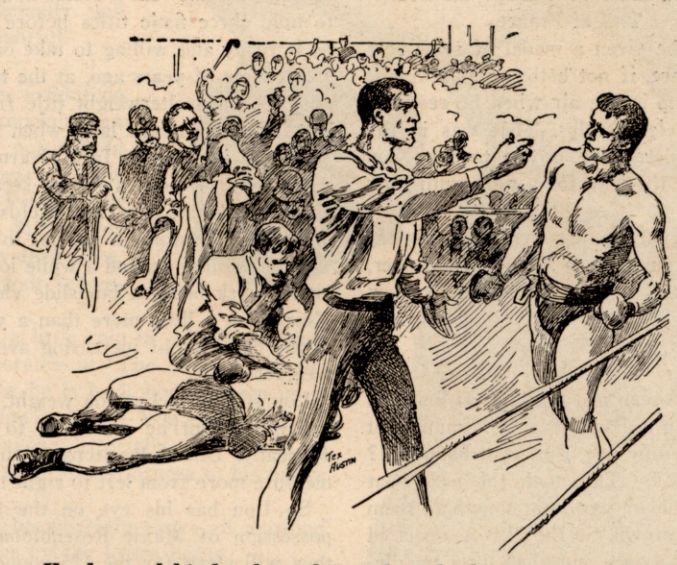
He whirled around and glared at me.

"'I wish you wasn't a old tub of lard,' he said, slowly, from between his teeth. 'I'd learn you a lesson in manners.'

"'Learn some yourself,' I says. 'I ain't starting no argiments, but I ain't too old to pertect myself. They ain't no ropes tied to you, kid. You want to start something, pitch right in.'

"I thought he was going to, too, for a minute. The hair stood up on him like it does on a fightin' dog. Then he grinned, and I grinned back at him, and we become friends.

* * *



He dropped his hands, and just then the heavens caved in, and the fight was over.

"WELL, sir, that was the start of the team of Muddy Potter, which is me, and Kayo Cato, which was him. And he was everything that the heart could ask, or wish for, in a fightin' man. He could box, he could punch, he could take 'em all day long, and never had to.

"He could flatten an opponent with a left hook just as easy as he could with a right cross, and I seen him stiffen birds with a left-hand jab, too. I'm tellin' you, Kayo Cato was the last word in fighting men. The perfect fighter; the boxing of a Benny Leonard, the punch of a Fitzsimmons, the foot-work of a Johnny Kilbane, and the savage attack of Jack Dempsey.

"But, like every perfect thing, there was one flaw in him."

Here Muddy Potter paused, long enough to order drinks, then, glaring at the chromo of Man o' War, he continued:

"Hosses!" The word exploded like a bombshell.

"That was his ailment. Hosses. He was a handicapper, a selector. When Cato was a kid, he used to be a exercise boy around the half-mile tracks, race in county fairs, and such. Mebbe that's where he learned to box, too. Lots of jocks knows how to handle their dukes. But I don't know of any who was as crazy insane about 'em as Cato was.

"He'd be working in the gym, or boxing in the ring, and if some bird standin' alongside would yell out:

"'Who's goin' to win the 3rd at Agua Caliente today?' why, Cato'd stop right there and give this guy the winner, and tell him all about why he was going to win.

"I done my best to wean him out of this bad habit. I pleaded with him, threatened him, promised him three titles inside of three years—and I could of won 'em, too! This guy would of took the measure of the three guys then rulin' the top three divisions without no trouble. It would of took a Act of Congress to stop him.

* * *

"TO make a long story no longer, he went through the middles, light-heavies and heavies of the Pacific Coast like a dose of you-know-what. Spottin' guys as much as 40 pounds, and givin' 'em a boxin' lesson, when he didn't absolutely cold-crock 'em.

"Finally our big chance come. Nate Druxman, the promoter up in See-attle, imported a guy from Noo York by the name of Chuck Riordan, that was called the uncrowned middleweight champion. This was to be the acid test for my boy, Cato.

"But Riordan's manager was one of them smart Noo York bozos—a guy by the name of Willie T. Thomas, an' one of them master-minds that you read about. He was a smart-Aleck—he's dead now, and I hopes it's good and hot where he is, too." Mr. Potter glared vengefully, and took a long sip of his beer.

"Someone wised this Willie T. Thomas up about my boy Cato's weakness—prob'ly some jealous sucker that was peeved at me and Cato for cleanin' up the Coast of heavies like we done.

"On the night of the fight, with the bettin' two-to-one in favor of Kayo Cato—against the uncrowned champion, mind you!—my boy was in the best shape of his life. I had seen to that. I mothered him like a baby for that fight, for it was our big chance.

* * *

"IT was a Friday night. The next day was the big Kentucky Derby, and the reason I knew it was because that was all Kayo Cato talked about while he was training for his fight with Riordan. There was a hoss named Brass Rail in the race that Kayo liked, and he was plannin' on betting on him, too.

"And in the first round, just after they squared off, a guy with a megaphone, sitting in the second row, began to yell:

"'Three to one Brass Rail don't finish in the money tomorrow!'

"You never seen nothing like it, Mister. You never did before, and never will again. It was like someone had cast a spell on my boy. He dropped his hands, looked around to see where the guy was sittin'; just then the heavens caved in—the fight was over.

"You see, it was all prearranged. This here Willie T. Thomas had learned what a nut my guy Cato was about hosses, and he had planted this megaphone dude in that second row to yell like that. And while Cato could take 'em, I'd like to see any man in the world, includin' Joe Grim and Gene Tooney and Jack Dempsey, stand still while a good clouter takes a clean swipe at the point of his jaw.

"Hosses! Hosses be double and triple-damned!"

Yes, that boy Cato got trimmed both ways by hosses! He was a sucker in betting and he proved a sucker at a time when he had an opportunity to get somewhere in this fight racket. I never knew a man whose mind ran on hosses as did Cato's. I'd a had a champ if that chump hadn't been so cuckoo about them nags. Yesirree, I would. Don't never show me any picture of a hoss. I got cured when Cato went out and I ain't never bet a plugged nickel on one since.

Middleweights Get Jump on

IT seems to me that Director Johnson of the "NRA" should do something special for the middleweight division in recognition of the way it has responded to the pleas of the "NRA" to create more jobs. A three-headed blue eagle would seem to be in order for the 160-pound class, in view of the fact that there now are three middleweight champions where ordinarily there would be only one. If all other industries were to follow suit and create three jobs for every one in existence when the movement started there soon would be a shortage of labor instead of unemployment.

In fact, the middleweight division really got a big jump on the "NRA," as there were three middleweight champions long before the big scheme for industrial rehabilitation was conceived by the nation's heads. Maybe it was from the middleweight class that President Roosevelt extracted the germ of the big idea.

At this writing Lou Brouillard, French-Canadian southpaw of Worcester, Mass., is middleweight king in New York and states which go along with New York. Gorilla Jones, Akron colored man, carries the banner for the National Boxing Association, which controls about thirty states and some pieces of foreign territory. In France, England and most of Europe the recognized 160-pound champion is Marcel Thil of France.

Maybe Mickey Walker should be given a medal of some sort for starting the movement for more, if not better, middleweight champions. Mickey left the title up in the air when he resigned as champion to go after heavyweight scalps. That was in the summer of 1931. Mickey surrendered the crown to the New York Boxing Commission to pave the way for a fight with Jack Sharkey.

Walker's abdication was the signal for a series of championship tournaments. Gorilla Jones wound up as the N.B.A. winner, Thil was recognized in Europe and Jeby was elected in New York and allied territory.

* * *

WHEN Jones went across the ocean and got himself knocked out by Thil in two rounds in a Paris ring last summer, it seemed the field had been shortened by one. But what happened? The Gorilla, after being flattened by Thil, took the next boat for home and told the N.B.A. officials a yarn that convinced them he had been phenagled out of the crown. So the N.B.A. declared him champion all over again and we once more had three middleweight kings.

Of course, in time, when the unemployment situation has been eased, we will go back to the old system of one champion in each division. How long it will be before that comes to pass no man knows. It may not be until the world goes back on the gold standard.

If Brouillard does not outgrow the division, he looks like the best bet to become the sole possessor of the bauble once treasured by ring immortals like Bob Fitzsimmons and Stanley Ketchel. Lou certainly is the goods. You can bet all the tea in China on that fact.

Fistic history reveals some very good southpaws, lads like Lou Tendler, George K. O. Chaney and Tiger Flowers. But the heavy-handed French-Canadian promises to be the best of all the boys who shove the wrong foot forward.

One reason for Brouillard's formidability is that he really is not a natural southpaw at all, but a converted right-hander. Probably he is the only one of that type ever to lace on a glove. He forks his potatoes, writes his checks, plays golf and carries on all other manual activities in the usual right-handed style.

To get right down to the fundamentals of the thing, Lou even started his ring career boxing in the orthodox style. In one of his early battles he suffered a cracked rib on his left side. Being a thrifty lad, he did not care to lay off until the injured rib had healed completely, so shrewdly he then decided to turn southpaw, and commenced sticking out his right foot and right hand to protect the injured side.

When, after a few months of successful southpaw socking, the doctor told him his injured rib was as good as new, he went back to the orthodox style. But lo and behold, he discovered that he was not nearly as effective a fighter that way as he had been while boxing as a southpaw. So, being wise as well as thrifty, he turned southpaw again. He has been a portsider ever since and probably will be such to the end of his fighting days.

* * *

NINE out of ten southpaws might as well leave their right hands in the gymnasium when they go in to fight, all they do with it is to paw and flap in an effort to create an opening for the left-hand wallop. Not so Brouillard. This baby can sock just as viciously with his right as with his left.

When he met Jeby, it was with right-hand smashes to the body that he softened up the East Side Hebrew for the finishing smack with the left. A southpaw who can sock as hard with his right as with his left is indeed a rarity. But that goes for Brouillard. His two-handed hitting ability is perhaps the chief reason why this fellow seems in a fair way to realize his ambition to hold three fistic titles before he hangs up his mittens. And he is ready and willing to take on the necessary adversaries.

A couple of years ago, at the tender age of twenty, Brouillard annexed the welterweight title from Black Jack Thompson. He lost it a few months later when he made the mistake of boxing Jackie Fields, one of Jack Kearns' gladiators, for it in Chicago, where Kearns' boxers always seem to get the best of it from the ring officials. At any rate, Fields won the decision, even though most of the customers did not think he deserved it.

After fooling around a while longer as a welterweight, his best bit of work being a landslide victory over Jimmy McLarnin in New York a little more than a year ago, Brouillard capitulated to the demands of increasing avoirdupois and became a middleweight.

Lou still is packing on weight. He is only five feet and a half inches tall but he continues to grow, horizontally instead of vertically. Unless he stops putting on poundage he is likely to measure more from left to right than from north to south.

So Lou has his eye on the light-heavyweight title, now in possession of Maxie Rosenbloom. If present plans materialize, they will clash for the 175-pound honors before the end of the outdoor season. If they do meet, Brouillard will not lack for support from the lads who wager their dimes on fights, as he has a savage body attack which is the one thing that might serve to dethrone the slippery Rosenbloom, who is beginning to show signs of wear and tear.

* * *

BY the way, this has been an exceedingly bad year for those who wore fistic crowns. Jackie Fields was the first king to fall, dropping the welterweight diadem to Young Corbett III, of Fresno, who, like Brouillard, is a southpaw. But Corbett could not stand prosperity. He made the mistake of hopping over the hemp for a joust with Jimmy McLarnin and was belted out in jig time.

Tony Canzoneri, generally considered the greatest of the present array of champions, was the next to lose out. He dropped a close decision, one that did not sit well with a majority of the customers, when he hooked up with young Barney Ross in Chicago. The two have been rematched for a fifteen-rounder in New York on September 13 and it seems not unlikely that the title will go back to Canzoneri, who was stung to the quick by his defeat and vows by all he holds holy that he will put young Ross in his place.

The fourth titular change took place in New York in June when Primo Carnera knocked out Jack Sharkey for the heavyweight laurels. Sharkey, to the amazement of those not in the know, took the long count the first time the Man Mountain

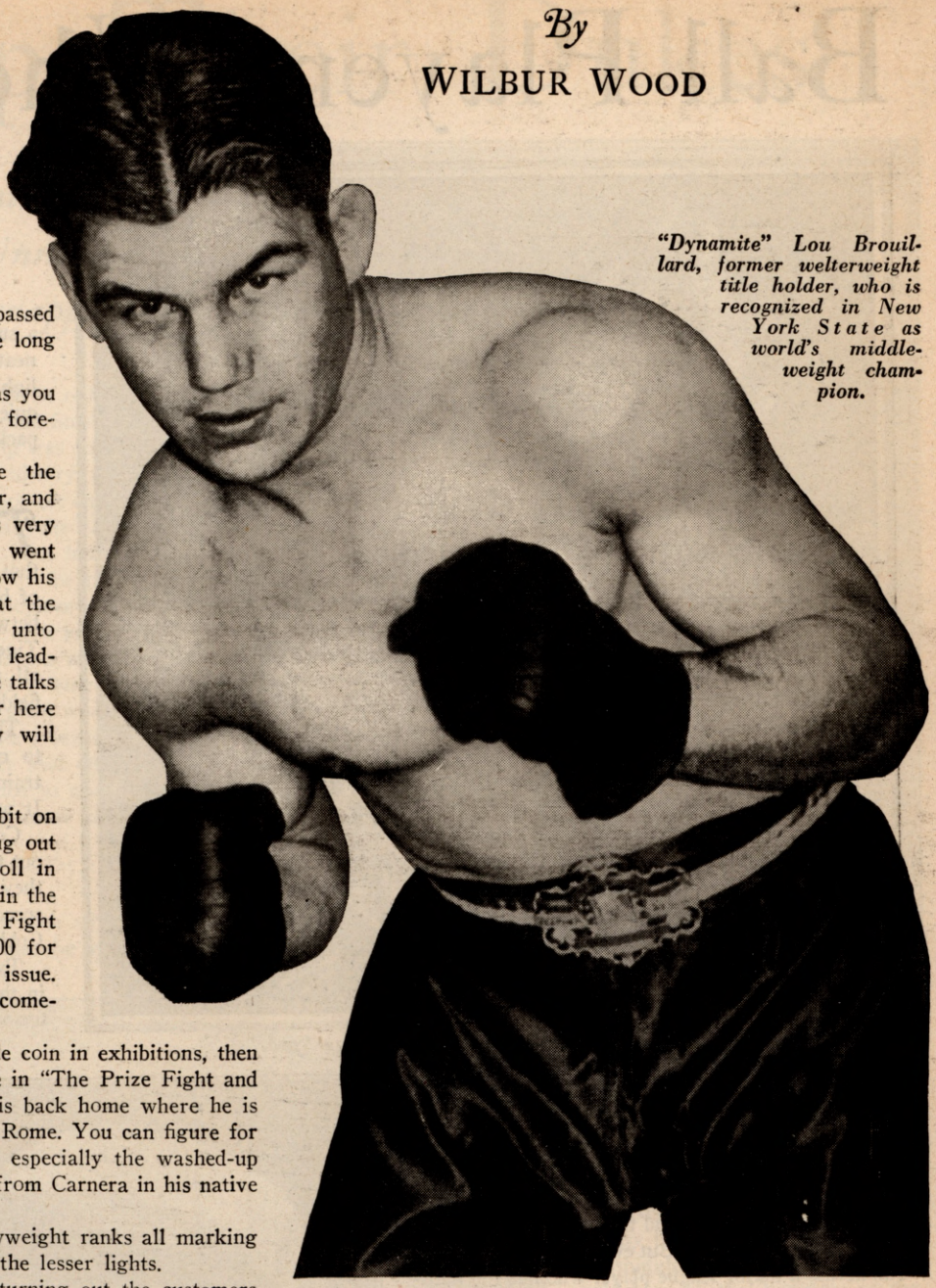
"NRA"

By WILBUR WOOD

tagged him with the same sort of punch that had slid harmlessly off the china chins of fellows like Jim Maloney and Stanley Poreda. But there he was, sniffing resin while the referee counted ten, and so the title passed to an Italian for the first time in the long chronicle of Queensberry history.

The fifth champion to be crowned, as you may have been able to guess from the foregoing paragraphs, was Brouillard.

The heavyweight division, despite the startling defeats of Schmeling by Baer, and Sharkey by Carnera and Levinsky is very quiet at the present time. Schmeling went back to Germany to tell his friends how his downfall was due to the intense heat the night he boxed Baer. Also, he took unto himself a wife, Fraulein Anny Ondra, leading German motion picture actress. He talks about coming back to competition over here this winter, but whether he actually will return to the wars remains doubtful.



"Dynamite" Lou Brouillard, former welterweight title holder, who is recognized in New York State as world's middleweight champion.

Baer went on the road for an exhibit on tour with Jack Dempsey after knocking out Schmeling, but the shekels did not roll in any too abundantly. He then appeared in the movies with Carnera in "The Prize Fight and The Lady," and took down $10,000 for his end. As for Sharkey, he is a dead issue. He cannot be revived after his poor "comeback" against Levinsky.

As for Carnera, he picked up a little coin in exhibitions, then drew down $30,000 for his appearance in "The Prize Fight and the Lady." Not bad, at all! Now he is back home where he is tuning up for a fight with Paulino in Rome. You can figure for yourself what a swell chance anyone, especially the washed-up Paulino, will have of winning a fight from Carnera in his native land.

With the leading lights in the heavyweight ranks all marking time, the class must be kept alive by the lesser lights.

So far, nobody with the knack of turning out the customers in large numbers has been found, but it is hoped that fighters like Perroni, Massare, McCorkindale and a few others, may come up before the winter season is over. The heavyweight section is the only one which lacks real fighters. The passing of Sharkey from the picture is welcome news to the fight fans, for he always proved a thorn in the side of boxing.

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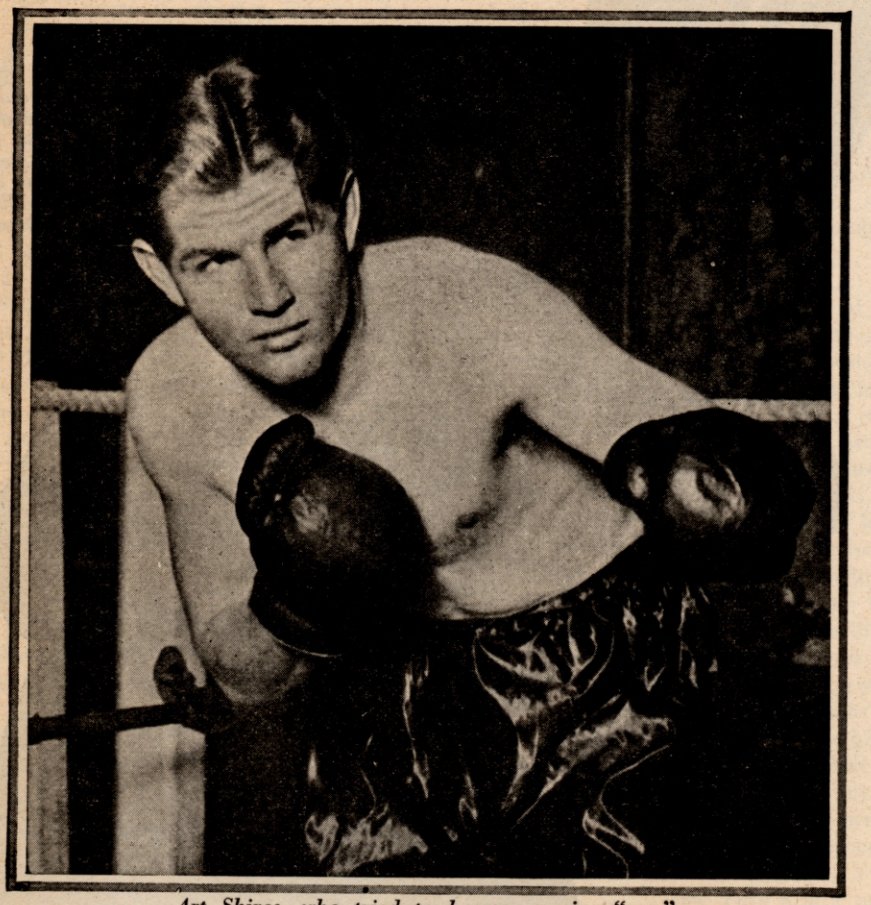
Ball Players Who Could



Art Shires, who tried to become a ring "pro."

By

DANIEL M. DANIEL

THERE is a strong affinity between baseball and boxing. You will find that ball players as a rule, are very much interested in the ring sport, and that boxers are keen baseball fans. Most often the big league player is a poor man with his fists and the first-rate boxer is a palooka on the diamond. But every now and then you run across a major league player who has the fighting knack, and then you have an interesting hombre.

Baseball history is full of fistic encounters which have spattered the classic pattern across the aggressive picture. Only recently there was a scrap, short and sweet, which developed a surprising disclosure concerning George "Kiddo" Davis, centre fielder of the National League champions—the Giants of New York. It was discovered that Davis, who lives in Bridgeport, Conn., makes it a practice to keep fit during the Winter by working out with Bat Battalino and other professional ringsters of the Brass City.

Davis's handiness with his mitts came to light in a big series which the Giants played on their final swing through the West, in Chicago. Early in the competition rancor developed between Davis and Pat Malone, truculent righthander of the Cubs. Malone took the trouble to knock Davis down in a play at first base, and Kiddo warned the burly slinger to beware.

Soon there was another play, in which there was no call for Malone to cover first. But Pat took a station on the baseline and bodied Davis. Kiddo and Malone squared off. Before Pat knew what had happened, Davis cut loose with a corkscrew to the chin. The blow cut Malone's chin wide open and a surgeon had to sew it up. It was short and neat—and Davis stood out in a brand new light. Nobody had suspected that the calm, quiet graduate of New York University packed a cutting punch in his right.

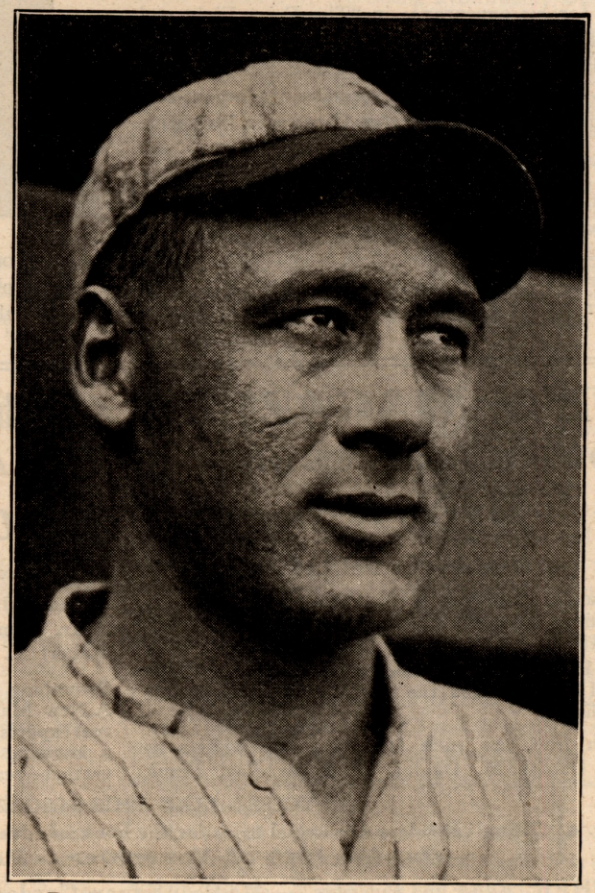
* * *

THE Davis-Malone fight was over before most of the 25,000 onlookers had realized that there had been a fight. The class brawl of baseball history lasted for days, and started between Ty Cobb, centre fielder of the Detroit Tigers and one of the greatest ball players of all time, and Charley Herzog, then an infielder with the New York Giants.

The Tigers and the Giants had contracted to come North together, during the Spring training season. They met at Dallas, Texas. It was in March, 1917.

Cobb, who had a devil-may-care style, was out to show the Giants right at the start that they would have to respect not only the great speed but the sharp spikes of Tyrus Raymond Cobb.

Ty had a habit of running with spikes high in the air, and the devil take care of the man toward whom he was headed. He smacked into second base with a downward sweep of those murderous spikes which almost tore the uniform off Herzog. There were words—harsher and harsher words. A challenge. And a fight. They brawled without any damage. Cops came. The fans got excited.



Frank Snyder, one of the gay busting caballeros of the diamond.

"Tonight in the Oriental Hotel," Herzog said. Cobb came, attended by other Tigers. Heinie Zimmermann, third baseman of the Giants, also spoiling for a fight, got in his challenge, too.

Well, Herzog beat Cobb, or Cobb beat Herzog. It all depends on which version you want to accept.

The fight embroiled all the players of both clubs. Wise Ty, ap-

Put Up Their Dukes

George Davis, of Giants, Latest Big Leaguer to Show Unsuspected Abilities as Scrapper

preciating that all the New Yorkers would be out to get him for the rest of the long tour, quit the Tigers and finished the training season with the Cincinnati club. That trip was full of brawls all the way—the classic tour of exhibition history, and the like of it will not come again. Ball players do not get excited about exhibitions that way any more. And besides, John J. McGraw, then manager of the Giants, and a battling pilot himself, is out of the picture, and current leaders are not of the truculent sort.

The Davis-Malone incident—the development of fistic ability in an unsuspected quarter—reminds me of a young man by the name of McFarland, who was with the Giants at San Antonio in 1922. Red McFarland, it was. He was a long, freckle-faced, blue-eyed Celt—a pitcher who had done good work with Springfield, Mass., and looked like a worth-while prospect.

McFarland was the quiet kind. Never said much. The other rookies and a few of the regulars decided to give the freshman a ride. They played jokes on him. He never cracked a smile. They pulled gags and fast ones on Red.

* * *

ONE day McFarland told Casey Stengel, who was sort of major-domo among the rookies, that he wanted to have a private talk with him.

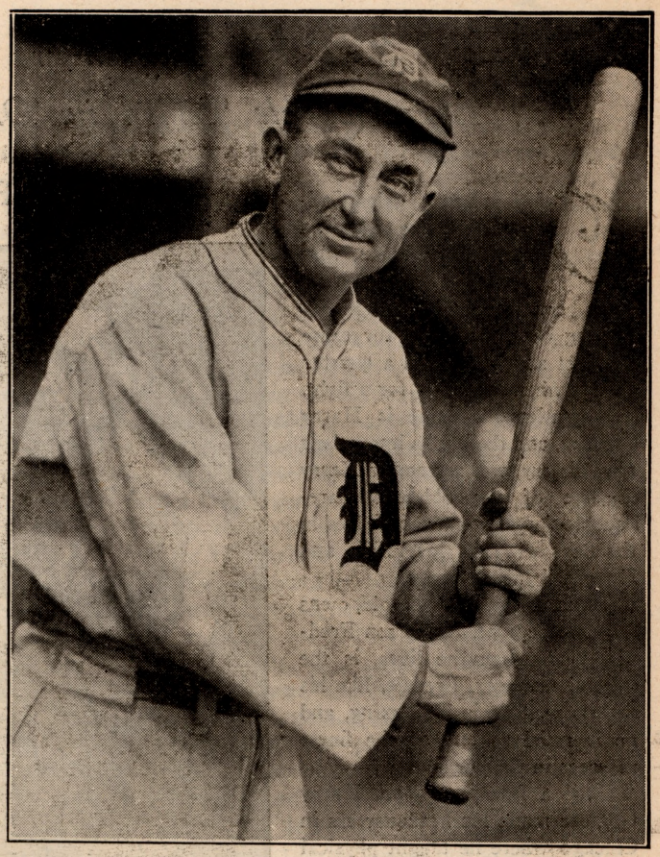
"Listen, Mr. Stengel, I'd like you to warn those boys before I lose my temper," Red said.

"I am Harry Greb's sparring partner in Pittsburgh during the Winter. But I want to get into the big leagues. I don't want to punch anybody around here and get in wrong with the Old Man. So tell those tramps to let up, or I will have to exercise the old right."

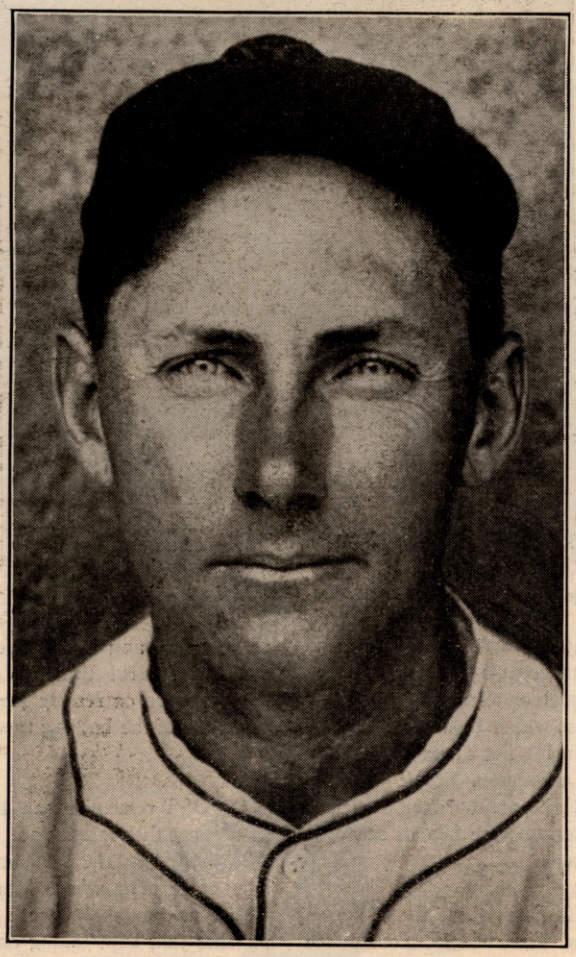
Stengel hastened to put the players wise. They stopped annoying McFarland—stopped and ceased immediately. However, it was too bad Red did not let that right go. He did not stick, anyway, and he made no headway as a pitcher after that.

John McGraw himself was quite a battler in his playing days. He always has been interested keenly in the competitive side of the fistic game. Incidentally, he is one of the old timers who rates Joe Gans the greatest all-around fighter, with Jim Corbett, a lifelong pal of his, close up.

McGraw came into New York back in 1902, when the Giants were the jokes of the National League. He hurled into the arena a quality which became known as color. He fought with his fists. He battled umpires. He fought players. He brought in an era of aggressiveness



Ty Cobb, who figured in memorable feud with Giants.



George Davis, Giant, who scored one-punch victory this year.

which now has become a legend. Baseball would do well to bring some of that old fighting habit back again.

* * *

THE value of a good scrap in baseball was demonstrated vividly this year, in the "Battle of Washington," with Ben Chapman, outfielder of the Yankees, as the battling hero. That Ben could use his fists had been suspected. The shindig in the Washington ball park proved it.

In going into second base, Chapman threw his spikes at Buddy Myer, of the Senators. Myer kicked Ben, and Ben got up and hauled off on Myer. The umpires separated the combatants and Chapman was banished. He had to go through the Washington dugout to get to his clubhouse, and he passed by, Earl Whitehill, Washington southpaw, said something which Chapman resented. Ben punched Earl, and they clinched and rolled to the floor of the dugout.

This was a signal for a general uprising. Police dashed into the field. Fans jumped into the arena. Players of both clubs punched for all they were worth—and to tell the truth, *(Continued on page 46)*

"Old-Timers Excelled"

—So Says Harry Gilmore, 77-Year-Old Veteran Boxer of Bare-Knuckle Period in Discussing Present-Day Talent

By SKIPPY JOYCE

OUT in Los Angeles, California, there lives an elderly gentleman, who every now and then attracts considerable attention by jogging over the roads for exercise just as would a lad a quarter his age when tuning up for a fight. The gentleman's name is Harry Gilmore, and those who know their ring history, will remember Harry as one of the old-time, bare-knuckle-day fighters who thrived in the days of Jack McAuliffe and Nonpareil Jack Dempsey.

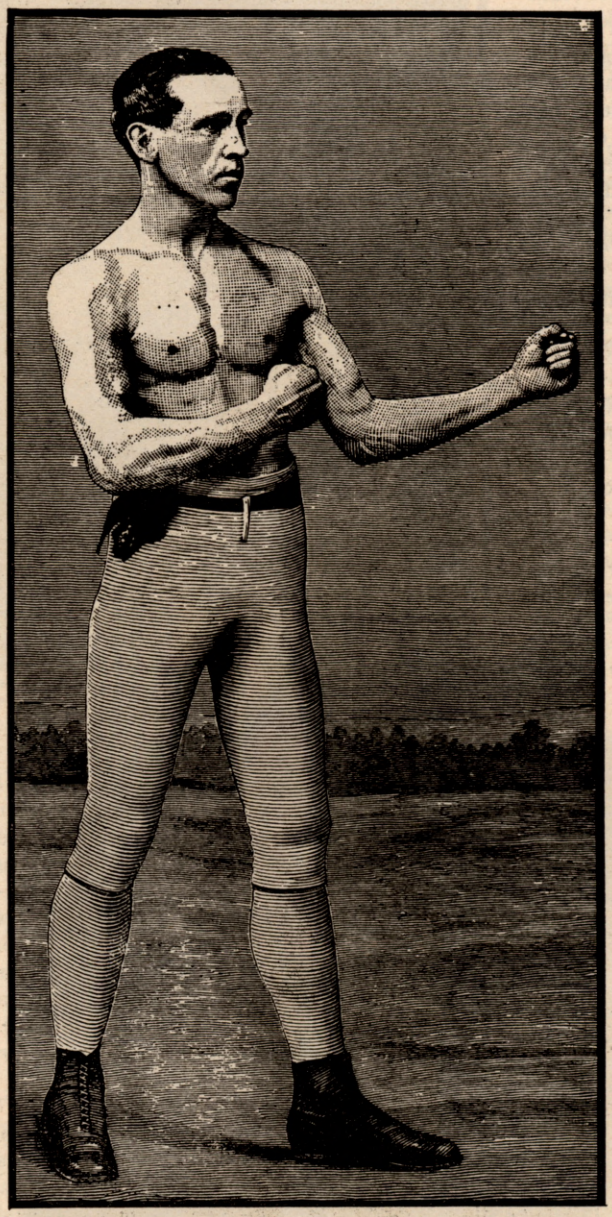
Gilmore, now 77 years old, owns a gymnasium where his son Freddie, with whom he lives, is the general manager. Freddie, like his dad, is well up in his boxing, and he is rated as one of the finest referees in California.

Until a few years ago, Harry Gilmore made his headquarters in Chicago where he taught physical training and boxing and occasionally refereed some important fights, but he is getting on in years and his son thought it best to have dad with him. In his day, Harry was one of the best lightweights in the world. He never won the championship but he was not far from attaining that goal.

Interviewed at the coast recently, Harry was asked what he thought of modern fighting. He didn't stop to think in offering his answer:

"The more I see of our modern glove bingers, the more convinced I am that few of them would be posing as fight stars had they lived back in the strenuous days of a couple generations ago."

* * *



Harry Gilmore, as he looked in his fighting days.

HARRY was born in Toronto, Can., in 1856, but has lived in this country since he was a kid. For many years Chicago was his home. It was there as a boxing instructor that he developed many champions, amateur and pro.

It would be difficult to ascertain just which trainer has turned out more champions, but Harry has in his list of ex-pupils such men as Jimmy Barry, bantamweight champion, Frank Garrard, Tommy White, Jack Moffitt, Harry Forbes, another bantamweight champion; Martin Duffy and, of a later age, the famous scrapper from the stockyards, Packey McFarland.

Harry, in a reminiscent mood, says:

"There were none of the high class clubs then, the blaze of electric lights, the big soft gloves and the freedom from police interference—all the thousand and one things that go to make the fistic game easier for the boxers of 1933.

"In those days, believe me, the fan got some serious milling in return for his money. One mighty good example of this was the time that Jack McAuliffe fought Jem Carney of Birmingham, champion of England, in a barn at Revere, Mass., November 16, 1887. They went at it for nearly five solid hours with skin-tight gloves before the ring was broken into by the crowd and a stop put to further hostilities. This was in the seventy-fourth round.

"I don't want to go on record as knocking McAuliffe. He was a rattling good man, a clever fighter, a good puncher, and whipped many a first-class walloper in his day. But Carney gave him the battle of his life, and Jack was a lucky chap to have it end as it did. Luck favored McAuliffe on more than one occasion in his career.

"But the bout with Carney, which I witnessed, was unquestionably the hardest trial Mac was ever put to in an endeavor to save his title. Articles of the most stringent variety were drawn up, calling for only ten persons a side and two newspaper men to be present.

"To escape police interference the battleground was kept secret until the last moment, but when in that barn at Revere Beach the men went into action at one o'clock, the stipulated number was more than doubled, and in a few minutes it had increased to fifty. The place was lighted by swinging oil lamps, and the spectators stood round on the best places they could find—many sitting on the walls of the horse stalls.

"Jack boxed well and fast for the first twenty-four rounds. He was cleverer than the Englishman, but the latter's punches carried more force, and in the twenty-fifth round Jack grew weak and dropped several times to avoid punishment. Carney's staying powers were extremely remarkable. I never saw a more perfect specimen of the bulldog type than that Birmingham slugger.

* * *

"JUST remember that those skin-tight gloves cut nearly every time they landed, and Carney, until then, had taken the lion's share of the punishment. His face was crisscrossed with bars of carmine where Mac's knuckles had decorated it, and he looked as though he wore a scarlet mask. But it was the body punches that kept telling on McAuliffe, and the Englishman kept boring in continually and dealing out awful rib crackers, under the impact of which you could see Jack *(Continued on page 45)*

The Lethal Wallop

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

WHAT is it that goes to make up the knockout punch?

What elements are involved in the delivery of a K.O. wallop?

You've often heard discussions pro and con, and you probably have been engaged in the argument and when all was over, you found there were half a dozen or more answers to the query. Without thinking too deeply, the average fan would attribute the K.O. punch, the lethal wallop to accuracy, speed and power. There can be no doubt that those three attributes weighed together, would yield ninety percent of your answer, but there is still another, that one-tenth, which, in my opinion, must be placed No. 1 on the list—explosiveness.

Take for example the case of Harry Greb. Harry was known as a "mauler," yet Harry could fight—make no mistake about that. But Harry was not a knocker-out. At least he wasn't feared as such.

There was also that brave little gladiator, Pancho Villa, who was strong as a bull, lithe-limbed, full of vigor, a most accurate sharp-shooter whose punches carried a sting, yet he, like Greb, was not feared as a knock hitter. Neither had acquired the reputation of being a one-punch devastator. Each required more than one wallop—a series before they put a man to sleep. Even Mickey Walker with his terrific punch and a horde of other fighters famed for their punch, were in the same class.

On the other hand, we can cite the cases of Benny Leonard, Jack Dempsey, Sam Langford, Jimmy Slattery, Jimmy McLarnin, and Jack Delaney among others whose K.O. wallop takes its place in the class of the one-punch variety. By that we do not mean to convey the impression that when those fellows connected, the bout ended. What we do signify, is that so terrific a punch did these fellows carry and in the case of McLarnin and Petrolle, still do possess, that there wasn't much to do to complete proceedings after the blow struck. In short, it's the devastating clout that turned the trick with them—the punch that paralyzes and makes it easy for the finishing touches to be applied.

* * *

LEONARD was a master boxer whose build did not necessarily indicate great punching power. Slattery, a rangy, slim fellow had speed and was a clever boxer, who like Leonard, had no outward appearance of tremendous power behind his punch. The same was true of Delaney whose wicked blows were like an application of dynamite. He was of the sinewy type, true enough, but his general physical make-up didn't carry any indication of powerful hitting power, yet he possessed it. His knockout wallops consisted of short, snappy punches rather than the sweeping hooks or uppercuts of most knockerouts.

All who have watched McLarnin and Petrolle in action, know how they uppercut or hook an opponent silly. Jimmy often uses the hook as the start of a knockout.

Harry Greb, a mauler type of boxer.

As for Petrolle, his straight punches and hooks carry T.N.T., yet his physical build doesn't indicate the tremendous force behind those blows.

Perhaps the most striking example of the devastating punch was that displayed by Sam Langford in his prime. He once hit John Lester Johnson on the base of the spine and knocked him as cold as a Bismarck herring.

Now what was it and what is it that these men possess that causes their punches to accomplish in a single effort what it takes just as powerful boxers many minutes of steady walloping to do?

Why, for instance, could not Gene Tunney knock out Georges Carpentier in that memorable eleventh round at the Polo Grounds? Gene had the Frenchman helpless for a whole round and half a round, his hands hanging at his sides. Carp staggered about the ring, a free target for the rain of lefts and rights that Tunney showered on him, and was able to come up for the twelfth and fight back.

We maintained at the time, and still do, that Benny Leonard, having Carpentier in the same condition, would have knocked him out with a wallop. Jack Delaney would have done the same, and Sam Langford, with the first opening at the Gaul's weak chin that was granted to the ex-marine, would have ended it then and there had he so elected.

In my opinion, the only way to describe the quality that makes a single punch a lethal one, is its explosiveness. We saw Harry Wills snap a six-inch right jab at Luis Firpo and the Argentinian went down like a log. Had that punch been delivered at double the distance, it not only would have dropped Luis like a felled steer but would have put him into dreamland. There was an explosion at the end of his punch, as well as perfectly-timed speed.

I've seen Jimmy McLarnin do the same, time and again. I've admired that quality in Benny Leonard when he was at the zenith of his career and likewise in Max Schmeling, the latest of that school of fighters. Max, unlike most others, takes his time, but when he feels that his rival is ready to be taken, then he shoots and it doesn't take much to turn the trick. He doesn't find it necessary to punch his man severely nor to maul him badly before taking the final shot, as did Harry Greb.

Schmeling's "shooting" is one of perfect timing, deadly accuracy and the explosive quality—a most perfect combination.

* * *

FIRPO possessed it, and had he known how and where and when to hit, what a heavyweight champion he would have been! As it was, he was lucky he did not break a hand or wrist every time he hit a man. A man less marvelously equipped with wrists and fists would have.

Leonard did not discover his punch until he finished Joe Mandot in 1915. He had knocked over a lot of round-heels previous to that, but Mandot was the first foeman worthy of his leather to take the long count.

Greb was woefully lack- *(Continued on page 44)*

"THE THIRD ROUND!"

A Story of Two Fights, With a Sequel

By E. K. ALBERT

THE bills outside the sporting club had advertised him as Young Daley, the fighting terror of Harlem. And he really was a great fighter—yes, there was that ability of a champion in him. But the big battle to gain him success was lacking. The managers and promoters wanted drawing cards, and they said an unknown boxer couldn't fill their houses. So Young Daley continued to fight in those fifth-rate clubs for whatever they'd give him. He knew that some day, well, he didn't think of it much, he'd be a champion.

Not that they didn't like him—why his close friends saw every fight Fred Drake took part in. Fred Drake was his real name.

"Got much of a crowd tonight, Bill?" Drake inquired, as he undressed for that evening's match.

"Only fair," came the reply from Bill Hanley. He was Drake's manager.

"Say," the first speaker cried, "if I knock out this man they ought to give me a chance at some of the others. Gee! it's about time."

"Yes, they should, but they won't. I've tried every club in the city, and they all give me pretty nearly the same answer. 'What's he ever done?' or 'Who's he?' But wait," Hanley finished, "there's a little something up my sleeve, something big!"

"That so?" Drake questioned, "tell me what it is."

"Not yet," and Drake could not make his manager say another word.

When Drake stepped into the ring ten minutes later, he was greeted by some scattered cheers. His regulars were there as usual; but the fight, like so many others had been, was a runaway for Drake. He simply played with his opponent. Round after round, Drake jarred his man with terrific uppercuts, until in the fifth he put him to sleep.

* * *

IN his dressing room after the battle Drake silently put on his clothes; and when interrupted by his manager, he told him plainly to shut up. He was in one of those dreamy moods—couldn't rest his mind, couldn't set his thoughts at ease.

After reaching the street, Drake slowly walked west, passing Lenox avenue then Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, until he had gone almost to the Hudson river.

As he sat on one of the numerous benches, he looked out toward the river where the many lights were flickering. Would he ever be a champion he thought? Would he ever have a chance to smile at the cheering crowd in the big Garden? Suddenly his muscles tightened and he listened intently.

"Help! Help!" rang faintly from the direction of the waterfront.

It took Drake just three minutes to reach the tracks of the New York Central that run parallel to the port at Riverside Drive. Twenty seconds and he had crossed them. One man was struggling in the midst of three, who were trying to hold him. Darting into the melee, Drake hit right and left.

"Smack! Crack! Smack!" sounded the fighter's fists, as they connected with soft flesh and hard bone.

Soon the three decided they had had enough and ran, leaving Drake alone with the person he had rescued. Then the stranger spoke:

"I'm mighty thankful to you, old chap. You sure are some fighter." The stranger peered closely at Drake so as never to forget him. "Some day, maybe, my chance to do you a good turn will appear, and I won't forget."

* * *

WITH those words he walked off, and Drake, who had not even caught a glimpse of his face, only stood, thinking over the man's words. He was a great fighter, the stranger had said, a great fighter.

When Drake reached his boarding house that night it was one o'clock. He certainly felt tired after his two battles, and it didn't take him long to fall asleep.

A pounding at his door awoke him the next morning.

"Come in," Drake shouted.

It was Bill Hanley, Drake's manager, and he seemed to teem with excitement.

"Get your clothes on. Hurry!" Hanley panted. "There's something important I want to tell you."

In six minutes Drake was dressed, and stepping over to where Hanley sat, he pounded him playfully across the shoulders.

"Well, I'm ready. Now go ahead."

The manager shoved a newspaper before the fighter's face and cried, "You know who that is, don't you?" He was pointing at a picture in the paper.

"So does pretty nearly everybody else in New York. That's Freddie Scott, lightweight champion of the world."

"Read the rest out loud," Hanley continued.

"Next Wednesday, at Madison Square Garden, Freddie Scott, world's lightweight champion, will defend his title against Willie Benard, and—"

"That's enough," Hanley commanded. "Now look at that," he said, pointing to a photograph of Drake on the wall.

"Yes, that's me—but what is it all about, anyway? You haven't gone crazy?"

"No; but I think you're mighty thick," Hanley cried. "Why, you're alike as two peas! Freddie Scott and you could pass as twin brothers."

Drake was all attention now. "Come on—let me hear the whole business."

* * *

THE manager cleared his throat. "Well you know how hard you've been trying to get a real fight. One that will make you known in the sporting world, I mean. Now here's your chance!

"The fight between Scott and Benard comes off next Wednesday evening. I happen to know that before he enters the ring, Scott always takes a long walk, and he walks alone, too. After that he lies down—he says it clears the brain.

"When he goes out, I'll have it fixed to nab him, and we'll keep him under cover until after the fight. But the second we get him, you'll finish his walk where he left off. Then you'll return to the Garden as if you were Scott coming back. It's your big chance. You understand that, and with a little nerve and brain-work, why, there'll be nothing to it."

"But don't you know that it's a prison offense—a crime!" Drake finally broke out. "That's kidnapping and the sentence is twenty years to life in New York."

"Better than you know it; but Scott wouldn't do a thing. He's been mighty sick lately, and is in danger of losing his title

to Benard. If you knock Benard out, Scott will be credited with the victory, and he'll get all the coin too. He couldn't want more than that. However, afterwards the whole affair will come out, I'll see to that, and the newspapers will be full of it."

"What if I lose?" Drake interrupted.

Hanley thought a minute. "If you lose, then good night!"

"Well, I won't," Drake continued. "I know it's in me—and I'll win. You're right: it's my great chance, so I'm going to jump at it."

"Of course it is," said Hanley, "and as to fights, why you won't be able to take care of them once we put this through. What do you say to breakfast now; we can talk over our meal."

"Breakfast? Lead me to it."

* * *

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN hummed with many noises. Carpenters were putting the finishing touches to a ring, special policemen were getting ready to handle the large crowd expected for the match, and in fact every one seemed to be busy with something or other.

During all this bustle and confusion, the two fighters were resting at their respective clubs. One of them, Willie Benard, reclined on a couch, the other, Freddie Scott, had just started out for a brisk walk.

Scott headed for Madison Park, reaching there in a very short time, and as he strode along, he inhaled deep breaths. Scott was a believer in nature; he thought nature made the man. And he could prove it, too, by himself. Outdoor life had made him the champion of the world in the lightweight class.

Although late in the afternoon, it was warm, the sun burning down upon Scott's brow with terrific heat. He stopped short at the curb, meditating as to whether it would not be wiser to return.

For an instant he appeared in deep thought. An auto rolled up quietly, and before Scott knew it he had been shoved into it by some one who had slyly crept up to him from behind.

Quickly the machine moved away; but not before someone had yelled from its window the word "Now!" At the same time a person who might have passed as Scott's twin brother, stepped from behind a tree in the park. This was Fred Drake, ready to carry out his part in the night's programme. And *his* was the important part.

Very leisurely Drake turned and started for Madison Square Garden, walking in a fashion so like Scott's that it would have been exceedingly difficult to have noticed any difference whatsoever. Truly, he was the world champion's living double.

* * *

OUTSIDE of the Garden lines had formed already as early as six o'clock. One couldn't see a fight like the Scott-Benard one every night in New York, and many of those who didn't have reserved seats got left. At half past seven there were no more tickets to be had, even the speculators being cleaned out, and that doesn't happen very often. But then again, fights like the one that was to take place that evening were also not held very often. So maybe that accounts for it.

The main go of the evening came at last. The murmuring, which had been going on almost incessantly since the opening of the preliminary bouts, suddenly stopped, as the announcer came forward and cried in a roaring voice:

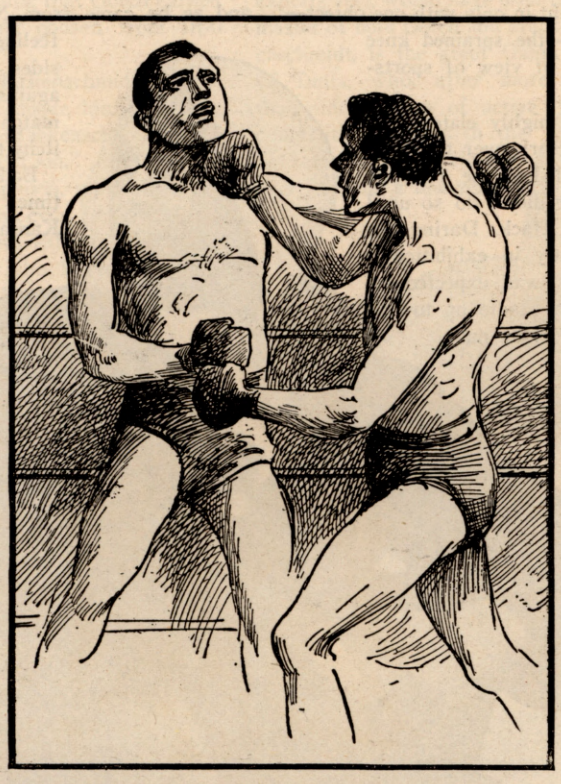
"Ladies and gentlemen, I introduce to you now, Freddie Scott, lightweight champion of the entire universe!"

A tremendous volume of noise greeted Drake as he stood before the great mass. His dream had come true. He was actually smiling at the crowd in the Garden, not as Young Daley or Fred Drake, however, but as Freddie Scott, the peerless champion. As he gazed about his eyes caught sight of the flushed features of Hanley, his manager. Then it had not been such an easy job after all!

Willie Benard was then announced, and he, too, received a great deal of attention, though not nearly as much as Drake had.

Now the ring was cleared and the usual procedure was gone through. Gloves and bandages were examined, the seconds of the fighters gave the same bewhiskered advice—that "old as the mountains" advice—and then the two boxers went to their respective corners, where they flashed glances of all sorts at each other.

Finally the referee took his position, the two fighters faced each other—a clasp of the hand—the clang of a bell—and the fight for a championship was on. But for one of the men it meant even more, perhaps jail; but more likely a place in the world of sports, a name as a pugilist.



"Used his entire remaining strength to shoot over his famous punch—his right uppercut. It was all over!"

* * *

BOTH were cautious at the start, and each tried for an opening. Drake, in particular, was slow in beginning, and received a left jab to the stomach. The blow, however, seemed to arouse him, for he made his opponent give ground before his rain of short lefts. Benard backed to the ropes and covered, trying to clinch.

Drake backed away, stood still, and then feinted prettily, pulling up the other fighter's guard. With but five seconds of the round to go, Drake tore in one of his terrific right uppercuts, the kind he had won most of his battles with. The bell clanged as Benard shot upward, but he walked to his corner appearing as strong as ever.

What a hand Drake received as he walked to his nook. The place fairly rattled with cheers and cries. Drake was thinking as his seconds were sponging him off, that it wouldn't be such an easy matter to whip Benard after all; no, not by a long shot. His opponent seemed hard and trained to the minute.

The second round opened with a rush, Drake doing all the rushing, having determined not to give his opponent a second's rest but to keep him on the jump all the time. Bernard's head bounced back as his jaw stopped a right hook.

He feebly attempted to return the blow, but struck only the air, Drake's clever footwork keeping him away from Benard's fists. Again and again Drake had the other fighter guessing, and when Benard did manage to land a blow it was but accidental and a glancing one at that.

What punishment Benard took in that round! His face was totally smeared with blood, and his nose, which had connected with a right swing, was pouring out more of the stuff every minute. Two hard rights to the solar-plexus brought the Hebrew boxer to his knees.

"Finish him! Finish him, Freddie!" the crowd was yelling but once more the bell stopped the fighting.

Drake, smiling, went to his corner. He had the satisfaction of knowing he was the better man, and all things going right, he knew he would win hands down. *(Continued on page* 44)

From MILO to LONDOS

CHAPTER XIII

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest, active sports writer)

IN the previous chapter of this interesting series on modern wrestling, I told how Frank Gotch for the second time proved his superiority over George Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion, and for the purpose of keeping the records straight, I gave Hack's version of the affair. It will be remembered that in his story of the last encounter with Gotch, the Russian laid particular stress on his sprained knee, but it was Gotch's contention, as it was that of thousands of others, that when Hackenschmidt found himself in a weak physical condition he should not have gone into the ring. In view of the fact that he did, and that he went in only with one object—to win the match if at all possible—the sprained knee excuse has no place from the point of view of sportsmanship.

After that contest, Gotch seemed highly elated. His one desire was to repeat the first victory over the Russian, and now that he had accomplished the feat, he decided it was time to retire, but he didn't do so until about a year after he had thrown Hack. During the interim, he tackled all comers, mostly in exhibitions and came through triumphantly, as was expected. There was no one who could hold a candle up to the inimitable Iowan, so, early in 1913, he publicly announced his retirement.

Just before he did so, he made it known that, like the plan previously arranged by Jim Jeffries when he retired, he would name the two leading contenders and would match them, with him as the referee. To the victor, Gotch proposed to hand over his championship. When the time came to arrange the "elimination" bout, Jess Westergaard and Henry Ordeman were named.

On the day of the bout, which took place in Omaha, where Westergaard was a popular hero, Ordeman, contrary to expectations, beat Westergaard, a protege of Gotch, and the champion abdicated in Ordeman's favor.

In 1914 a match was arranged between Ordeman and Charley Cutler, another Gotch favorite, and Cutler twice threw the new wrestling king in thirty-seven minutes at Minneapolis, thereby winning the crown. Later Dr. Roller defeated Cutler and for a time the championship swayed between them, the pair seesawing in three bouts. Of those contests we will have more to say in the next chapter.

* * *

IN the meantime, Gotch's popularity continued and under the guidance of Jack Curley, he decided to make hay while the sun shone and give wrestling exhibitions. This was arranged a year before Gotch's death. He became associated with Jack in the exploitation of Jess Willard as a co-attraction with the Sells-Floto circus. His object, as he said at the time, was to prepare himself for a comeback. He tired of idleness and made up his mind that if he could get into proper condition, he would do a Jim Jeffries, by reclaiming the title he had abdicated, and meet Joe Stecher for the crown.

Joe Stecher, the scissors expert, was the big noise of the day and as he came from Nebraska, there was real, true frontier feeling between them and their followers. Besides, Gotch had handled Charley Cutler against Stecher at Omaha in their memorable match on July 4 of that year and Gotch was itchy to try his skill against Stecher.

Bad weather followed the circus from the time that Gotch joined us at Wichita to Kansas City, St. Louis, the Pennsylvania coal regions and back again to the Middle-West through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. It was at Waukesha, Wis., while wrestling at the matinee with Big Bob Monagoff that Gotch tripped and tore some ligaments in his foot. He was forced to quit the circus and after a short stop in Chicago, he returned to his Iowa home, where complications set in. He was advised to go to Hot Springs and it was while trying to make that city that he was carried from a train at Chicago, suffering from a severe attack of indigestion. Once more he returned to his home where he lay bedridden for several months and then died on December 16, 1917. Uremic poisoning was given as the cause.

Gotch had been quite thrifty during his wrestling career and when he died, he left an estate valued at close to $400,000. His wife, the former Gladys Oesterich, a home-town belle whom he had married in 1911, and a son, survived him. Frank was 41 years old when the Grim Reaper struck him down.

Thus ended the career of the greatest wrestler of modern times. He had annexed the American title from Tom Jenkins in 1904 and never thereafter lost it. When he whipped Hackenschmidt he won the world crown. One famous wrestler who did put Gotch's shoulders to the mat was Fred Beell, who recently was killed by thugs in a holdup out West. Fred, at the time of his death, was a

Frank Gotch, as he appeared while waiting for the second fall with Hackenschmidt to get under way.

special bank policeman. Gotch wasn't world champ that time.

Of Gotch it may be said that he was a great strategist, a fast mat man and most courageous. His toe hold, which he invented, was the most grueling hold used. It was against Hackenschmidt that Gotch introduced and perfected the toe hold against which no man could hold out when properly applied, with the force and twist. The hold caused great anguish to an opponent and soon made the strongest of them, weak. He did as much to bring the mat sport to the front in this country, as did John L. Sullivan for boxing.

* * *

IN his memoirs which appeared over a stretch of two years in this magazine, Jack Curley, who undoubtedly knows more about wrestling and the men who have performed in this country during the past thirty years than any other sports critic, said of Gotch that he was one of the greatest mat stars of all time. However, he did not think that Gotch earned better than third place in an all-star cast chosen from 1890 to the present day.

In Curley's rating, he placed George Hackenschmidt on top, Tom Jenkins in second place and Gotch under him, with the explanation that although Gotch defeated Hackenschmidt, there never was a wrestler like the "Russian Lion." Speaking of Hackenschmidt, Curley said: "He, in my opinion, represented the best, most physically perfect mat star that ever came to these shores. He was a marvelously built fellow with an abundance of strength, an agile, slippery mat man who knew the tricks of wrestling as few others did. Despite his defeats by Gotch, Hackenschmidt stood out as the master."

In placing Gotch in third position, Curley declared that his reason for not putting Frank above Jenkins or Hackenschmidt was because the Iowa farmer often showed a lack of quality, while this could not be said of either the "Russian" or Jenkins.

* * *

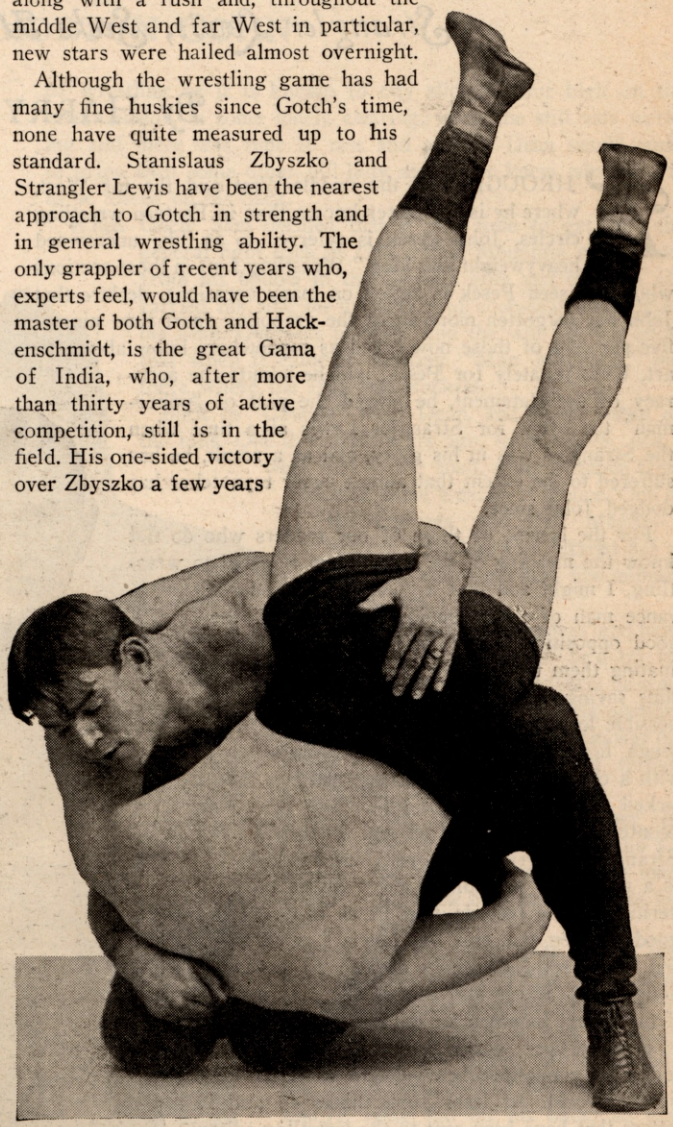
THERE are many readers of this magazine who will differ with Curley, especially when the records show that Gotch had twice defeated the Russian Lion, yet we must give Curley credit for knowing what it is all about. His opinion certainly is worth something, especially so in view of the fact that he handled both men, knew them intimately, and knew their capabilities.

However, leaving aside for the moment the question of superiority, we must admit that Gotch did for modern wrestling what John L. Sullivan accomplished for boxing in the old days. It was Gotch's victories over the hitherto invincible Hackenschmidt that made him the most popular mat star in America and started a movement among college men to take up wrestling.

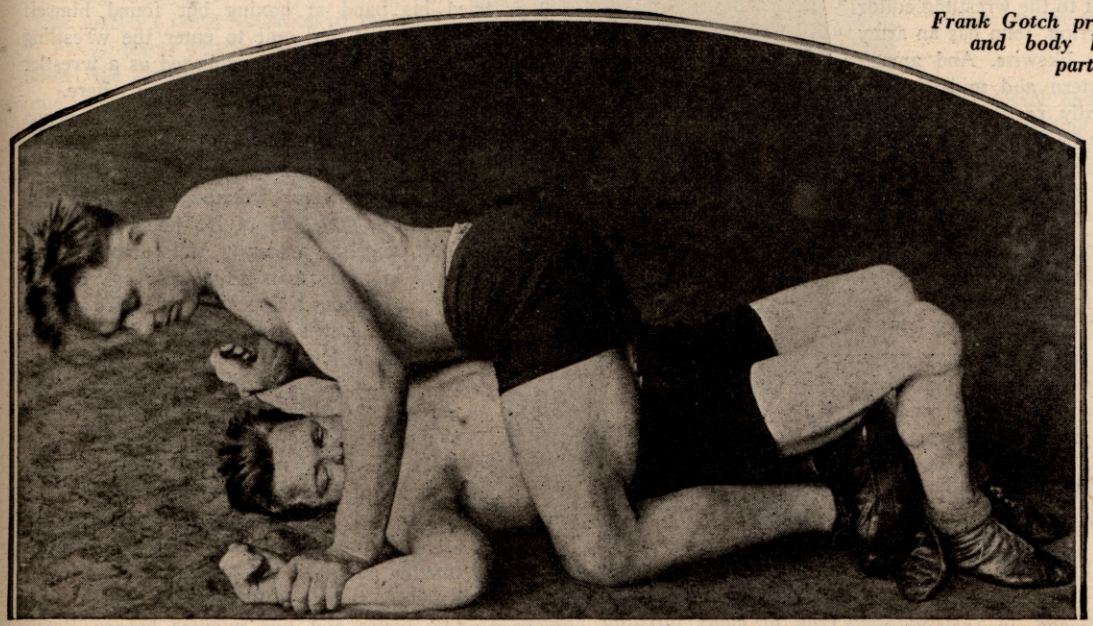
With the passing of Gotch out of the mat picture, a new batch of grapplers came to the fore—fellows who had been working in preliminaries and in star bouts during the last two or three years of Gotch's reign, but who, because of his prowess, were halted in their climb to the top. But when Gotch died, those fellows came along with a rush and, throughout the middle West and far West in particular, new stars were hailed almost overnight.

Although the wrestling game has had many fine huskies since Gotch's time, none have quite measured up to his standard. Stanislaus Zbyszko and Strangler Lewis have been the nearest approach to Gotch in strength and in general wrestling ability. The only grappler of recent years who, experts feel, would have been the master of both Gotch and Hackenschmidt, is the great Gama of India, who, after more than thirty years of active competition, still is in the field. His one-sided victory over Zbyszko a few years ago proved the Indian's calibre. Gama is reputed to be one of the most versatile wrestlers of modern times. In addition, his weight has proved a big factor.

It would be most interesting to see what Gama could do against the collegians of this country. From what we have heard about the Indian, I doubt that the flying tackles and the airplane spins and other present-day favorite "holds" would upset Gama.



Frank Gotch practising his pet crotch and body hold on his training partner, Oscar Samuelson.



Joe Stecher, the Scissors King, whom Gotch was preparing to meet when blood poisoning forced his retirement and brought about his death.

The Nebraska Tiger Man

John Pesek, Who Says He Has Been Playing "Policeman" For Strangler Lewis, Seeks Heavyweight Mat Crown

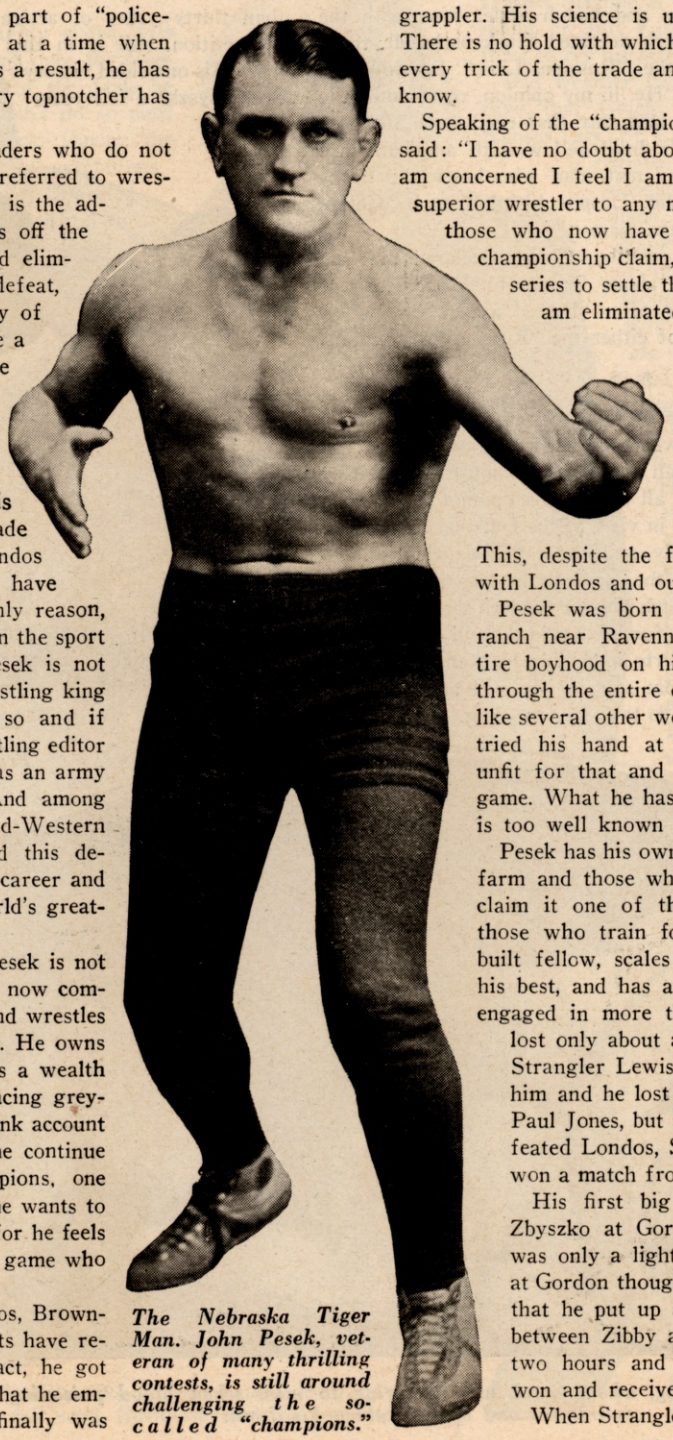
By HARRY HOOPER

THROUGHOUT the middle-West and the far West, where he is far better known than in Eastern wrestling circles, John Pesek is referred to as "the uncrowned heavyweight mat king." Wrestling fans in those sections who have seen Pesek in action on many occasions, declare that John has forgotten more about the grappling sport than ninety-five per cent of those now billed as topnotchers know about the art. Unfortunately for Pesek, and he admits the accuracy of the statement, he played the part of "policeman" too often for Strangler Lewis at a time when the Strangler was in his glory, and as a result, he has suffered to the extent that almost every topnotcher has dodged John since.

For the benefit of those of our readers who do not know the meaning of the word when referred to wrestling, I might add that a "policeman" is the advance man of the champion who kills off the good opposition by taking 'em on and eliminating them through the process of defeat, thus saving the title holder the worry of possible loss of his crown. Every time a tough hombre appeared on the scene with a challenge to Lewis, Pesek was sicked onto him and in a jiffy, the "contender" was shooed off and the Strangler's worries were over. Now it is a matter of wrestling history and is verified by the records, that Pesek made good so often, that men like Lewis, Londos and other stars definitely decided to have none of his wares and that is the only reason, if the expert judgment of the leaders in the sport is given proper worth, that John Pesek is not today the unqualified heavyweight wrestling king of the world. At least John thinks so and if letters that have been sent to the wrestling editor of "The Ring" are a criterion, John has an army of supporters who think likewise. And among them is a bevy of Western and mid-Western belles who have repeatedly requested this department to write a story on Pesek's career and "give the man his just due as the world's greatest wrestler."

That is the reason for this story. Pesek is not money mad as are most of the others now competing. He is independently wealthy and wrestles only because of his love for the sport. He owns a big farm at Ravenna, Nebraska, has a wealth of farm equipment and a stable of racing greyhounds, and in addition, boasts of a bank account of over $300,000. Then why should he continue on the trail of the so-called champions, one might ask. Only because, as he says, he wants to win the world title before he retires, for he feels confident that there isn't a man in the game who is his superior.

Pesek is bitter because Lewis, Londos, Browning, De Glane and other title claimants have repeatedly ignored his challenge. In fact, he got so tired of meeting "palookas" here, that he embarked for Australia and there he finally was successful in obtaining first-class opposition. He is a gentle, mild-mannered man, and the only reason he is called the "Tiger Man," is because of the grace of his movements. He moves about the ring with the cunning, the suppleness and the speed of the jungle beast. He goes into a match with one aim—to win, and few of his matches have proved otherwise. He is an offensive wrestler, who despite the handicap of weight, is most powerful. He is quick, catlike in his leap, a finished, polished grappler. His science is unexcelled. He is a master. There is no hold with which he is unfamiliar. He knows every trick of the trade and a few that others do not know.



The Nebraska Tiger Man. John Pesek, veteran of many thrilling contests, is still around challenging the so-called "champions."

Speaking of the "champions," Pesek, in an interview, said: "I have no doubt about my prowess. So far as I am concerned I feel I am the equal and perhaps the superior wrestler to any man in the world and I defy those who now have sectional support in their championship claim, to meet me in a round robin series to settle the matter of supremacy. If I am eliminated in any one contest then I shall press my claims no longer. In the meantime however, I know that I have a horde of supporters who believe as I do, namely, that the leaders have all shunned me because they know that I can beat them. This, despite the fact that I recently clashed with Londos and our bout ended in a draw."

Pesek was born of Bohemian parents on a ranch near Ravenna, Neb., and spent his entire boyhood on his father's farm. He went through the entire elementary grades and then, like several other well-known wrestlers of today tried his hand at boxing but found himself unfit for that and quit to enter the wrestling game. What he has accomplished as a wrestler is too well known to go into details here.

Pesek has his own gymnasium on his Ravenna farm and those who have seen this gym, proclaim it one of the best in the country for those who train for wrestling. He is a well built fellow, scales about 185 pounds when at his best, and has a narrow waist-line. He has engaged in more than 3,000 matches and has lost only about a dozen in his entire career. Strangler Lewis beat him, Joe Stecher beat him and he lost verdicts to Jim Londos and Paul Jones, but in return contests Pesek defeated Londos, Stecher and Jones, but never won a match from Lewis.

His first big match was with Wladek Zbyszko at Gordon, Nebr., at the time he was only a light-heavyweight but a rancher at Gordon thought so much of Pesek's ability that he put up a $10,000 purse for a clash between Zibby and Pesek. The match went two hours and five minutes before Pesek won and received $2500 for his end.

When Strangler (*Continued on page* 45)

Out for Mat Honors

Man Mountain Dean, Georgia Farmer With Great Record, Now in East

By THROCKMORTON COHN

"When it's Springtime in the Rockies,
I'll be comin' back for you,
Little sweetheart of the mountains,
With your bonnie eyes of blue.
Once again I'll say I love you—"

A LAZY baritone sang the song of the hills, strumming at the same time on a battered banjo.

If you closed your eyes and your phantasies ran wild as you listened to the plaintive lilt of the singer, you perhaps might visualize Hell's Kitchen—a hamlet that towers on the side of the mountain that overlooks Cumberland Gap in the heart of the Tennessee hills.

It wouldn't require much of an effort on your part, with closed eyes, to get a picture of a cabin in the clearing with its open fireplace, its blazing logs and the picturesque furnishings of a hill-billy family that occupies the house. Down the hill towards the Gap imagine a winding trail along which occasionally is heard the bark of a rifle. Perhaps somebody shooting at a squirrel or "just a feudin'."

Then as the song of the hills died away and the last whining note of the banjo was stilled, you'll open your eyes and find yourself many parasangs away from the Cumberlands. You would be in Stillman's gymnasium, and over to your right would be the hill-billy, a lumbering behemoth, handing his battered banjo to "maw" as he prepared for a workout, preparatory to being introduced to wrestling fans as Jack Curley's latest sensation of the mat.

Fans, meet Frank Stone Mountain Dean, the Matterhorn of the mat; six feet one and weighing 320 stripped, including his long flowing beard, which, nurtured by the wind, sun and corn "likker" of the hills, would make Brigham Young look clean shaven.

In his long career as maestro of the mighty of the mat, Curley has introduced some odd stars. But he tops them all with "Man Mountain" Dean. Sullen Siberians, redolent Russians, hungry Hungarians, giant Germans and indolent Indians, as well as acrobatic Americans have come and gone, but Dean is the most unique wrestler of the lot, according to Curley.

* * *

STONE MOUNTAIN is Dean's middle name, for he was born high on the side of the famous Georgian mountain and Pappy Dean used it as his son's middle name.

Thirty-six years old, he never heard of wrestling as it is known to city slickers. But high on the mountainside, in some lonely clearing, when the still was working and there was time to rest and ponder, Dean would come to grips with some other hill-billy and never knew what it was to be tossed on his back.

When Uncle Sam decided that it was time to get into the general fight back in 1918, Stone Mountain came down from his hollow in the Georgia hills and enlisted. He carried his rifle on his arm, and coon-skin cap topped his head. Overseas he went, and the war records show that when it came to fighting, "Man Mountain" was there where the fray was thickest.

Back to "Gawgia" went Dean, and to the cabin on the hills. One day, four years ago, to Norcross, just a wide spot in the road, some distance from Atlanta, came a carnival troupe. One of the features was Bull Martin, a veteran wrestler, who offered $25 to any one who could stay five minutes with him.

After a bit of "hemmin' and haw-in'" Dean "allowed" he'd try for the prize. To the platform he went in his overalls. The gong sounded and in five seconds Martin was flat on his back. Dean had thrown the "Bull."

But the city slickers put one over on Dean. There was no $25 for him, because, said the manager, the bout had not gone five minutes.

Scenting a chance to clean up, the carnival manager sent to Texas for Charley Lehman, a crack wrestler, and took all bets that the hill-billies laid on Stone Mountain. In one minute and 18 seconds, the Texas tornado had become a gentle zephyr, lying flat on his back, an easy victim to the dizzy Dean.

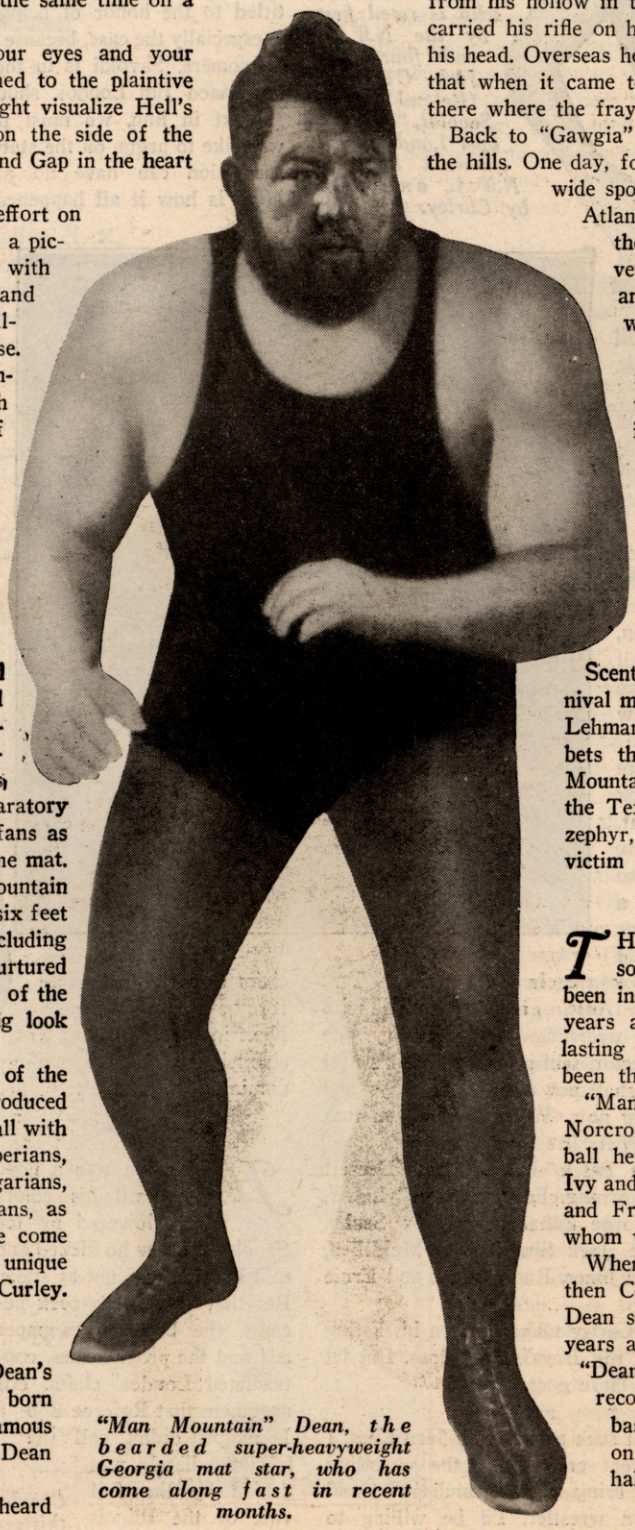
* * *

THEN Dean decided there must be something to this wrastlin'. He's been in the pro ranks for the past four years and has won 408 matches, none lasting more than seven minutes. He has been thrown by Browning and Savoldi.

"Man Mountain" is mighty proud of Norcross, Ga., for he tells of the baseball heroes that came from that town. Ivy and Red Wingo, Roy and Leo Carlyle and Frank "Poodoo" Robertson, all of whom won fame in the big leagues.

When Governor Talmadge of Georgia, then Commissioner of Agriculture, saw Dean start his professional career four years ago, he said to "Man Mountain": "Dean, I want you to achieve the same record in wrestling that Cobb did in baseball; Jones in golf and Walthour on the bicycle track. If you achieve half the success those men did, the

(Continued on page 44)



"Man Mountain" Dean, the bearded super-heavyweight Georgia mat star, who has come along fast in recent months.

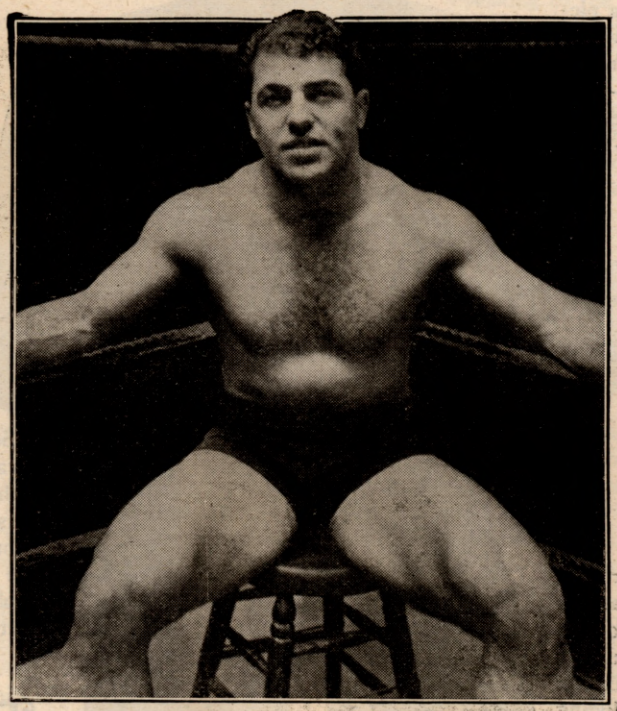
NEWS of the MAT

Jack Curley and N.W.A. Issue Their 1933 Ratings

By

"TEX" AUSTIN

Jim Londos (left), who is rated first by the N.W.A., and fourth by Jack Curley. (Below) — Joe Savoldi, "winner" over Londos, rated sixteenth by the N.W.A., and third by Curley.



THAT Jim Londos still holds the upper hand in states that are controlled by the National Boxing Association and National Wrestling Association, was made evident when the organization, at its annual meeting in Minneapolis a few weeks ago, issued its rating of wrestlers. The list is headed by the Greek Adonis, while Jim Browning, the Curley-Mondt champion, the man who is recognized in all states that are not controlled by the N.B.A., with the exception of New England, is placed sixth.

The N.W.A. ranking is far from satisfactory. It places John Pesek in second position, Dick Shikat, third, Everett Marshall, fourth, and Hans Steinke, fifth. There can be no doubt that Pesek deserves a high listing, but on his work for the year he is not entitled to second place. However, in view of the fact that in the next issue, THE RING'S wrestling expert, "Tex" Austin, in conjunction with twelve of the leading writers of wrestling in this country, one from each important grappling sector, will give THE RING'S first annual rating of mat stars, we shall not discuss the whys and wherefores of the N.W.A. listing now. We will give you that in the December issue. The N.W.A. list follows:

Jim Londos, Champion; John Pesek, Dick Shikat, Everett Marshall, Hans Steinke, Jim Browning, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Ray Steele, Gino Garibaldi, George Zaharias, Sandor Szabo, Ed Don George, Henri DeGlane, Jack Sherry, Jim McMillen, Joe Savoldi, Pat O'Shocker, Paul Jones, Rudy Dusek and Ernie Dusek.

And speaking of ratings, Jack Curley makes known his listing and his reasons for ranking the "Big Boys" as he does. But let Jack tell you in his own words. Here goes!

* * *

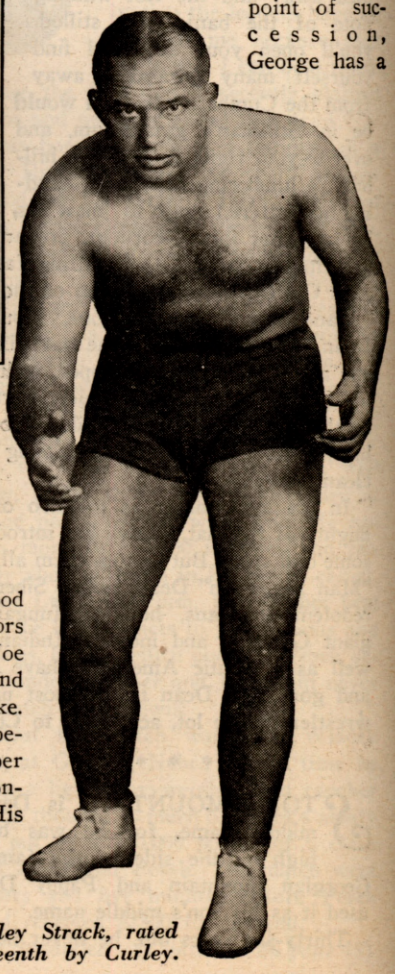
IF we had a wailing wall such as exists in Jerusalem, I would feign offer fervent prayer that the wrestling season of 1933-1934 will bring forth an undisputed and 100%-recognized world champion wrestler. I'd be willing to pray in Hebrew, in Irish, in French, German, Polish and every other language—but what's the use. The boys just won't get together and wrestle it out for supremacy. So let the season's slogan be: An undisputed champion.

And this brings us to the ratings, the *modus operandi* to reach a final conclusion.

Jim Browning is the recognized champion in New York State and other wrestling centers. In my opinion, Jim is as much entitled to the honor of being the champ as the next one. This is especially the case, because of his announced willingness to meet all comers. Savoldi is in the front rank of contenders because he pinned Jim Londos' shoulders in Chicago.

Next in line, we must place Ed Don George. Those fans who like to argue on the status of a champion by point of lineage succession can have no argument on Don George's claim. Here is how it all happened.

Ed "Strangler" Lewis was the absolute monarch of the heavyweights. He wrestled Henry DeGlane for the title at Montreal in a best-two-out-of-three match. DeGlane won the first fall by an undisputed both shoulders on the mat, and the second fall on a foul because Lewis sunk his pearl white teeth into the Frenchman's forearm. Later DeGlane, at Boston, lost to Don George, so, as we said before, from point of succession, George has a claim to the title. Therefore George belongs. Next in preference for a championship battle we nominate Jim Londos.



Charley Strack, rated thirteenth by Curley.

* * *

HIS claim was a good one until his colors were lowered by Joe Savoldi. I know he kicked and said his title was not at stake. But that was poppy-cock because the billing, newspaper ads and the programmes, contradicted Londos' claim. His argument that Referee Bob Monagoff didn't call the fall immediately, was denied by the full vote of the Illinois

WORLD

Athletic Commission.

"But," says Jim Browning, "in order to get everything clear before the public, I will gladly wrestle Jim Londos for my title, and that's that." Yet Londos refuses. Why? That's for Jim to answer.

So I will place in nomination for championship honors the following wrestlers, in the order named:

1—Jim Browning of Missouri.
2—Ed Don George of Buffalo.
3—Joe Savoldi of Michigan.
4—Jim Londos of Greece.
5—Ed "Strangler" Lewis of California
6—Joe Malcewiecz of Utica.
7—Dick Shikat of Germany.
8—Hans Steinke of Germany.
9—Ray Steele of California.
10—Wladek Zbyszko of Poland.
11—Jack Sherry of Alaska.
12—Henri DeGlane of France.
13—Charles Strack of Spring Valley, N. Y.

Now as No. 14, I'll add the name of a youngster who possesses a great future. He belongs among the best. His name is not well known, but in my opinion he is a wonderful prospect. I refer to Jack Riley of Illinois.

In my humble opinion, he can make all of the second division men call uncle right now. In fact, Jack Riley does not realize his own ability. That's something strange and way out of the ordinary. Usually athletes develop the swelled head long before they understand the ABC of the game.

* * *

IN my ratings from Ed Lewis down, I would insist on them mingling and intermingling, wrestling each other, and surely good contenders would result.

For instance, Ed Lewis has administered a sound thrashing to both Jack Sherry and Ray Steele. Therefore let Dick Shikat wrestle Jack Sherry and let Ray Steele tackle Joe Malcewicz or Charles Strack. Anything to start and be en route to somewhere. In the end all will be seasoned veterans and we will get a thorough 100%, undisputed title holder. That's my aim, fans, and perhaps you'll help me force the issue by showing those who won't enter such a deal what you think of them!

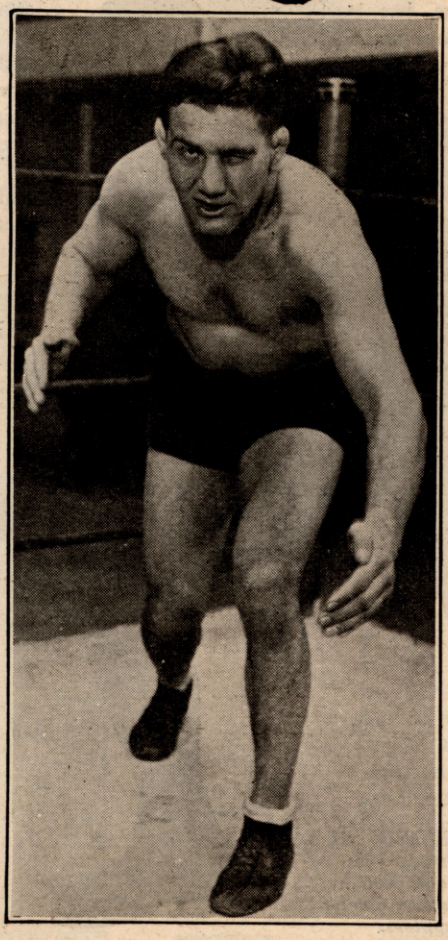
* * *

WRESTLING differs greatly from its cousin—boxing.

In boxing the same pair meet in combat comparatively few times. There have been a few exceptions. The old-timer will point to where Jack Britton and Ted Kid Lewis met seventeen times. But that does not often happen.

Wrestlers meet as often as the box office warrants it. There is no reason why two fairly evenly matched matmen should not meet fifty times during their career. Why not?

Jack Riley, who, Curley thinks, will prove a world beater, illustrates his "Indian Deathlock"—a very wicked hold, indeed.



Jim Browning, rated first by Curley, but only sixth by the N.W.A.

I had the pleasure, a few years ago, in presenting Big Bill Tilden on a tour versus Karel Kozeluh. They played nightly for three months and I am willing to take an oath, yes, I will take the oath, that each and every time, the two contested dead on the level.

So why not two wrestlers? But to get back to the wailing wall and my prayer.

Hear me, Oh Lord, give us one outstanding wrestler whose claim to the title shall be undisputable. Thanks—Oh Lord."

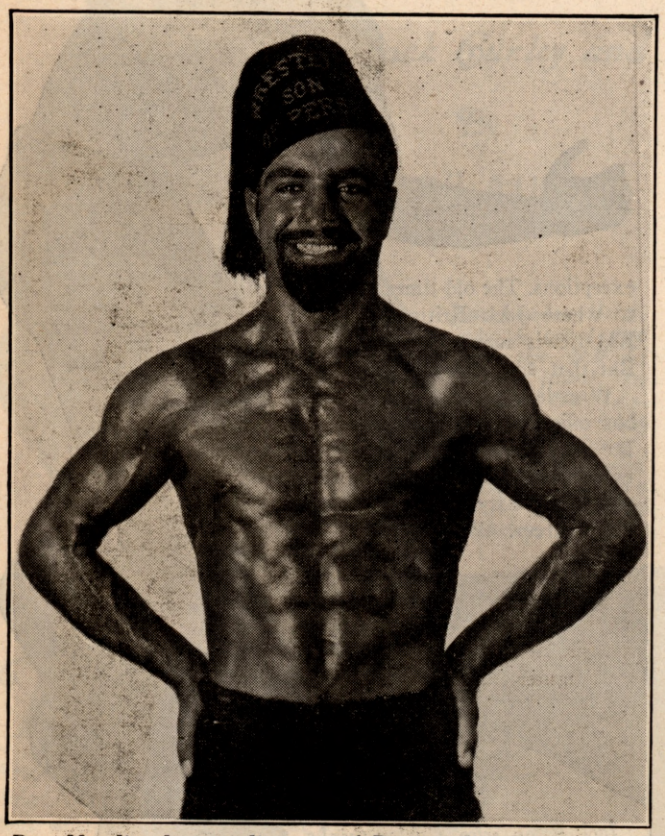
Come on, now, you fans. You can help. Your patronage will force the issue. I'm ready to give you a full-fledged title holder. But how about those who shun matches with men they think or know can beat them?

* * *

TWO "burly bruisers," each weighing well above the three-hundred-pound mark, have come forth in the press notices during the past few months. The two we refer to are "Man Mountain" Dean and King Kong. The former is "Soldier" Leavitt, former boxer and Miami policeman, while the latter hails from Fontanelle, Iowa.

King Kong recently tossed three opponents at the same time in the same ring. Young Samson hit the mat first with Kong on top. On top of Kong came two more grapplers, making a total of over 800 pounds of beef. The King tossed all three and to make matters worse, took on "Pooch" Donovan and put him out with *(Continued on page 47)*

They CAN *Take It!*



Pete Marelia, the wrestling son of Persia, who almost died of knife wounds inflicted by an enraged fan.

BATTLING NELSON, the Durable Dane, has been honored wherever the thud of padded glove smacked against a twisted nose as "a guy who could take it."

Usually, when sport fans get together and talk about human endurance, for classic examples of "men who could take it," they point, as a general rule, to men who sought fame and fortune in the fight racket. Men who, as a matter of fact, came through with a certain amount of fame and very little fortune, for the "men who could take it" seldom wound up with much in the pocketbook.

Football players have acquired a certain amount of fame for their ability to take a pounding in the line or in the backfield and come back for more, but there has been little singing or glorifying of the wrestlers, men that can take it day after day, not only from their opponents on the mat but from the fans as well.

No umpire that ever lived has been called upon to take the abuse, both verbal and physical, that some of the wrestlers of today have taken and there are few of the rough-and-tumble performers that haven't had narrow escapes from irate fans. More wrestlers have been cut or beaten or injured, during the last years, by fans than have suffered mishaps in the ring and there have been plenty of the grapplers hurt by their opponents in spite of what some sceptics of the game assert.

Lend your ears to a few instances:

Some years ago, Billy Edwards, a light-heavyweight wrestler who bills himself out of Kansas City, was wrestling a popular grappler by the name of Teddy Waters in a town in Texas. Waters was a hero in this Lone Star metropolis, I forget whether it was Waco or Dallas, and Edwards, always a rough customer, was handing Waters a lot of abuse, kicking, punching and pulling hair. A low murmur from the fans grew into a sullen roar as Edwards continued manhandling his opponent and Billy finally planted a right on Waters' chin and knocked him half way across the ring.

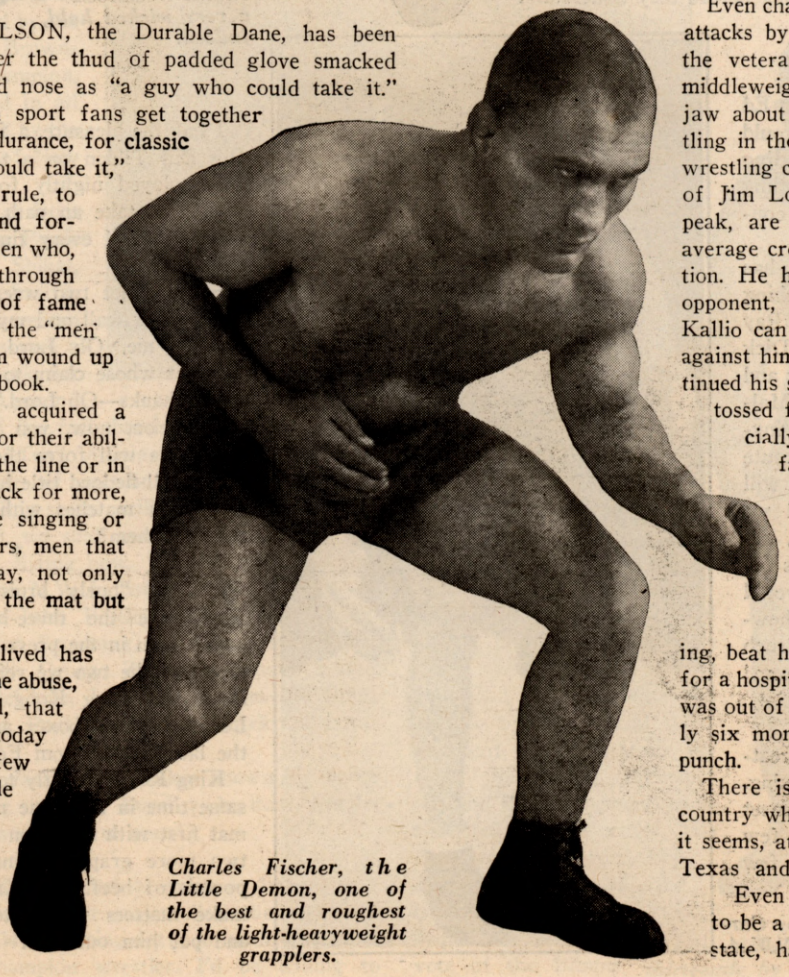
Billy leaned back against the ropes to watch the result of his wallop and as he did so, an anger-crazed woman reached up and made a swipe at his legs. Billy took a step towards Waters and then collapsed, bleeding freely from cuts in both legs where the razor had slashed him. One leg was bleeding more freely than the other and in no time the canvas-covered mat was a sponge of blood. Waters grabbed a towel and applied a tourniquet but was almost mobbed himself by the angry fans who tried to storm the ring in an attempt to prevent any one from assisting the hated Edwards.

Another time, in another Texas town, Waters himself felt the wrath of the fans in a match with George Sauer. The two grapplers had wrestled more than an hour in a clever, clever performance, when suddenly Waters, in an attempt to force Sauer's shoulders to the mat, gouged his eyes. One roar out of the fans and a spectator leaped up, swung a pop bottle, brought it down on Waters' head and the next thing Ted knew was when he woke up in his room at a hospital.

Even champions are not immune from attacks by wrestling fans. Gus Kallio, the veteran Finlander who rules the middleweight division, suffered a broken jaw about two years ago while wrestling in the Pacific Northwest. Modern wrestling champions, with the exception of Jim Londos when Jim was at his peak, are usually unpopular with the average crowds and Gus was no exception. He had taken one fall from his opponent, using his elbows as only Kallio can and the feeling was strong against him. In the second fall, he continued his savage assault but was finally tossed from the ring after an especially vicious attack. One partisan fan sucker-punched Gus from behind, landing flush on the jaw, breaking it. Then Gus staggered, gritted his teeth, climbed back into the ring with his jaw clenched to keep the blood from showing, beat his opponent and then headed for a hospital to have his jaw set. Kallio was out of the wrestling game for nearly six months as a result of that one punch.

There is no special section of the country where the fans go berserk, but it seems, at least to the wrestlers, that Texas and Oklahoma are the worst.

Even Ohio, although it is supposed to be a mild-mannered mid-Western state, has treated the grapplers in



Charles Fischer, the Little Demon, one of the best and roughest of the light-heavyweight grapplers.

Some Grapplers in Lighter Divisions DO Take It When Fans' Anger is Aroused and Knives, Bottles, Chairs and Fists Are Used

By LOU KLEWER

an exceedingly harsh manner at times.

Gentle John Kilonis, the rugged Greek 180-pounder, has had some trying experiences in Toledo. One of his worst happened in a match with Juan Humberto when Juan was still a svelte 175-pounder and before he jumped up into the heavyweight division.

Humberto was no match for the rugged Kilonis and took plenty of abuse, with Gentle John clouting him with everything but the ring post. Finally Juan was given the match on a foul and that seemed to be the signal for a storm of pop bottles that flew into the ring, hitting the announcer as well as Kilonis. The bottles came in so fast they crashed against each other and covered the mat with broken glass. Nothing daunted, Kilonis draped his towel over his shoulders and started for the dressing room with only a pair of coppers as his bodyguard. As John walked down the aisle, one of the fans stood on a chair, picked up another and, as John walked by, swung with all his might and brought the chair down across Kilonis' scalp. The Greek staggered and kept right on walking but the next day he was suffering with a bad scalp wound and a worse than a morning-after headache.

Chairs, bottles, fists and feet aren't all that the fans will use against a wrestler who has aroused their ire and hatred. Even knives have been called into play and Pete Marelia, young Assyrian wrestler who is also known as Mar Allah, is now recovering from the effects of knife wounds suffered in a match at Benton Harbor, Mich., on September 5.

Marelia had been wrestling Johnny Stote of Schenectady and the falls were even, one apiece. Marelia is a more rough and tumble performer that Stote and hands out a lot of punishment. He had the crowd in a frenzy before the match was over and climaxed it by smacking the New York lad on the chin with a right cross and then pinning him to the mat.

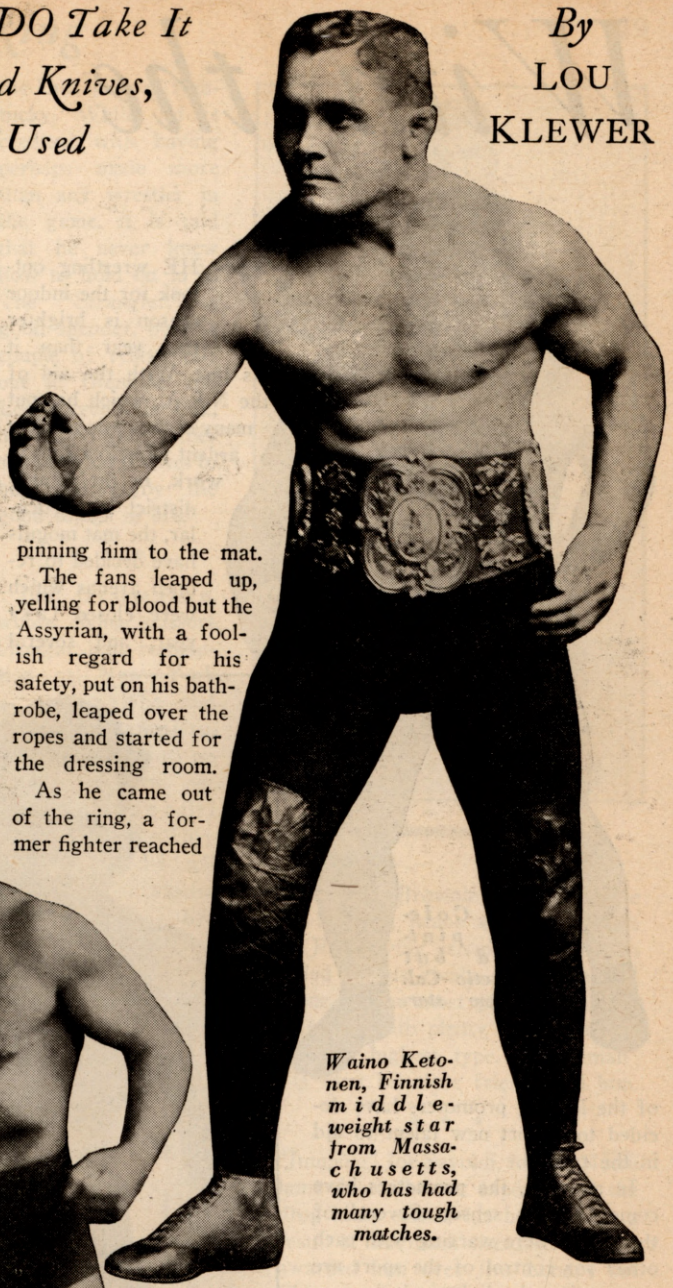
The fans leaped up, yelling for blood but the Assyrian, with a foolish regard for his safety, put on his bathrobe, leaped over the ropes and started for the dressing room.

As he came out of the ring, a former fighter reached up and hit him on the mouth and several other fans, one a golf professional, tried to kick him as he passed. Then, in the mêlée, some assailant pulled a knife and stabbed Marelia twice, one of the wounds being a deep, three-inch cut that just missed his kidney. Pete managed to get to his dressing room, where he collapsed. Then he was rushed to the hospital and for nearly a week he hovered between life and death.

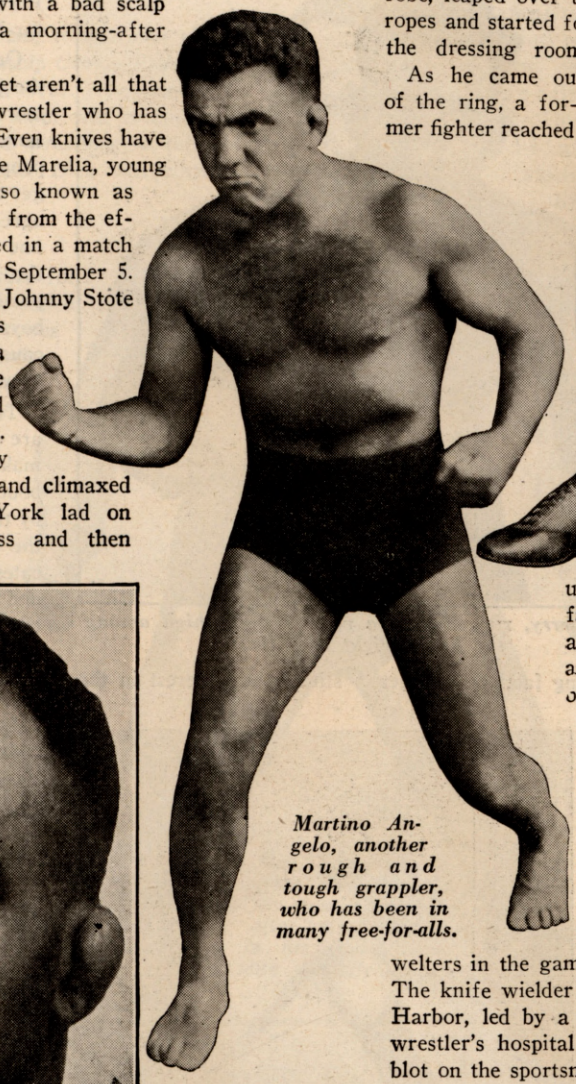
Only his remarkable constitution pulled him through but it will be some time before the lad is able to do much wrestling. He was considered one of the best young welters in the game, for real wrestling as well as showmanship. The knife wielder was not apprehended but the fans of Benton Harbor, led by a preacher, raised a fund to take care of the wrestler's hospital bill, feeling that the stabbing was a serious blot on the sportsmanship escutcheon of Benton Harbor and the near-by town of St. Joseph.

Sandusky, Ohio, is another town that has treated the wrestlers harshly at times. Little Martonio Angelo, an Italian wrestler from Buffalo, was wrestling Red McCann of Canada in a main event there and Angelo is another of the rough-and-tumble type. The type that the fans hate and boo, yet flock to the arena in droves to see perform.

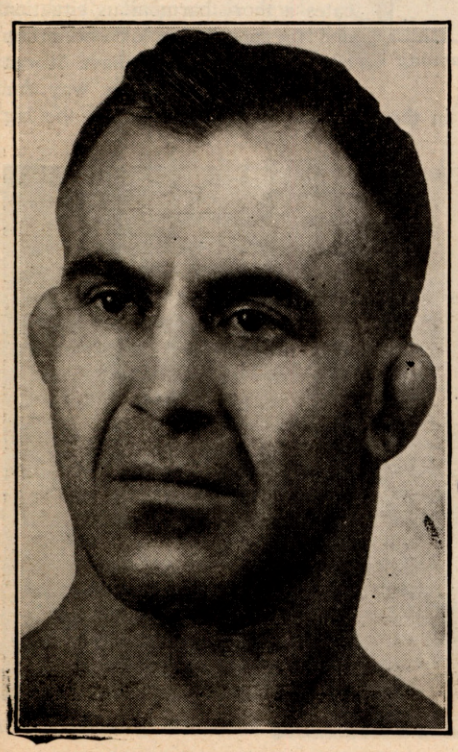
Angelo had abused McCann all *(Continued on page 46)*



Waino Ketonen, Finnish middleweight star from Massachusetts, who has had many tough matches.



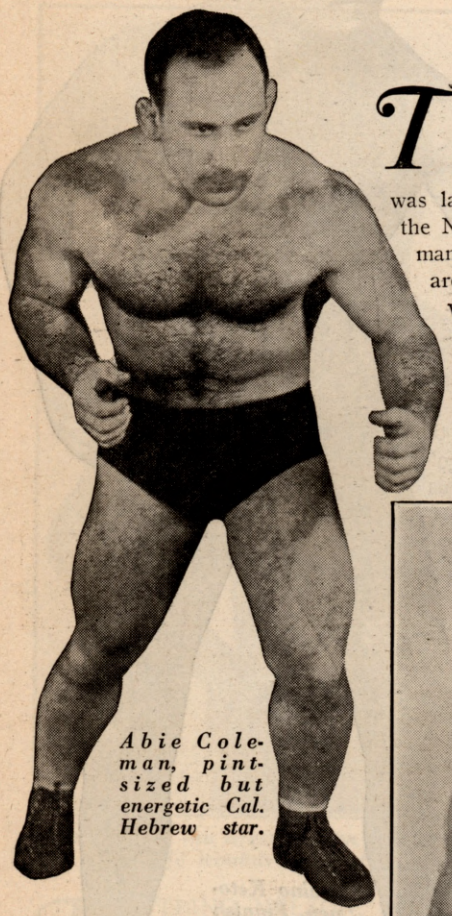
Martino Angelo, another rough and tough grappler, who has been in many free-for-alls.



John Kilonis, veteran Greek roughneck, who has felt the effects of chairs, bottles, etc., wielded by angry spectators.

With the Pachyderms

By SAM TAUB



Abie Coleman, pint-sized but energetic Cal. Hebrew star.

THE wrestling outlook for the indoor season is brighter this year than it was last. With the aid of the N.R.A., which has put many of the nation's most ardent wrestling fans to work, in the mining district in particular, the mat moguls have decided to reopen arenas which were closed last year, and several of the leading promoters have decided to import new talent to aid in the revival.

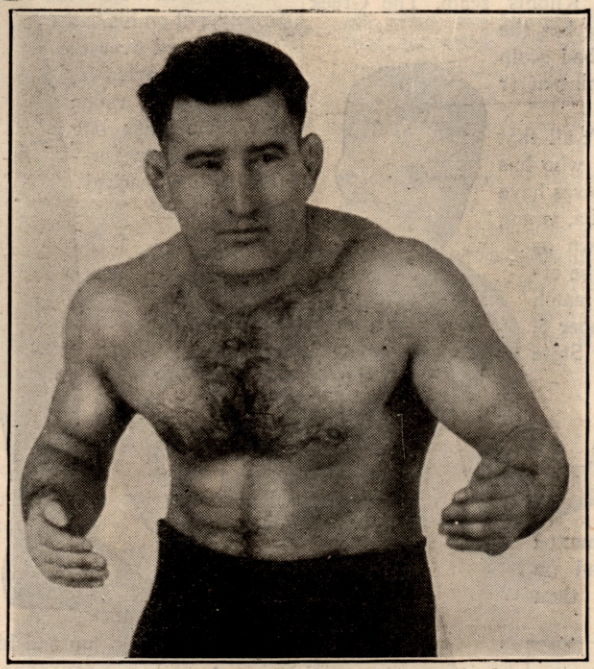
In addition, the promoters have come to their senses. Several of those who were warring with each other for control of the sport are now seeing the light and if negotiations that were started a fortnight ago materialize, before the Winter season gets under full blast, the handshake will be extended and the battling factions will get together for their own good, and the good of the sport.

The last split was when Jack Pfefer moved out of the Jack Curley-Joe "Toots" Mondt domicile and opened up a booking business with Rudy Miller, another former member of the Curley triumvirate. There was quite a lot of gossip about Jim Londos returning to the Curley fold but that was a bit premature, although the boys did get together for a number of conferences. The Pfefer-Miller outfit, which book all wrestlers they can contract for, expect to exploit the Greek Adonis at both the Bronx Coliseum and the Ridgewood Grove S. C. in Brooklyn.

While nothing definite is really known about the Londos status, except that he's still doing business around New York with Charley Johnston, the outlook for the grappling game throughout the country for the 1933-'34 season is a good deal brighter than it was last year. Wrestling is picking up.

New clubs are sprouting throughout Eastern centers like mushrooms and reports from other sections of the country clearly indicate that the grapplers will have plenty of work to do. Seeing the light of day is the greatest asset the mat moguls could have, for it gives them a chance to shuffle the cards more and give the wrestling fans what they are mainly interested in, thrilling matches.

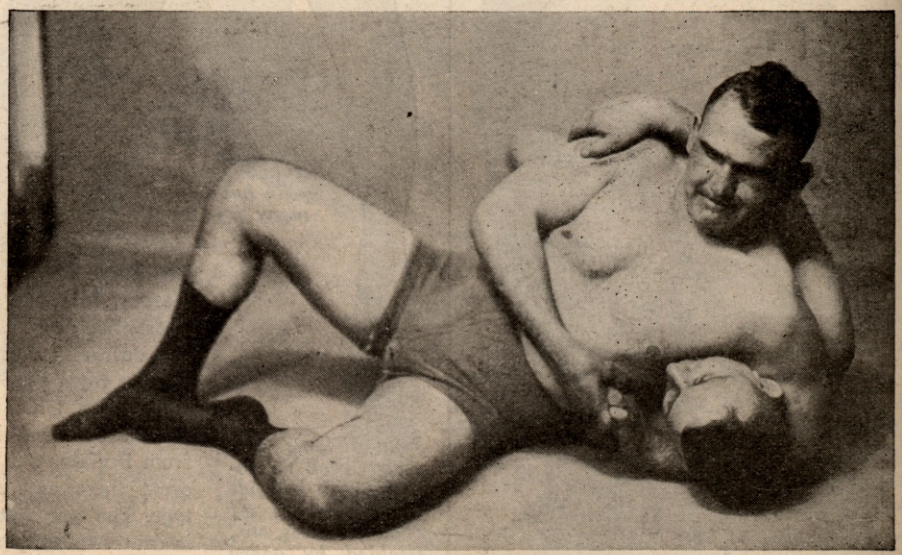
As matters stand, the Curley, Pfefer-Miller, Johnston mobs are running the mat game in New York. Ray Fabiani has been the outstanding Philadelphia promoter. Paul Bowser is the man behind the guns around New England. Morrie Sigel, with headquarters at Houston, Texas, is putting on the shows down in the Lone Star State as well as in Louisiana. Tom Packs heads the procession in St. Louis while Lou Daro is the whole shooting match on the Coast, operating in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and other centers in the far-West.



Jack Sherry, rugged Alaska veteran, rates high among the heavyweight grapplers.

One fault with wrestling was the fact that the public has become more or less tired of seeing the same faces and are hoping that the people in control of the game will get together and reach an amicable agreement whereby the stars from one faction can be pitted against the idols of another, thus making possible the bringing together of boys who have been kept apart, because they belong to different crowds.

The mere fact that the moguls are operating in separate territories makes it easy to arrange different bouts without anyone being hurt by the outcome. As we said before, the handwriting on the wall indicates a more harmonious situation and the permitting of one group of bone crushers to have it out with another, a positive way for stimulating interest in the grapplers and bringing back the big



Ed "Strangler" Lewis showing his punishing head-lock

eager crowds that stormed the gates only a year or so ago.

It's all up to the promoters. They will be the ones who will have the life or death of grappling in their hands. A get-together policy will mean injection of new life and a revival of interest. More separations, more scraps within the ranks, aimed at injuring rivals, will further tear down the structure that was built after many years of hard work. All of the boys being over twenty-one, they are old enough to know right from wrong and should be able to decide on a common policy that will protect and help them all and tend to keep the spirit of the mat industry at its highest peak.

* * *

Jim Londos, the Greek, who has plied his trade all over the country and is one of the most picturesque figures in the game today, is a product of Argos, Greece. He has the Gene Tunney complex, in a literary way, his ideals being of the highest. Has a good deal of respect for the opposite sex, although he has never married, because he never met his ideal. Londos is considered very wealthy. "Jeems" owns a lot of property out St. Louis and Los Angeles way. Londos' winning hold is the aeroplane spin, which has brought about the downfall of many a star.

* * *

Dick Shikat, 220-pound German, former mat champion, was a sailor on the Battleship *Crown Prince*. He was a volunteer in the World War. The man who perfected the crotch and body slam was originally a locksmith by trade. He started wrestling in the old country and cleaned up the field. Dick was born at Koenigsburg, East Prussia.

* * *

Which reminds one that another formidable German, Hans Steinke, called the "German Oak" and who was born at Stettin, in East Prussia, is also an ex-serviceman; incidentally, he came to this country about the same time Shikat did, which was back in 1922. Steinke was in the artillery department and as a gunner was wounded four or five times. The man with the deadly body crush developed his marvelous strength and muscles by working as a stevedore.

* * *

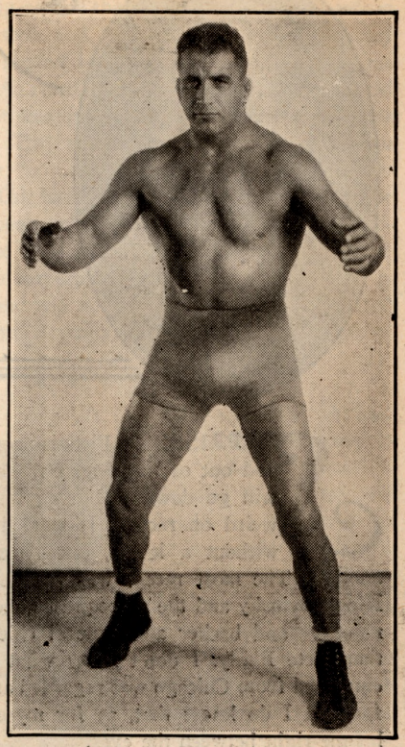
Dr. Ralph Wilson has retired from wrestling to devote all his time to medicine. Being married, the physician decided that the time has arrived when he must settled down and look after his family. Believing that there was no bright future staring him in the face and as he is a good surgeon, he chucked the bone crushing racket and opened up an office in Indianapolis.

* * *

Another picturesque figure in the mat industry and the inventor of the famous headlock is Ed "Strangler" Lewis, "strong boy" from Louisville, Ky. The man who probably is the oldest exponent of the game today, with Stanislaus Zbyszko out of the picture, used to be wrestling coach in the University of Kentucky. While Ed is credited with having perhaps made more than any wrestler in the game, it is said that he never knew how to hold on to it. The "Strangler," a good spender, owns a couple of restaurants out in Glendale and Los Angeles, in Cal., but is said to be rather shy on what it takes to buy and enjoy the good things in life.

* * *

Jim Browning, whose flying scissors brought him recognition as New York State mat champion, was born on a farm out Missouri way. They still tell stories about the way Browning juggled wine barrels with his legs, which accounts for his strength. Jim's flying scissors combination is dreaded by his rivals. He is reputed to be one of the most pleasing fellows in the game, with plenty of personality and of the highest type. "Gentleman" Jim is what his close friends call him.



Ray Steele, bronzed Californian

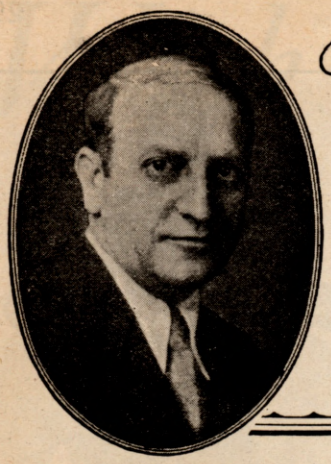
* * *

"Jumping" Joe Savoldi, former Notre Dame football star, exponent of the drop kick, earned his brackets as a result of that much discussed decision awarded him over Jim Londos out Chicago way. The drop kick is Savoldi's best bet. In the Londos struggle, the decision against the Greek, which many of those seeing the bout couldn't understand, threatened to put a crimp into the mat game in the Windy City. The referee is said to have lost control of the situation and that Savoldi's victory was an error. At that, "Jumping" Joe's drop-kick tactics, which catch his adversaries in the face or body, make him a dangerous one to contend with.

* * *

One of the strongest dynamos in wrestling is a 5-feet-5-inch Polish Jew, answering to the name of Abe Coleman, who was born in far-off Russia. Dynamite Coleman is almost as wide as he is tall. His short stature and the great strength in his 200-pound makeup gives Coleman a jump on his opponents right off the reel. Abe was cut out to be a lawyer but quit to become a "rassler."

Gus Sonnenberg, given only six months to live after being injured in his Coast bout with Jim Browning.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Jack Sharkey's Recent Defeats Upset Garden Plans
Baer's Position as Challenger is Strengthened
Barney Ross's Left Best Since Leonard's Days

SURPRISES in Fistiana continue to pile up, both in and out of the ring. For hectic upsets, the year 1933 will go down in boxing history as one of the most weird on record. It started several months ago and, without a let-up, one shock has been followed by another. The most recent was the defeat of Jack Sharkey by King Levinsky and the subsequent announcement that the King's manager and backer and general chief-of-staff was none other than Pete Reilly. I don't know what portion of the news that emanated from Chicago was regarded as the bigger by the average fan, but I do know that, as for myself, that Reilly connection hit me right between the eyes.

It may just be an ordinary news item for the fistic fan, but for the Broadwayites, those who know their sport and its many ramifications, that news of Pete Reilly caused the gossips to buzz and the wise ones to wink, and all because Pete's name has been identified with so many queer occurrences in fisticuffs. While the Sharkey-Levinsky battle in Chicago was fought on its merits, as was the Sharkey-Carnera tilt, which Broadway gossips would have you think was one of "those things," it is the Reilly connection with both that has started the rumor-mongers on a merry-go-round.

It will be recalled that when Sharkey was in training for the defense of his title against Carnera, Reilly spent six weeks at the champion's camp acting as adviser. When the battle was over and Jack had lost the crown, Broadway reported that Reilly had been taken for a thirty-thousand-dollar flop. The Rialto's knowing ones said that Pete had been double-crossed and that he would soon get his coin back, and apparently Reilly made good their prediction by cleaning up far more than he is said to have lost on the Carnera battle, by taking all the sap money he and his followers could lay their hands on, at odds of eight to five in Sharkey's favor. A Chicago report gives the amount as close to a hundred grand.

* * *

STRANGE things happen in boxing! Rather peculiar coincidence that Reilly should be mixed up in practically every big boxing upset in recent years!

Remember the Delaney-Sharkey mill, in which the former light-heavyweight king was "knocked out" in the first round by a telegraphed punch, which even a cripple would have sidestepped? Well, Pete Reilly managed the Nutmeg State Rapier and is said to have cleaned up on the bout.

And the Routis-Battalino affair in Connecticut? Pete owned Routis, but made certain that he also owned Battalino, and when the title "changed hands," Reilly still was the manager of a champion!

And then came the fiasco in Cincinnati, in which Pete pitted Battalino against Freddy Miller in a titular engagement and you all know what happened in that bout. It almost killed boxing in Ohio, but Pete emerged with Miller, the N.B.A. champion, under his control!

Yes, Pete's name has figured quite frequently in the ring career of Sharkey and now that Jack has received the shellacking of his ring career from Kingfish Levinsky, perhaps Reilly's name will no longer be coupled with that of the Boston gob. We have it on Pete's word that he owned a ten-thousand-dollar interest in Sharkey prior to Jack's fight with Carnera, but that after Jack lost his crown, Reilly got ten thousand dollars for his interest and purchased a piece of Levinsky.

All mighty interesting, if for no other reason than to prove to the saps who wager on fights what suckers they have been!

* * *

IN his fight with Levinsky, Sharkey found himself floored in the first round with two hard rights that came with suddenness. He took a count of six and, for the next two rounds, he floundered over the ring while the Kingfish rained blows all over his body.

Sharkey was unable to use any boxing science against the bull-like attack of his adversary, and proved beyond doubt that his days as a heavyweight contender are over. He has seen his best days, and if he does what any sane man with his kind of savings would do, he will retire.

As in almost all of his previous battles, Sharkey had to be warned for fouling. He hit Levinsky a low punch in the fifth, but the Kingfish came right back and evened the count after the referee had admonished Sharkey to keep his punches up.

It wasn't until after the sixth round that Sharkey recovered his equilibrium, but then his rival had already piled up too much of a lead. In the eighth, the Chicagoan came within a hair's-breadth of scoring a knockout with wild swings, but the former gob stood the assault well and lasted the next two rounds, in which he was bombarded and received a severe lacing. He staggered around the ring and was in a greater daze than the night that Max Schmeling pasted him so severely in the fifteenth round at the Garden's Long Island Bowl.

I have been a strong supporter of Sharkey throughout his ring campaign and my advice to him, as a friend, is to retire before he goes the way of many other former champions. His latest defeat at the hands of Tommy Loughran should convince him that he is through. He has plenty of money to take care of him in luxury for the rest of his life, hence why take beatings?

* * *

THE story of the Ross-Canzoneri battle for the lightweight title is thoroughly covered in pictures elsewhere in this issue, and the story of the career of the young, clever champion who successfully defended his crown against Tony's assaults is recounted in picturesque style by our staff writer, Wilbur Wood, but as a special compliment to two game, aggressive, fighting warriors, I shall add my praise. Despite the victory of Ross, in my opinion a well-earned verdict, not enough credit has been given to the unsuccessful challenger by those who are in the habit of praising only the winner.

In my opinion, Tony lost the crown by the narrowest of margins. I gave Tony six rounds, awarded seven to Ross and called two even, and my score card showed that, with one exception, rounds credited to Tony were won by far greater margins than those given to Ross. Those who left the Polo Grounds with the opinion that Tony failed to live up to his best form, in my judgment were mistaken. Tony gave a fine performance but Ross, with the vigor of youth in his favor, so far as fighting years are concerned, was a shade better than Tony. No matter how hard Canzoneri tried, Ross was a match for him. When it came to

boxing, he proved Tony's master only because Canzoneri foolishly waded in and went right-hand crazy.

Had Tony boxed, he would have had a better chance to regain his title, but when he attempted to slug his way to victory, he found Ross's perfect left, one of the prettiest seen in New York fisticuffs since the days of Benny Leonard, meeting his every rush with telling effect. And when it wasn't a straight left, it was a snappy, powerfully effective left hook. Those were the blows that beat Canzoneri.

* * *

IT is my opinion that had Tony not fought recklessly, Ross would have been shorn of his crown and Canzoneri would have achieved world fame by regaining the title he had lost only two months previously. Tony's change of style from his usual one played right into the hands of his great Chicago opponent. I am not belittling Ross, for he is a splendid fighter, one of the best lightweights since Leonard's days, nor am I offering any alibi for Canzoneri. I am simply stating what, in my honest judgment, is a critical analysis of the fight as I saw it.

When Tony elected to box Barney, he made a far better showing than did Ross. Unfortunately, Tony figured that the easiest way to whip his man was with a right, and that proved quite unhealthy for him. For every right he landed, Ross connected with two or more terrific lefts to the body in return.

Striving to do what few fighters have ever accomplished — win a title, lose it and then regain it—Canzoneri tore into his man with a fury that might have driven a less courageous fighter to cover, but Ross was equal to the attack and not only stood his ground but fought back viciously. He blocked and ducked like a Leonard or Packey McFarland, who sat at the ringside as a spectator, then countered with lightning thrusts that jarred Tony and worried him considerably. Just to break the monotony and take part of the show from Tony, Ross would sail in, meet Canzoneri halfway and pummel away with a left jab to the face, a left hook to the head and some punishing blows to the body, and then it was Tony, not Ross, who would back away.

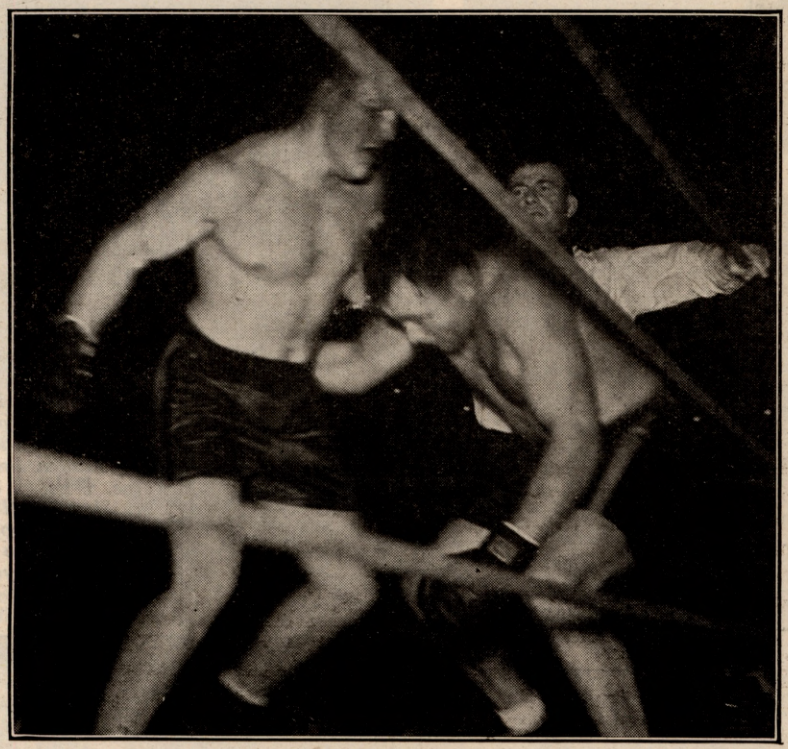
It was a great lightweight battle, one of the best seen in New York in years, and Canzoneri, because of the closeness of the affair, should be given another chance to regain the crown. Such a bout in New York this winter would be the biggest drawing card for the indoor season, other than a match between Ross and Jimmy McLarnin, if such should be staged.

* * *

RANDOM SHOTS—The victory of Teddy Yarosz over Vince Dundee, his second in succession, should convince the skeptics that the Pittsburgh boy ranks with Lou Brouillard as the best middleweight in America . . . . A bout between this pair would settle American supremacy . . . . The only obstacle that stands in the way of such a contest is the refusal of Teddy to accept the challenger's share of the purse . . . . Says Teddy: "I'm as much champion as is Brouillard, and I'm not going to fight him unless I get twenty-five per cent of the gate" . . . . Apparently Yarosz fails to realize that Brouillard is the champion in New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, and on the day when Teddy scored his second triumph over Dundee, the New Jersey kingpin, the N.B.A. ruled that Brouillard was the world champion. That makes it unanimous, so far as this country is concerned, with Marcel Thil ruling in Europe . . . . Do you get that, Teddy? . . . .

That reminds me that Thil has announced that he will not come here to defend his European title in an effort to end the middleweight dispute, hence the muddle will continue for a time, at least . . . . My European correspondent informs me that Thil is outgrowing the division and will not be in a position to make 160 pounds . . . . In that event, Brouillard will have to be recognized as the world champion.

* * *



Sharkey caving in after an avalanche of punches delivered by King Levinsky

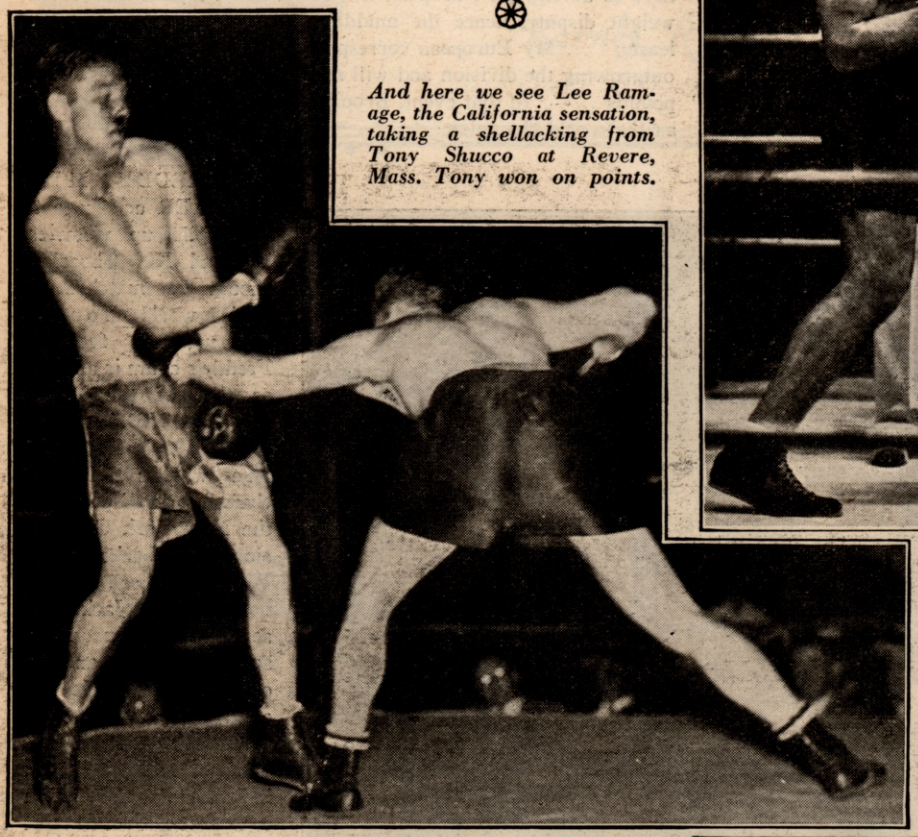
FREDDY MILLER continues to pile up victories. He and Kid Chocolate should be matched to settle world honors among the feathers. Freddy's claim is as good as that of the Negro . . . . The N.B.A.'s ranking of Jackie Brown as the world's flyweight champion is disputed by the New York Commission, which backs Midget Wolgast. There can be no doubt that Jackie deserves high honors, but so does Wolgast, and the only way to settle the controversy would be for Jeff Dickson to import Wolgast to fight Brown in London, or the Garden to import Brown to fight Wolgast here . . . . There is no reason why the boys in the lower brackets should be ignored by promoters while the hams in the larger divisions are given preference and big money to fight unsatisfactory and nauseating bouts . . . .

Tim Mara and Al Weill proved in New York recently that it is worth a gamble to stage shows with boys other than heavyweights and light-heavyweights . . . . Speaking of Mara and Weill, I want to take this space to congratulate them for their sportsmanship and their promotorial ability. If it hadn't been for them, boxing in New York would have been at a standstill. The fight fans owe them a vote of thanks . . . .

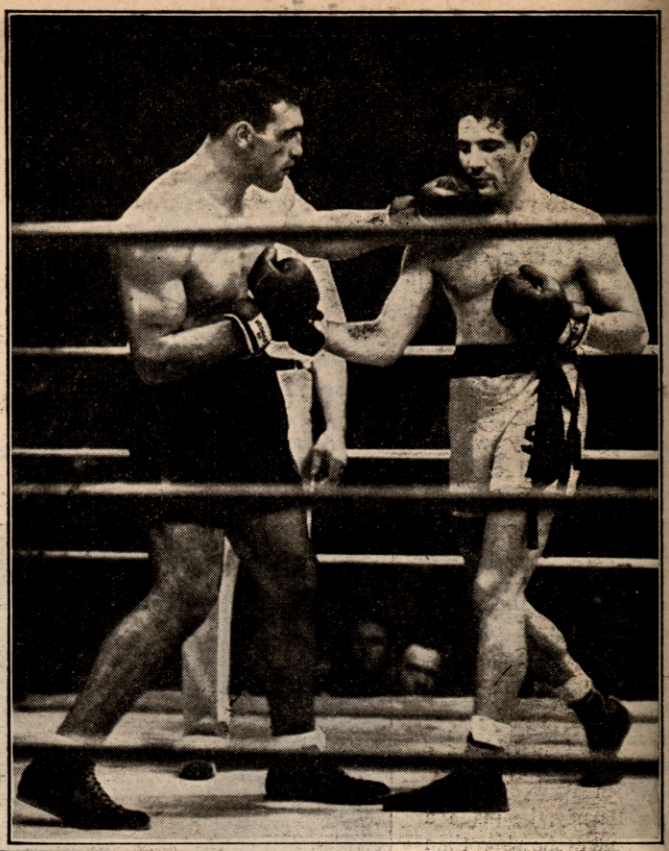
I note with keen satisfaction that the National Boxing Association, after a year's controversy, has taken the advice of THE RING and given to Maxie Rosenbloom the recognition he deserved as light-heavyweight king. Of course, I fully realize that the first time Maxie consents to clash with John Henry Lewis in a match at the weight limit, he will be disposed, yet that does not alter the fact that, based on performances in championship bouts, Rosenbloom had the upper hand on his rivals . . . . Strange, indeed, that although Lewis has been bowling 'em over all around the circuit and stands as the only challenger of note for Rosenbloom's title, he didn't get a tumble from the N.B.A. moguls. They didn't see fit to mention him anywhere among the first ten, yet he probably could beat every man named on the list.

An indication of how thoroughly conversant with the boxing situation the executives of the National Boxing Association are, may be gleaned from the rating of boxers broadcast by its secretary to the news agencies. In that rating, Black Bill, who committed suicide a year ago, is listed *(Continued on page 47)*

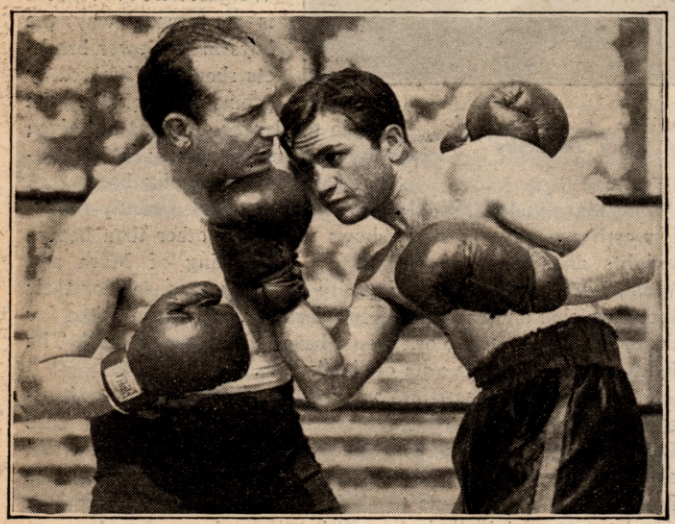
SNAPPED
By Our
CAMERAMAN



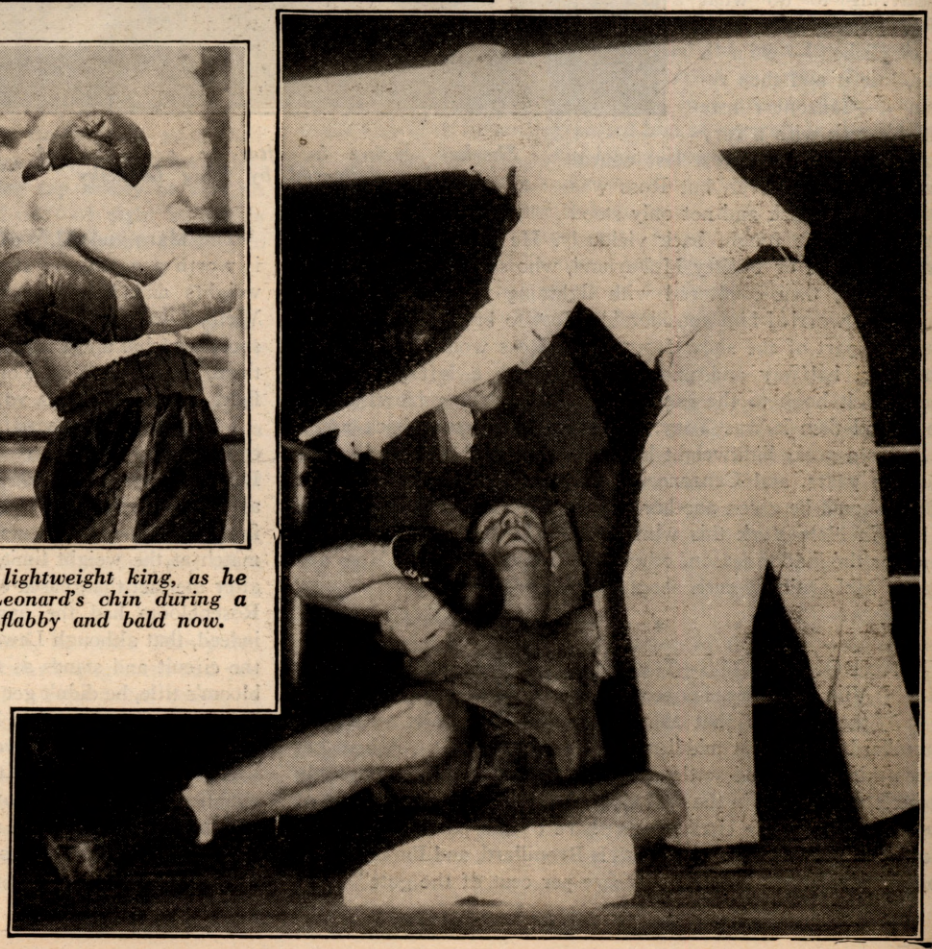
And here we see Lee Ramage, the California sensation, taking a shellacking from Tony Shucco at Revere, Mass. Tony won on points.



Here they are pals! A million-dollar fight if it can be arranged! Primo Carnera (left) and Max Baer "swap" blows before the films for the picture, "The Prize Fighter and the Lady." Jack Dempsey, hidden behind Carnera, is the referee. What a card this would be with the Manassa Mauler as third man in the ring! Come boys, let's have it. Here's a good chance to see how they'll shape up. Take your pick, fellows.



How's this, asks Barney Ross, world's lightweight king, as he shoots up a left uppercut to Benny Leonard's chin during a training session. Benny looks pretty flabby and bald now.

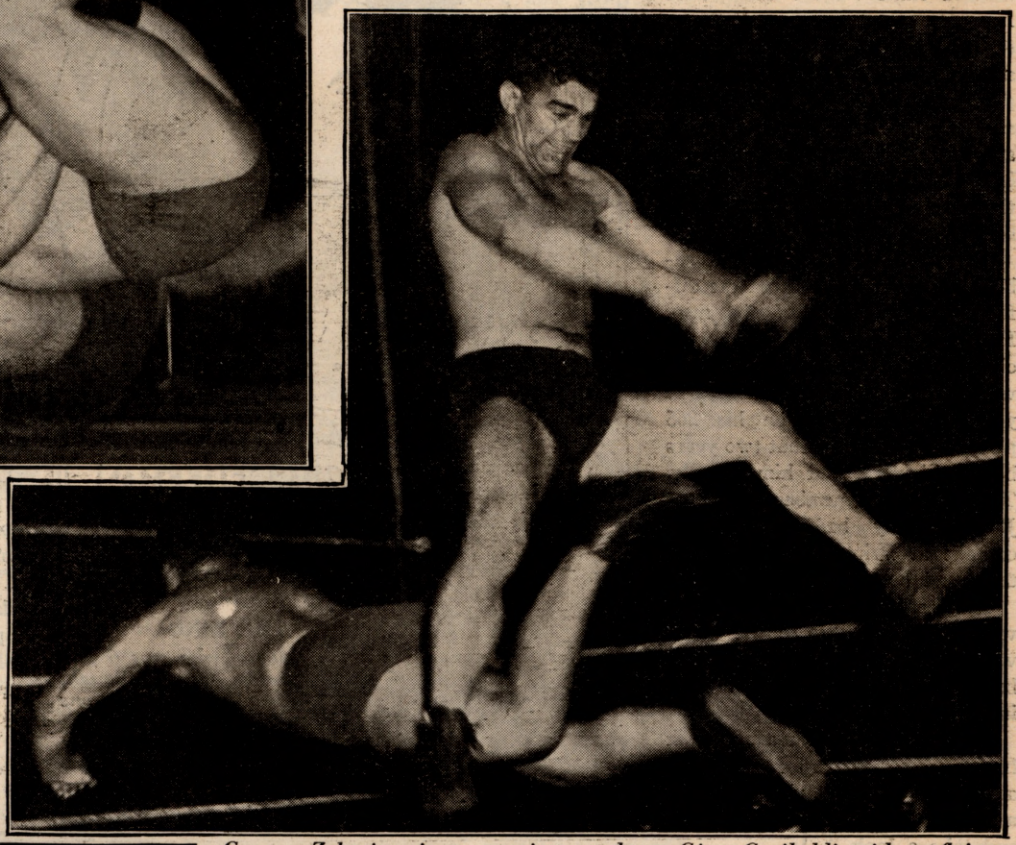


At last Maxie gets a rest! This striking photograph, taken in a 'Frisco ring, shows Rosenbloom, world's light-heavyweight champion, being dragged to his corner in the third round after John Henry Lewis floored him with a body blow. Maxie claimed a foul and was given a five minutes' rest. Lewis won the bout.

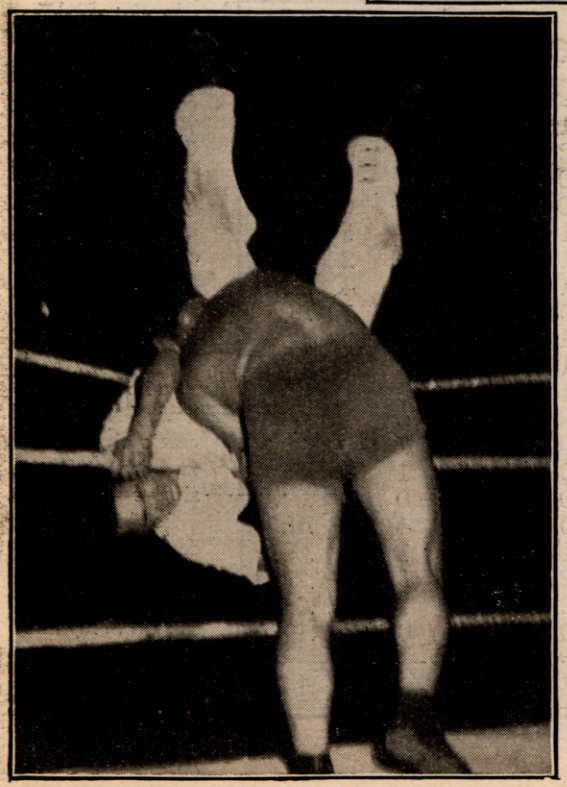
FLIP-FLOPS *in the* MAT GAME

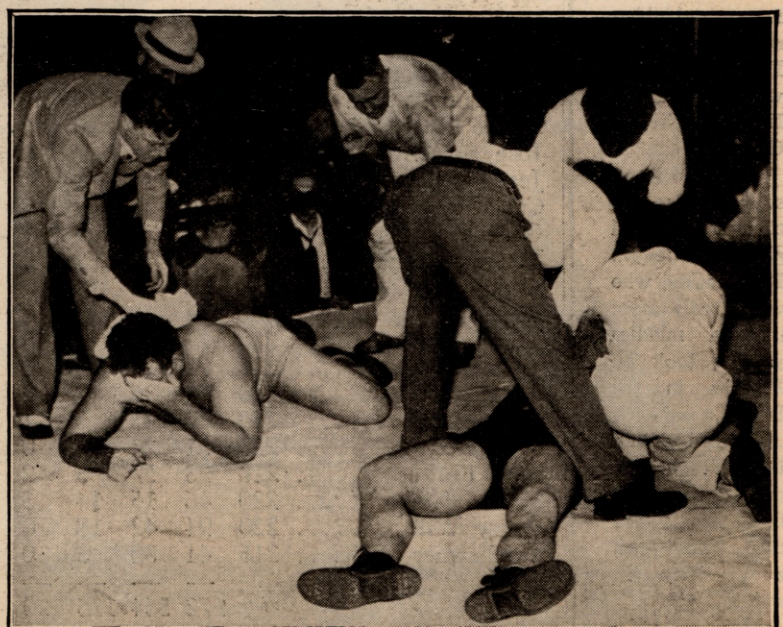
Jim Browning, world's heavyweight wrestling king, spinning Glenn Wade with an airplane scissors in a San Francisco ring.

And this is an odd one! George Zaharias, Colorado's Bad Man, after being disqualified for fouling Ray Steele in Washington, D. C., tackles Referee Bortnick. He first gave the official an airplane spin, then hurled him over the ropes. Nize boy, Zaharias!



George Zaharias, in attempting to down Gino Garibaldi with a flying tackle, misses his mark as Gino leaps upward and plunges through the ropes at Griffith Stadium, Washington, D. C.





A double K.O.—Gino Garibaldi (right) and Pat O'Shocker bumped heads while each was trying a flying tackle and the referee declared the contest a draw when neither could continue.

GIANTS NOT SO HOT!

Ring Records Prove Size and Heft Do Not Indicate Ability

By JACK KOFOED

JACK SHARKEY backed against the ropes. He unleashed a smashing right that landed flush on Primo Carnera's jaw. The Gargantuan Italian smiled his snaggle-toothed smile . . . . came close . . . . whipped in a right uppercut. His flying fist plu-unked against Sharkey's chin. The champion fell on his face. His big, smoothly muscled body hardly stirred while the referee counted him out. He had been beaten in the first defense of his title that he had attempted.

There was an immediate blah-blah from observers about the difference in the size of the men. People who had called Carnera a circus freak prophesied there would be no one to beat him in years. They harped on his 265 pounds. They forgot that two years before Sharkey beat him handily. They did not remember that inept Jim Maloney had suffered no damage at Primo's hands in two ten-round bouts.

The Italian's rise to the heavyweight championship of the world was due not to size alone . . . . but to his vast improvement in boxing and hitting.

In most cases tremendous bulk has been a handicap rather than an asset in the prize ring. Go back a few years . . . . and take a look-see at Herr Jan Plaacke, the Dutch blubber man, and Ed Dunkhorst, who was called "The Human Freight Car."

These fellows scaled close to three hundred pounds in weight. Kid McCoy, who was hardly more than a middleweight, took on Plaacke in the Hollander's American début. I don't believe there ever was a fight in which there was such a disparity in weight.

McCoy, pale, cold, sneering, came from his corner at the sound of the bell to meet Jan's lumbering attack.

He stopped for a moment, glanced to the floor. Then he pointed, and said: "Your shoe lace is untied."

Plaacke looked down, and the tricky McCoy buzzed a terrific corkscrew punch to the Dutchman's chin. It dazed Jan so badly that he never recovered . . . . and the Kid cut him into ribbons with laughing ease.

Dunkhorst was a better fighter than Plaacke, but Bob Fitzsimmons, a light-heavyweight, finished Ed's career with a whirl of hard, accurate blows. The three hundred pounds each of the big men carried meant nothing against the speed and accuracy of the smaller fellows.

I am not convinced that Primo Carnera deserves to rate with the really great heavyweight champions of the past. He has yet to prove how good he is. Neither am I sure that the mammoths are so dangerous that they deserve a special "Dreadnaught" class and should not be allowed to fight average heavyweights.

Here are the records of twenty of the biggest men who have seen action in the modern ring:

Size, of course, is an index neither of stamina nor resistance to punishment. Not long ago little Joe Walcott, who was called "The Giant Killer" expressed the wish that he was in his prime and could meet Primo Carnera.

"That big fellow's got a lantun jaw," said Walcott, "an' how I loved to crack them lantun jaws. They always fold up."

So far, of course, no one has hit Carnera on the chin hard enough to lay him among the sweet peas, though Sharkey did drop

THE COLOSSUS OF THE RING

Charles Freeman, the giant of giants, who was 6 feet 10 inches tall and scaled 323 pounds. Freeman fought only twice and then called it "quits." On both occasions he tackled William Perry, the "Tipton Slasher." In the first bout they fought 70 rounds to a draw and in the return engagement the American proved his superiority. Shortly after, Freeman died from dissipation.

The Case Against the Big 'Uns

	Weight	Fights	K.O.	Won	W-F	Draw	N. Dec.	L-F	L	K. by	Losing Ave.
Jan Plaacke	300	24	14	6	0	1	0	0	1	2	.125
Ed. Dunkhorst	285	32	16	7	0	2	0	1	2	4	.219
Ray Impelletiere ...	270	11	11	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Primo Carnera	265	77	60	10	2	0	0	1	4	0	.061
Jose Santa	265	54	35	9	0	1	1	0	3	5	.148
Jess Willard	250	37	19	4	0	1	7	1	3	2	.167
Carl Morris	235	73	36	9	8	1	10	4	1	4	.123
George Godfrey....	230	95	72	9	1	0	3	4	5	1	.105
Vittorio Campolo ...	235	23	14	2	0	1	0	0	3	3	.261
Arthur DeKuh	220	60	33	10	1	1	3	1	7	4	.200
Elzear Rioux	220	34	18	10	0	1	0	1	3	1	.148
Jim Jeffries	220	21	11	7	0	2	0	0	0	1	.047
Tom Cowler	220	71	25	15	2	0	11	1	7	10	.253
Al Palzer	220	14	5	2	0	0	6	0	1	4	.357
Luis Firpo	220	36	25	3	1	0	7	0	0	1	.028
Walter Cobb	220	51	27	9	0	0	15	1	4	5	.186
Fred Fulton	220	93	57	5	2	1	19	3	1	5	.086
Marcel Nilles	220	46	15	14	3	2	0	0	3	9	.228
Harry Wills	220	94	42	18	0	2	26	1	1	4	.064
Bombardier Wells ..	215	41	30	3	0	0	0	0	0	8	.195
		972	564	136	20	17	96	19	49	71	.143

him for a count of nine in their first meeting. You'll notice the only ones who have not had "ten" counted over them are Carnera and the young Impelletiere. The latter hasn't met a puncher of any consequence as yet, so must be temporarily discounted.

Jeffries was the real iron man of the group. He never would have been knocked out had he not elected to come out of retirement. That blazing July day in Reno saw a tired man slaughtered on the accomplished fists of one of the great heavyweights, Jack Johnson. But I, for one, do not believe the Boilermaker would have been whipped by the Galveston black had he been the fighter he was five years before.

Of this group of giants Jeff was undoubtedly the best . . . . and his greatness was in a measure due to his speed as well as his uncanny ability to withstand punishment and a devastating punch with either hand. Carnera also has unusual speed for so big a man . . . . but most of the big fellows were slow of foot and clumsy in action.

Next to Primo, Willard was the biggest of the heavyweight champions. He possessed a certain degree of boxing skill and a fine right uppercut . . . . but lacked interest in the game and a fighting heart. No man ever suffered a more terrific beating than the Tall Pine of the Potawattomie took at Dempsey's hands. His ribs were broken . . . . his cheek bone fractured . . . . his body crushed by the Mauler's deadly fists.

Luis Angel Firpo was the most colorful of the giants . . . . and what a right hand he had! If it landed he had a chance with any man that ever lived. But he couldn't box and certainly was not a smart ringman. Jimmy DeForest tried to teach him to use his left, which was a mistake . . . . for Luis was right-hand crazy and wild with a desire to slug.

These three . . . . and the Negroes, Harry Wills and George Godfrey, were the only giants who amounted to anything. Because their skins were black, the latter were shunted aside and never given a real chance to win the title. Whether or not they could have done so is problematical. With all the ballyhoo that was raised about the never-never match between Dempsey and Wills I am certain Jack would have torn Harry's body to shreds and knocked him out inside of four rounds.

Godfrey had speed and a punch and boxing skill, but an inferiority complex regarding white men. I would rate him behind Wills in all-around ability.

The others? . . . . Well, they are nowhere.

I was in Tex Rickard's office when the great promoter wired expense money for Vittorio Campolo to come to the United States. The South American was enormously tall and rangy and a hitter, and Tex was enthusiastic about him. But he was allowed to rust . . . . to lose whatever prospects he had in inaction. Tommy Loughran gave one of the greatest exhibitions of his career when he outboxed Campolo in every one of the ten rounds they fought. Vittorio lashed away with terrific rights . . . . but succeeded in only punching the atmosphere full of holes. His career was definitely finished when Carnera knocked him out.

Arthur DeKuh, built along the same lines as Campolo, was frequently beaten. The thick-set Cobb was also a mark for the accurate hitters, and Jose Santa, who is taller than Carnera and just as heavy, has been bumped over quite frequently.

The most knocked out of the mammoths was Tom Cowler, who was called "The Man Mountain" and Marcel Nilles, a Frenchman. They were targets at one time or another for every rising young heavyweight in the game. What good did their size do them? Not a thing. Almost stationary on their pedals . . . . lacking in defensive skill . . . they took what came until they passed out.

It is interesting to note in these statistics that twenty men, averaging some 230 pounds, were knocked out 71 times and lost 49 decisions. That should explode the myth of their invulnerability, shouldn't it?

Of course, their triumphs were scored principally by the knockout route. Few had any real boxing skill, but with their great bulk they naturally had hitting power to spare.

Carnera had stopped approximately 78 per cent of his rivals . . . . but we can take that with a grain of salt, since so many of them were on the made-to-order plan. Godfrey comes next with a K. O. average of 75 . . . . Followed by Firpo with 70, Santa 65, Fulton and Campolo 61 each.

Fulton was the enigma of the big fellows. Tall and lanky, a good boxer and a hard hitter he failed deplorably in

(Continued on page 44)

Al Palzer, who has the worst losing percentage among the better known Giants of the Squared Circle.

WHEN GRANDPA

A FEW weeks ago I visited the training camps of Tony Canzoneri and Barney Ross, each of whom was preparing for the return engagement in which the world's lightweight championship was at stake. Years ago, to be exact, back in 1882, I was among those present in the camp when the great John L. Sullivan was training for his bout with Paddy Ryan, the contest in which he won the American heavyweight bare-knuckle championship, and seven years later, I again watched the Boston Strong Boy and Jake Kilrain tune up for their memorable engagement at Richburg, Miss., and what I witnessed then, was so different from what is on view at training camps today, that I'm sure my readers will be interested in the pictures on this page.

The camp scenes, the garb of the fighters, the surroundings, the types of handlers then and now—all are so different! For example, the country club of today, where the majority of the topnotchers do their training, must have its golf course either on the grounds, or close to them, for golf, as you know, constitutes a part of the training of this era. Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling wouldn't think of missing their daily round of golf, weather permitting.

Where the fighters of my time, the period when "Grandpa was a Kid," made certain that the gymnasium was outfitted with handball courts, today the handball gives way to golf. John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Kid McCoy, Joe Choynski, Jack McAuliffe, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and Jim Corbett wouldn't think of calling it a day without engaging in at least one round of handball. As for Corbett, sometimes he spent as much as three hours playing handball, a game in which he excelled. He was the champion handball player among pugilists, just as he was the best ball player.

WHEN it comes to diamond workouts, Sullivan, Corbett and Jeffries frequently engaged in that kind of play during their training session. Both Corbett and John L. were the equals of the best of the diamond stars in America's great pastime and each thought highly of ball playing as a means for getting into fighting condition. How many of today's pugilists indulge in ball playing? I venture you can count the number on the fingers of your hands and still have several to spare.

Swimming was a hobby with Sullivan and Corbett. Corbett, in fact, was one of the most versatile athletes in the country and every branch in which he was proficient, was part of his routine at camp. He played polo, swam, skipped the rope, ran 10 to 20 miles, tossed the iron ball, played handball, fished, rowed, went horseback riding, played baseball and what-not. Likewise with Sullivan, who when he did train, usually through the persuasive means of William Muldoon, liked his handball and shot tossing.

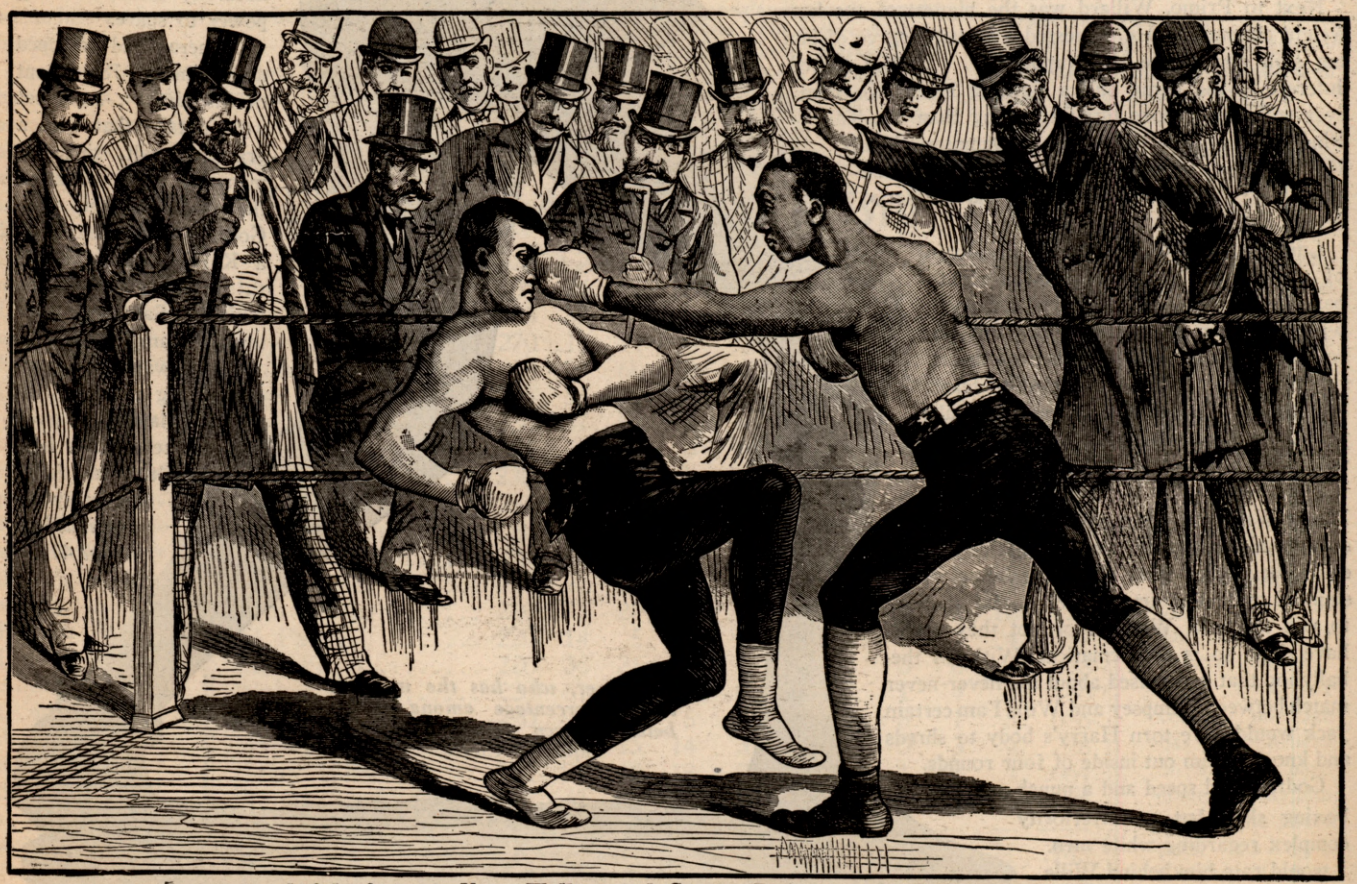
In Grandpa's day, the boys wore "mufflers" when on the road. They covered the head and cheeks. Heavy, woolen sweaters drawn well over the neck both on the road and in the gym, were part of the training togs.

* * *

WHEN it came to boxing, it wasn't a case of two or three rounds with the opponent pulling his punches. It often was from seven to twelve rounds a day—usually, ten, and the opponent sailed in for all he was worth.

When an old-timer got through with his day's workout, he usually chalked up about six hours of work. It wasn't fun and play as now.

An hour a day in this era seems to be the limit, even for the champions. One of the toughest tasks in the "good old



International fight between Nunc Wallace and George Dixon for the bantamweight championship

When I Was a Kid

By Olin Davis

days" was the ten-mile run behind a buggy, with occasional tossing of a heavy iron shot to exercise both the arms and the abdomen. The recovery of the iron while on the run, put a fellow's body in pretty good condition.

Yes siree, there was real training in those days! What you and I see today is child's play in comparison.

In the illustrations on Sullivan, drawn by a staff artist of the *Police News* back in 1887, we have 1—Sullivan and the great Phil Casey, handball champion; 2—A swim in the Peconic Bay; 3—The Gymnasium where Sullivan trained; 4—Bag punching; 5—A game of handball with Casey; 6—Off for a 12-mile walk; 7—A rub-down after the walk; 8—Tossing the 12-pound shot and 9—Sparring ten rounds with his training partner, Jack Ashton.

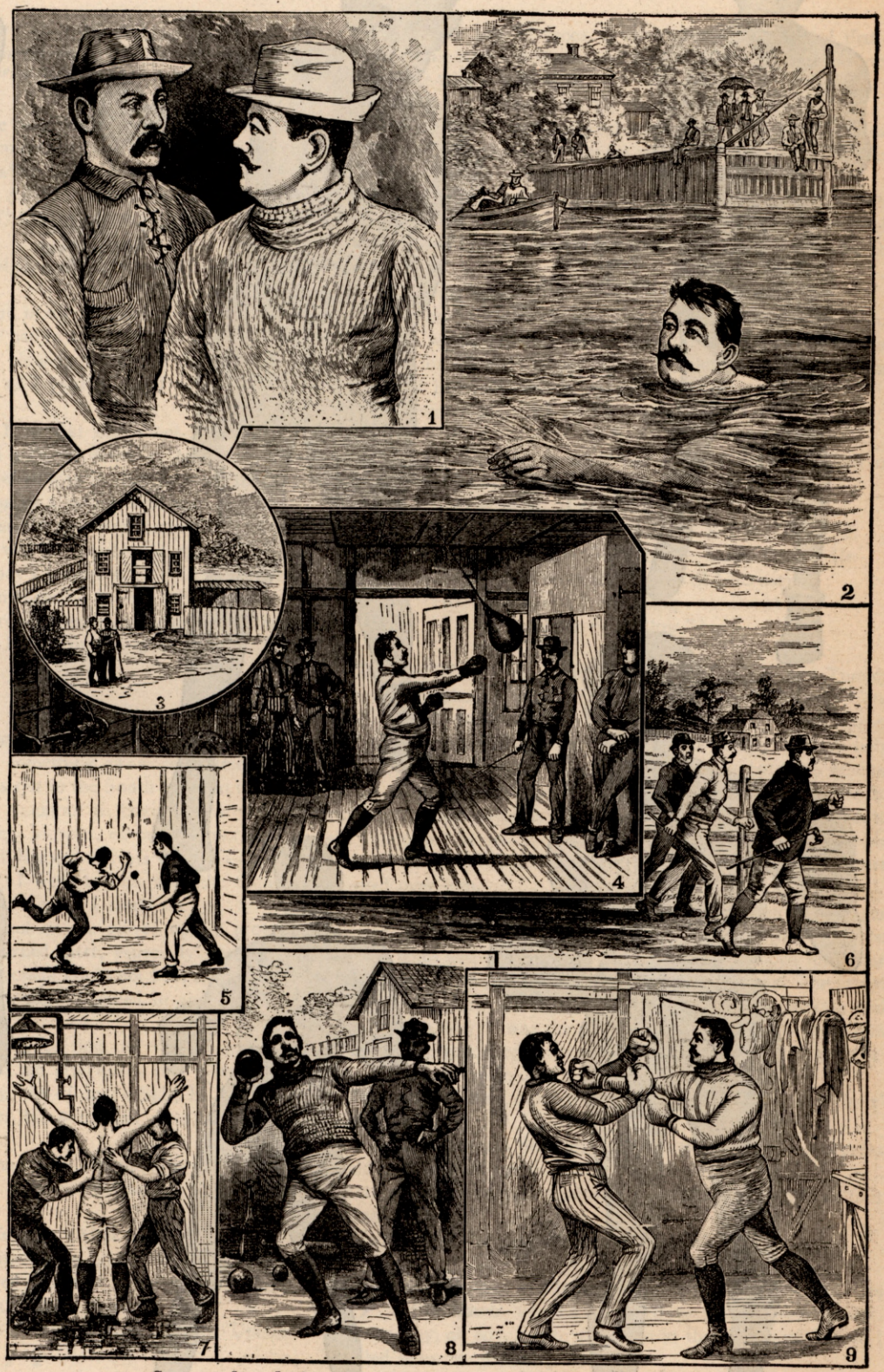
* * *

IN the second picture, we have a scene in the famous International bantamweight championship match between Nunc Wallace, the British titleholder and George Dixon, "Little Chocolate," for the Pelican A.C. purse of $2500 in London, on June 27, 1890. The Negro carried off the honors when Nunc quit in the eighteenth round. Wallace was outclassed from the third round onward as Dixon nailed him with lefts and rights almost at will. Tom O'Rourke, the veteran who still ranks among the world's best handlers of boxers, was "Little Chocolate's" backer, manager and second.

For the benefit of today's champions, special attention should be called to the purse. The average top-notcher sneers at the mere mention of a $2500 purse these days, yet in Grandpa's time, champions often fought vicious battles for less than Sharkey obtained for training expenses in his Chicago contest with Battling Levinsky.

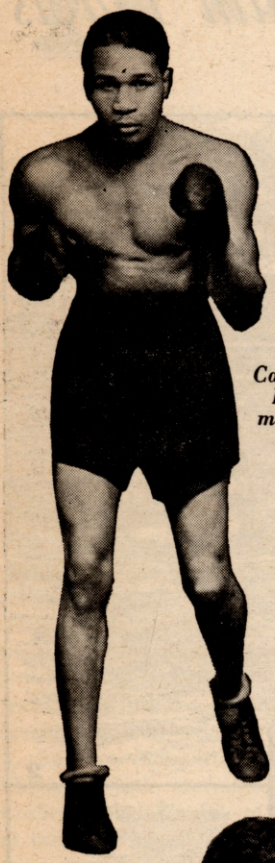
Times have changed, boys!

Of the present-day fighters among the heavyweights, there is only one who really takes his training seriously, as did the old-timers. No matter what else may be said about Primo Carnera, it cannot be said that he shirks when conditioning himself. Every morning he takes a long run and, when he does his workout in the ring, unlike his rivals, he boxes from seven to twelve rounds. The average fighter of today finds an hour's workout per day sufficient. Three rounds of boxing, with a maximum of five, seems to be his limit.

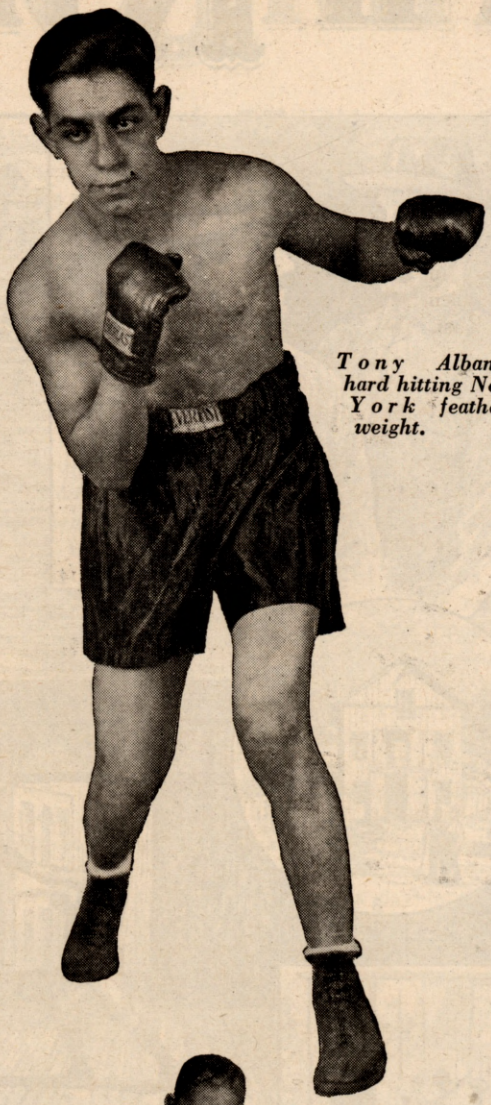


Scenes taken during a training session at John L. Sullivan's camp

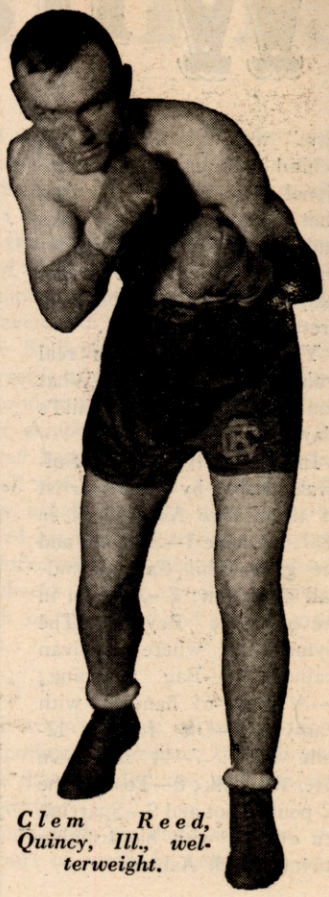
YOUNG STALWARTS



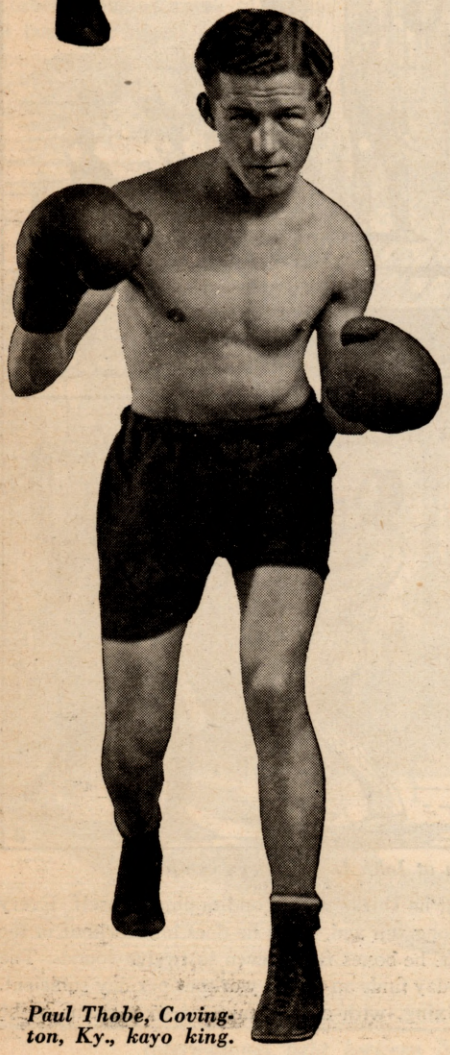
Casey Rhodes, Pittsburgh middleweight.



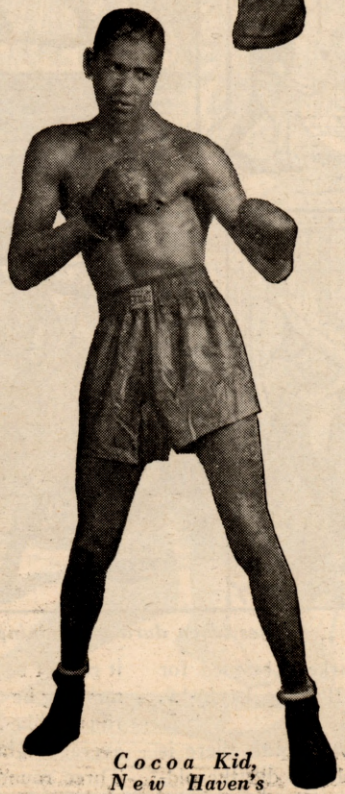
Tony Albano, hard hitting New York featherweight.



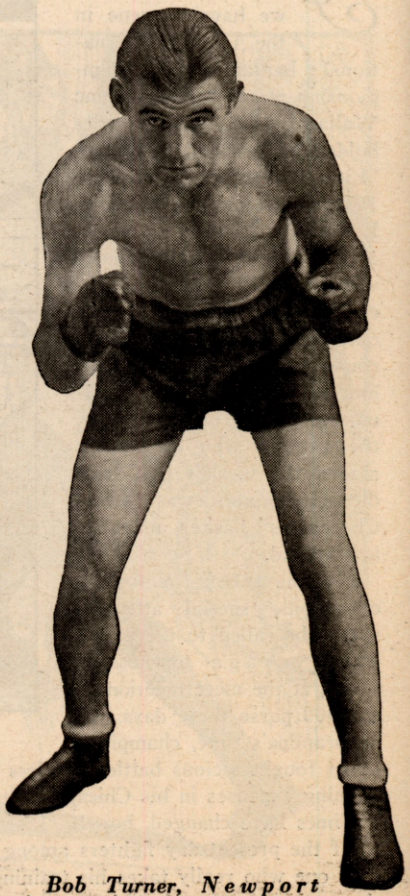
Clem Reed, Quincy, Ill., welterweight.



Paul Thobe, Covington, Ky., kayo king.



Cocoa Kid, New Haven's lightweight star.



Bob Turner, Newport News, Va., middleweight.

I Got My Wish

By TOMMY MOORE

Star Chicago lightweight of twenty-five years ago

"It was the greatest exhibition of gameness in all the annals of the prize ring."

THAT was the tribute paid Battling Nelson by "Tad," the famous sports commentator and cartoonist, in the *Chicago American*, after the memorable battle between Battling Nelson and Ad Wolgast. After an unparalleled display of fortitude and "guts" for forty-two rounds, a champion had succumbed.

Of all the fistic gladiators of that day, the great Durable Dane was my special idol.

Now that idol had fallen! But, in my youthful eyes, he appeared as glorious in defeat as ever he had in any of his many victories.

I got a thrill out of Tad's glowing tribute to the Battler. It found an echo in my thoughts as I read it, and I exclaimed to a group of companions:

"Gee! How I would like to have that said about me!"

While I had long nourished a secret desire to become a professional boxer, somehow I feel it was at that moment that my determination to take up boxing as a career, was born.

Strange that I should find inspiration in the story of a defeat rather than a victory. Yet it was the celebrated sports writer's description of the Hegewich boy's gameness in that great battle that fanned the spark long smouldering in my breast.

Tad's descriptive powers were so great that the defeated champion only shone with greater lustre, in my eyes at least. Such is the power of words.

* * *

I WAS a newsboy in Chicago at the time.

Frequently forced into fisticuffs to settle territorial disputes, I had acquired something of a reputation as a fighter among the other newsies out in the South Chicago district.

Now I decided to turn my thoughts to boxing with serious intentions. Knowing that Tommy Mowatt, ex-prize fighter, had a place at the corner of 79th and Halsted Streets and was always on the lookout for likely boys, I went to him with the request that he give me a chance to show what I could do.

Mowatt agreed. He had me put on the gloves with a protege of his, on whom he was, I learned later, especially keen.

I soon discovered that my opponent could not hurt me as much as I could him. With this knowledge, I sailed in and soon had him hanging on.

Mowatt, surprised, and wanting to find out what I had, put on the gloves with me. He told me afterwards that I had more steam to my punches than any kid of my weight he had ever seen. Elated, he took me under his wing and gave me boxing instructions daily.

Soon I was boxing preliminaries in the vicinity of Chicago. Success attended my efforts. I won every bout in which I engaged.

Tommy Mowatt was high in glee. After matching me in a number of bouts of graduated importance, all of which I rewarded him by winning, he maneuvered me into a match with Rudy Unholz, lightweight champion of South Africa.

The match took place in St. Joseph, Mo. I knocked Unholz out in the third round.

* * *

SHORTLY afterwards, to my complete astonishment, Mowatt succeeded in matching me with Battling Nelson himself.

There I was, almost an unknown, matched with the idol of my dreams. It would be hard to analyze my feelings before that fight. Although I was outweighed better than ten pounds, and facing one of the greatest masters of ring generalship that ever resined a pair of shoes, I was unafraid. I resolved that if I had to take it, I would emulate the great Dane's own gameness in his fight with Ad Wolgast.

We fought in Buffalo, N. Y., November 10, 1911. I lost.

While I still respected the great Battler's gameness and prowess, the tactics he employed to compass my defeat compelled me otherwise to revise my estimate of him.

He immediately commenced working his famous left half-scissor hook to the liver. Gradually I realized he was purposely landing them low, although repeatedly warned against it by the referee.

My idol was slipping off his pedestal!

I knew he was injuring me, and if he persisted in his unfair tactics, he would get me. But I don't know which hurt me most, his blows, or the knowledge that he was deliberately fouling me, and that I had lost faith in my idol.

I collapsed in the tenth round after the bell had sounded.

* * *

HERE, in part, is what the *Buffalo Evening News* of November 11, 1911, had to say about the battle:

"TOMMY MOORE'S
GAME STRUGGLE
Though Hit Low and Injured in the Sixth Round, He Lasted Through Nine and Then Fell Unconscious to the Floor of the Ring—no Doubt About Foul Blow."

"Battling Nelson, ex-champion of his class, versus Tommy Moore of Chicago, unknown—they clashed last night at Convention Hall, before one of the biggest crowds of the season, but who won? The contest was for 10 rounds and it only went nine, for when the gong sounded for the battle to resume in the tenth, Tommy Moore's heart and brain impelled him to rush once more towards his adversary, but his legs refused to obey him, and he fell in the center of the ring unconscious. He showed no signs of life for several seconds while the doctors worked over him.

"After the eighth round had closed, Tommy Moore's manager claimed his man had been fouled. When his man tried to go on for the tenth and could not, and the doctors examined him, they found that he had been hit in the region of the groin. The bruise was there to show for itself and to explain by its swelling and its blackness why it was the lad's legs had refused to carry him into the last round of a battle that was the fiercest that fight-fans had ever seen in Buffalo.

"It was the gamest exhibition ever seen in the 'Squared circle' in this city."

Glory be! Although defeated, my wish that some day the press would comment on my gameness had been fulfilled!

And, strangely enough, against the erstwhile idol who had first inspired me!

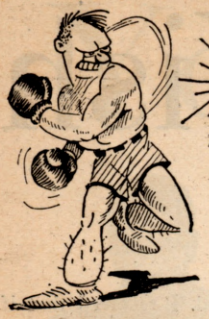
What a thrill that was for me, even in defeat!

* * *

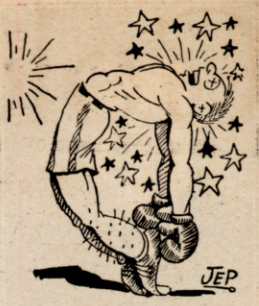
I HAD often wondered how it felt to meet an idol, one after whom you had decided to pattern your career.

Boy, oh boy, I sure did learn in that mill with Nelson! Thrilled is no word for my feelings.

I would have taken the shellacking of a lifetime just to face the Battler in that ring, and to this day, when one asks me of my experiences and is eager to learn which I cherished most, so far as my ring career was concerned, there is but one answer—my fight with the Durable Dane. I met Nelson only once after that contest, and he told me that our fight was one of the toughest among those of short duration in which he had engaged.



FISTICFACTS



By BARNEY DORAN

RUBY GOLDSTEIN, referred to years ago when he was flattening all comers, as the Jewel of the New York Ghetto, is back again. Meaning that Ruby recently embarked on one of his many comeback campaigns. He started this latest drive by knocking out Paolo Villa, a boy who had stood up with some of the best, in less than a round, at the Fugazy Bowl, the new name for the old Coney Island Stadium.

Goldstein injected a bit of human interest stuff into his latest comeback by picking the Coney Island ring as the scene of his first fight. For it was in the same ring, some seven years ago, that the Jewel of the Ghetto first was exposed as a paste gem. Ace Hudkins did the exposing when he knocked out Ruby in four rounds. That defeat not only ruined Goldstein for good but put an awful crimp in East Side bankrolls temporarily.

The queer part of it all is that, after all his terrible failures, thousands of New York fight fans still believe Goldstein can step out and whip any man of his weight. And the funny part of it is that he probably could if he only thought so himself.

Anyone who saw Goldstein in action when he was on the way up and who knows his Queensberry onions will tell the world that Ruby should have been the greatest fighter of modern times. There never was a fighter, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, who went into the game with as much natural ability as Goldstein.

Ruby was what every fight manager dreams about—a terrific two-handed puncher blessed with uncanny boxing skill. Usually the punchers can't box and the boxers can't punch. Ruby could do both like nobody's business.

But, sad to relate, Ruby lacked a fighting heart and when a fighter lacks that, all the rest goes for Sweeney. He could hand it out, but he couldn't, or wouldn't, take it. In the gymnasium, it was no trick for him to flatten heavyweights. When he stepped into the ring, he had no stomach for the business.

I could name you half a hundred lightweights who, if they had been blessed with half of Goldstein's punch and skill, would have been champions. And if Ruby had had half of their heart he would have made the grade.

The gods of Fistiana must have laughed slyly when they poured into Goldstein everything he needed to be the world's greatest fighter except what he needed most of all—a fighting heart. It was a cruel joke. But then, the gods are often cruel to us poor mortals.

If Ruby were wise he'd hang up his gloves. He has duped his friends too often by running out of matches and now, for comeback purposes, he is bowling over push-overs. He, above all, should have had his license revoked long ago. A fighter of his type is not wanted in the ring. He is a detriment instead of a help to boxing.

* * *

CHARLIE CUTLER, famous heavyweight wrestler of Frank Gotch's period, is now employed as juvenile instructor at the North Parks of California . . . . Johnny Coulon, former bantam champion, is promoter of amateur fights at Fraonton and White City, Chicago . . . . Mrs. Coulon, Johnny's wife, is the matchmaker. She does practically all the bookings—Benny Ray, former matchmaker of the Detroit Olympia arena, is managing fighters in Michigan . . . . Lou Diamond, former manager of world champion flyweight Johnny Buff, is in Florida, where he is promoting fights. Lou is preparing for a busy winter. He may hook up with Pa Stribling in promoting at Miami and Coral Gables.

Jimmy Deforst, Jr., son of the great boxing trainer who died recently, has reopened his father's place at Allenhurst, N. J. He has turned it into a health farm and training quarters for boxers . . . . Georgie Ward, former star welterweight of Elizabeth, N. J., is now the matchmaker of the Adelphia Club of his home town. Georgie also owns a gymnasium that is the headquarters for all the boys from his locality . . . . Herman Black, whose road house at Highlands, N. J., was the rendezvous of sportsmen during the height of prohibition days, and at whose place you could get the finest shore dinner in the East, has turned the spacious grounds into a training camp. All of Pete Reilly's fighters are housed there . . . . Tony Bender, former star New Jersey featherweight who at one time had Abe Attell on deck only to have some one turn out the lights to save the Californian, is now a mechanic in Linden, N. J.

* * *

DICK O'BRIEN of Lewiston, Me., was a great fighter. He was a boy of action. He died at Lewiston, Me., in 1914 . . . . Eddie Connolly, the St. John, N. B., former welterweight star, is in New York. In his prime, Eddie was a fighter of the highest rank.

Bill Roach, former referee and promoter, who during the world war was on the K. of C. staff as an athletic director overseas, has just recovered from a serious illness. He is up and about and again may be seen daily in Jimmy Bronson's headquarters in the Forrest Hotel of New York City, where many managers congregate . . . . Kid McPartland, one of the best referees in the East, is a sports goods salesman in addition to taking the post of third man in the ring when the job is offered to him . . . . Patsy Haley, gray-haired little referee with a fine record as a fighter, is one of the few New York officials who receives assignments out of the Empire State. His services are in demand because he knows the game from A to Z and shows no favoritism . . . . Lou Magnolia, the man who counted out Phil Scott when England's heavyweight insisted on sitting on the ropes after Sharkey hit him in the belly at Miami, died only a few weeks ago following an extended illness.

* * *

DAVE DESHLER, one-time star Cambridge lightweight, is now a boxing instructor in Cambridge, Mass. . . . . Dave quit the ring after his fight with Young Corbett in which he had Corbett down in the fifth and the former champion's second threw in the sponge . . . . Al Delmont, a featherweight with a good record twenty years ago, is now the owner of Delmont's Café in Friend Street, Boston. He also is the manager of a few good boys and occasionally dabbles in the promotorial game . . . . Jimmy Dime, Cleveland manager and referee, is an excellent boxing instructor as well as manager . . . . Nat Fleischer, owner and publisher of THE RING, boxing and wrestling magazine, who also is the Sports Editor of this magazine, has just published a great booklet. It is called, "How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight." It should be in the possession of every referee, judge, boxing official, manager, second, fighter and fight fan. Heaps of fine information in it . . . . Parson Tom McGinty, who is a quaint character of the old boxing school, is still in harness. He helps Tom McGinty with his boxing stab and writes Cleveland boxing news for THE RING. . . . . Lew Tendler, former southpaw star of Philadelphia, whose battle with Benny Leonard will be remembered as a classic in which Benny's talking saved him the crown, now owns a beer garden in Philly . . . . Dick Curley, former manager of young Jack Sharkey of bantam fame, has a garden directly opposite Lew . . . . Charley Harvey, manager of Steve Hamas, still limps as a result of an automobile accident, but remains as cheerful as ever.

Golden Glover's Rise

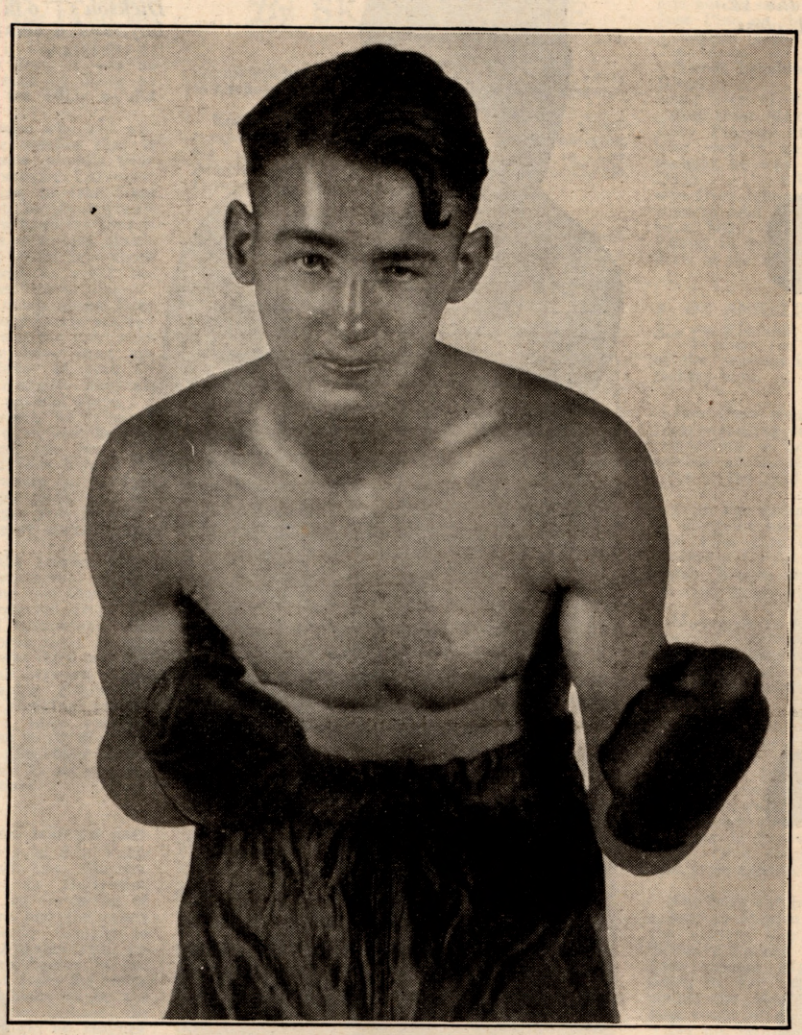
Billy Hogan, Under Tutelage of Gus Wilson, Makes Rapid Progress

By JOHN HARTIGAN

WHEN it comes to giving credit for developing fistic material in the raw, there is no one more deserving of praise than Gus Wilson, one time trainer of Georges Carpentier and one of the greatest conditioners of fighters in the country today. He also trained Jack Dempsey for his two historic battles with Gene Tunney.

Gus had Pierre Charles, Belgian heavyweight, in this country when Charles was in the early stages of development and brought him into the front rank of heavyweight contenders. He also did fine work with Eugene Huat, a French bantamweight, who gained a championship match with Al Brown as a result of Gus's training.

Wilson has a special fondness for taking youngsters and teaching them the rudiments of boxing. He recently brought out Joe Ghnouly, rugged St. Louis lightweight, who is a sturdy contender in the 135-pound class, and now he has a fine prospect in Billy Hogan, youngster from Piermont, N. Y., a lad who is making himself felt in New York fistic circles. Hogan looks like the goods to fistic experts.



Billy Hogan

Hogan started at the very lowest rung of the fistic ladder. He began as a helper in Gus Wilson's training camp at Orangeburg, N. Y., and was everything from a porter to head lockerman. He watched the movements of the current stars who were training there and was determined to follow in their footsteps. Tony Canzoneri, Jimmy McLarnin, Jack Sharkey and Jackie Kid Berg were his idols and he learned valuable pointers from each of them, with the result that Young Hogan has made rapid strides in the roped square in only a year's activity.

* * *

BILLY HOGAN is the fourth-born, of a family of 13 children—all sturdy boys and girls of a fine Irish family. Billy was born in Bridgeport, Conn., twenty years ago. At the age of four, his father moved from Bridgeport to Piermont, N. Y., where he gained a position as foreman in the Robert Cair Paper Box Manufacturing Company. Young Billy, from his early childhood, took a liking to sports. At the age of fourteen, he started his boxing career.

Gus Wilson spotted the youngster in his gymnasium at Orangeburg, which is only a stone's throw from Piermont, and took an interest in the lad. Wilson at that time had approximately 30 youngsters taking evening courses of boxing and physical culture.

Little by little, they all lost interest until only two remained, Billy being one of them. That's why Gus likes him and consented to manage him.

The boy, after a few months of instruction, won his first amateur contest at the Elks' Club in Haverstraw. Shortly after, he annexed the Rockland and Bergen County Amateur Championship of his class.

After winning thirty amateur contests, Billy went to Boston to participate in the amateur championships and won the Junior National lightweight crown in the Boston Garden. On January 13, 1932, Young Hogan won the Metropolitan A.A.U. Championship in Madison Square Garden of New York; on March 14th of the same year, he won the Golden Gloves Championship, and two weeks later, the Inter-City Golden Gloves Championship.

Eligible for the Olympics, the boy had to be withdrawn because he was taking on weight and growing too rapidly.

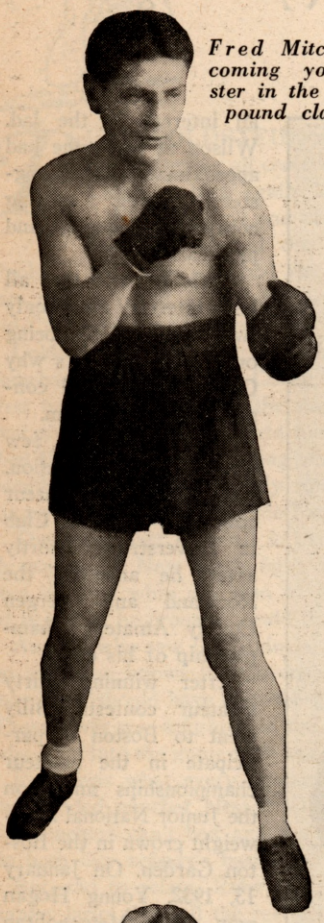
* * *

TURNING professional, Hogan beat a flock of good boys in the East and Canada. He then went to the Pacific Coast where he fought six fights but lost one. The critics on the Coast said many nice things about Young Hogan. Upon his return East, Hogan boxed Billy Townsend in Montreal where he won a ten-round decision, then he beat Pete Gulatto at the Polo Grounds and then Ray Napolitano by a knockout in six rounds. The next feat of Hogan's was gaining a decision over Frankie Petrolle and a six-round decision over Patsy Pasculi, as semi-final to the Ross-Canzoneri card. Also a win over Phil Rafferty.

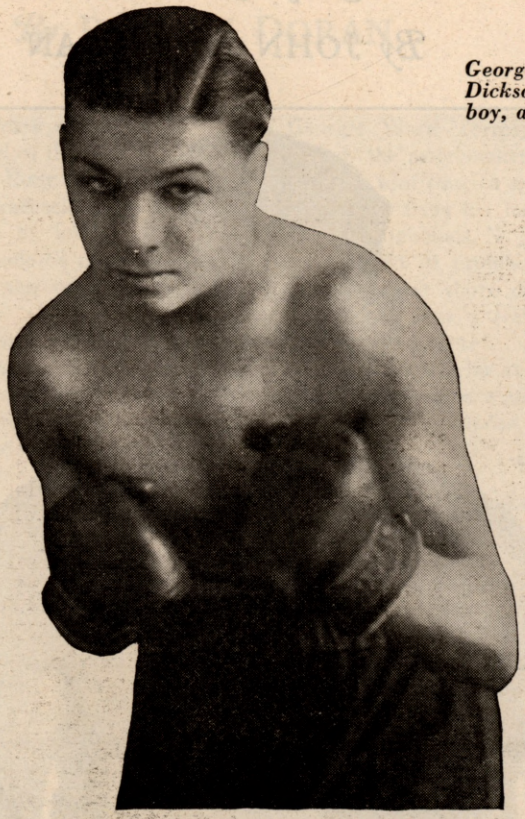
Hogan is a born fighter. He loves to scrap. He can box and fight, excels in infighting and carries a punch in either hand. Billy takes a keen interest in his work. He is very observant and has learned a great deal in his travels.

Hogan indulges in his daily dozen very religiously. The boy has marvelous will power and the determination to succeed, no matter how great the sacrifice. His perfect physique is a tribute to his adherence to the rules of health. Hogan's great ambition in life is to become a champion. Since a year ago last July, when Billy turned pro, up to this writing, he has lost only one fight in nineteen.

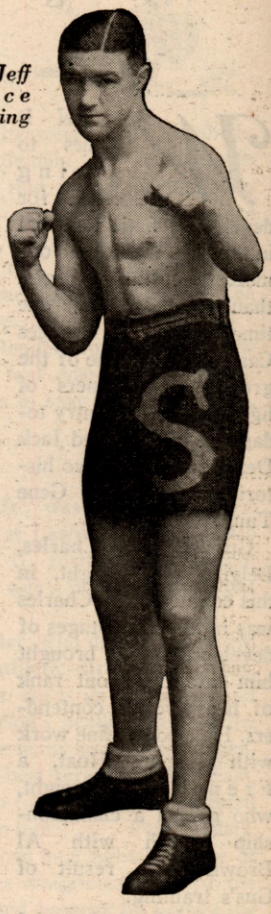
Outstanding English Prospects



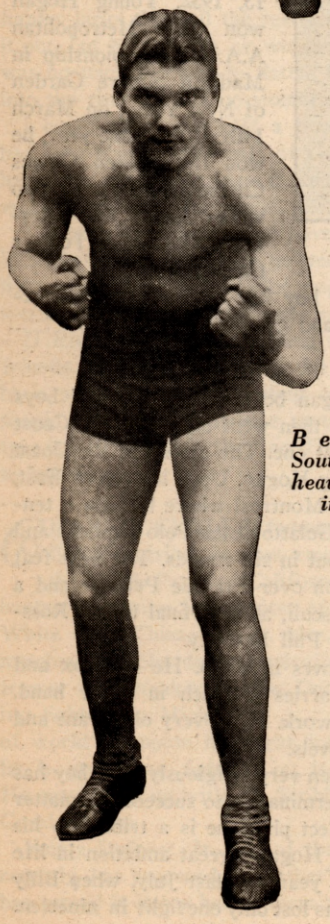
Fred Mitchell, coming youngster in the 135-pound class.



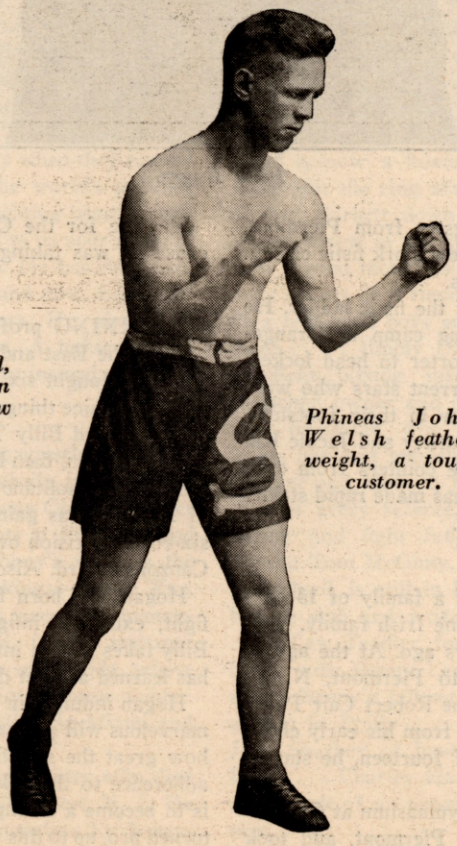
Moe Moss, young, aggressive, two-fisted welterweight.



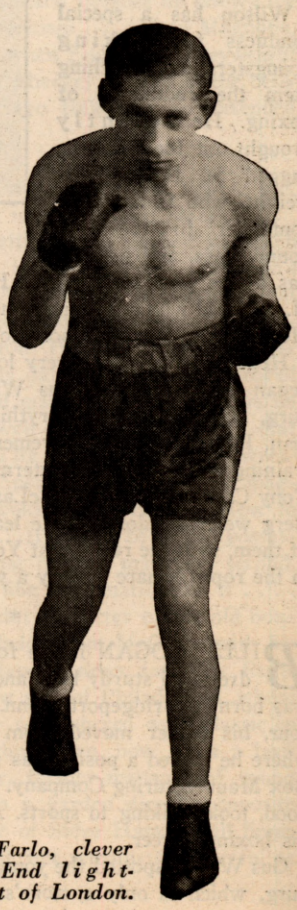
George Daly, Jeff Dickson's office boy, and a coming star.



Ben Foord, South African heavyweight, now in England.



Phineas John, Welsh featherweight, a tough customer.



Kid Farlo, clever East End lightweight of London.

Dempsey on Carnera's Trail

Seeks to Land Bout for Max Baer—Other Timely News From the Golden West

By SKIPPY JOYCE

WHEN Primo Carnera and Max Baer engaged in their "battle" in "The Prize Fighter and the Lady," Jack Dempsey, who refereed the "mill," was as big an attraction in Los Angeles as were either of the fighters. In fact, it was he who put the color into the picture by doing as much work in the handling of the affair as did the principals in the "fight."

When the "bout" was over, those who had witnessed it, came away with the opinion that if Baer and Carnera meet, the new world's titleholder will be Maxie, the Livermore Larruper. Max proved that he has nothing to fear from Carnera, and on the other hand, he showed sufficiently to convince the Italian's handlers that it will be the best policy for them to ignore Max's challenge and pit Primo against lesser fry—those whose wallops are not so likely to upset the Venetian as would one from the fists of Baer.

Californian scribes wrote so much about Baer and Carnera, that Dempsey immediately started the ball rolling for a bout between the pair next spring or summer. Those who have been approached by Jack, all are in favor of such an attraction being brought to Los Angeles. They all think that the bout would be a natural there.

So far as Dempsey is concerned, he is more popular now on the Coast than ever, and he will receive tremendous backing and 100 per cent support from the sportsmen and fans here if he can land the fight. No matter where he goes or what he does, Jack has the people with him. He is a showman of the highest type, just the man to stage the Baer-Carnera battle if such a fight can be arranged.

He has been refereeing in the smaller clubs around and about. The best testimonial of his standing in the hinterlands is the fact that after his fifty per cent had been deducted from the gate, the promoters have found themselves with a much heavier take than has been their lot.

Out San Bernadino way, Jack was third man for a light-heavyweight wrestling bout between Leslie Grimes, of Australia and Frankie Schroll of Fresno. The pair went into a slugging routine and Dempsey separated them a little roughly. Whereupon Grimes started a swing in the direction of the former champion's jaw. The blow didn't land, but Grimes did. Jack helped Grimes to his corner and called the bout a draw.

* * *

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM, after taking a pasting from John Henry Lewis in San Francisco, took Hollywood and Los Angeles. Maxie attended a premiere on Hollywood Boulevard, the night preceding his trouncing of LeRoy Haynes. Haynes' handlers had the ebony fellow in good shape and honestly thought he would take Rosenbloom. Los Angeles still regards Haynes as the best Negro fighter in the state. Which in my opinion is far from the truth. John Henry Lewis, from here, looks to be the class of his race with Young Peter Jackson, the runner-up. This is in no way a slight on Haynes' ability. LeRoy is a good battler but just does not measure up to the other pair.

Rosenbloom's training methods came in for a lot of criticism. The citizenry judge a performer's conditioning according to his public workouts. The light-heavy king's public "workouts" were anything but conditioning for the ring. However, he claims to do roadwork every morning and this coupled with his frequent bouts, keep him in shape. Paying off on results, the method works.

Johnny Weismuller was discussing conditioning methods about the time Rosenbloom met Haynes. "Practice, not so-called training methods," the swimming champion contends, "is the thing that makes for performance. The routine of a normal life need not be disturbed in order to reach the peak of condition."

There is a lot in what he says. Many a fighter has left his punch in the training quarters. But then, few are capable of the sort of normal existence Weismuller had in mind.

California is cluttered up with boxers from the East and Middle-West. Just what it is that draws the boys to the Coast, is not discernible from here. But they are flocking in daily. Good business for the gym owners but that is about all.

With all the talent, there seems to be the usual dearth of good matches. The small clubs can't pay enough to attract anyone from across the street and the larger arenas are not paying off in yellow bills.

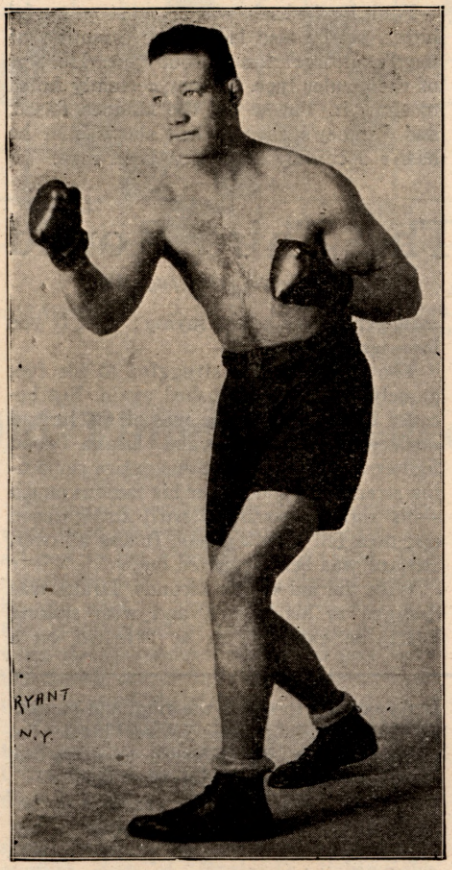
Lew Massey came out in September heralded with much trumpetry. He landed in the biggest club in Southern California. Was walloped by Young Peter Jackson and took down just $125.

Gorilla Jones showed in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Tia Juana and Pasadena. His disqualification when he failed to knock out Vearl Whitehead, caused the suspension of the referee.

Eddie Shea and Tommy Paul started Coast campaigns about the same time. Shea hanging the sleeping sock on Eddie Trujillo in Los Angeles, and Paul scoring in seven over Little Dempsey in San Francisco.

* * *

SOME OF THE FIGHTS—One of the best fights in San Francisco lately was Johnny Pena's win over Young Tommy. From the third round on, Pena pounded Tommy around the



MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

ring with a two-fisted attack. The boring-in tactics seemed to puzzle the Filipino. Chalky Wright won by a T.K.O. in four rounds from Huerta Evans in the semi.

The Jackson-Massey set-to was a nice fight to watch. Jackson took eight of ten rounds. An overhand right is the Negro's heaviest weapon and spelled the difference.

Baby Arizmendi won from Chris Pineda in a slow fight at Hollywood. Pineda's hugging was booed. Arizmendi didn't look his old self.

Wesley Ketchell's powerful left found the chin of George Manley in the second round of a Hollywood bout and George was through for the evening. He was out for ten minutes. Ketchell can hit with that left and is being groomed in the use of the right. If the instruction "takes" he will be a tough one to beat.

Frank Rowsey took a close one from Vearl Whitehead in Los Angeles, a tenth-round spurt was the margin of victory.

Tony Paloni got off the floor to decision Billy Donohue of New York in Exposition Auditorium in San Francisco.

Jimmy Prewitt won from Midget Martinez and Red Kennedy and Don Stevens drew on a Hollywood card.

Eddie Frisco came to Hollywood with quite a bit of advance billing. Ceferino Garcia knocked him out in seven rounds. Bobby Olivas decisioned Jose Pino on the same card.

Manual Victorial was Gorilla Jones' victim at Tia Juana.

Swede Berglund knocked out Jo Vargas in San Diego . . . . Louie Carranza won over his home town of Venice by taking a six-round decision from Max Tarley. Ernie Hood won from Baby Palmore at Pasadena. Palmore has still a long way to go before he is the fighter some thought he was at the time of his knockout of Dado . . . Billy Constance, Navy lightweight, won from Johnny Martines in San Diego. Johnny Romero beat Leo Kelly on the other half of the twin bill . . . . Gene Brooks stopped Jack Young in two at Pico. Sol Lippo and Phil Rios drew at the Main Street Club in Los Angeles.

* * *

LOS ANGELES is to build an auditorium as an addition to the civic center. According to plans, the spot will seat 15,000. 70 per cent of the revenue is to come from sport—the city fathers hope.

Lou Daro would like to translate his interest from wrestling to boxing. One hears talk of his remodeling a Los Angeles dog track into an outdoor arena. His presence in the field will add color to the local scene.

With the exception of the Hollywood Stadium, no club out here will admit to making the nut. The Film City draws with regularity, due undoubtedly to the presence of people anxious to blend Bronx cheers and huzzahs with high-salaried voices of cinema "artists."

Managers in the South have organized. The business handlers of the northern part of the state have been working together for some time. There are conflicting reports as to the success of the new association.

The fund established by the state commission to help ringmen in need, has began to function. Abie Miller, who received a broken jaw in a San Diego bout, has been advanced $100 for medical attention. Solly Bustos, late of the amateurs, was loaned $3 to care for an injured hand. Loans are to be repaid out of future purses.

There is $2500 in the building fund. Money comes from voluntary contributions of one per cent from fighters' and wrestlers' purses.

The boys out here can't seem to resist a go at a bout in Mexico City. Almost without exception the visitors lose via the K. O. route. Young Tommy, Speedy Dado and Fidel LaBarba have been victims. Meyer Grace is the latest going down in five rounds before Kid Azteca. Grace claims the Mexican was given the benefit of a long count in the fourth.

On his return, Meyer was given his first shot in one of the bigger clubs out here. He met Ceferino Garcia for the state welter title.

* * *

THE best looking prospect seen lately is Benny Miller, now fighting among the heavyweights. Benny fought in all classes with indifferent success. He took a year off, built himself up, learned to hit with his left hand and polished up on his boxing. He seems to have the makings and should develop into a drawing card. His first efforts after his rest were impressive wins over K. O. Christner and Tom Patrick.

Tom Gallery is having pretty rough sailing with his chain-store method of matchmaking. He is commuting between San Francisco's Dreamland and the Los Angeles Olympic. Fans in both cities are dissatisfied. There is no congestion at the box office.

Young Corbett III is now a guardian of the law and preserver of the public peace. He says he has almost given up hope of getting McLarnin in a ring again. Corbett would rather work for a small salary than risk his health fighting among the lesser lights. He has had 160 battles over a period of 14 years.

The Dixie Kid, former welterweight champion, fell from the window of a Los Angeles hotel. His condition was serious for a time but he is reported on the way to recovery . . . . Speedy Dado and his manager, Jesus Cortez, are back from an invasion of Honolulu . . . . Solly Smith, one-time feather champion, died in Culver City. Smith's record included wins over George Dixon, Young Erne, Johnny Griffin, Dal Hawkins, Kid Lavigne, George Siddons and Young Griffo . . . . Vincenti Venturillo is the latest Filipino arrival. He is a 126-pounder . . . . Dave Miller, to whom Dion O'Bannion apologized for shooting, is refereeing in Los Angeles . . . . Mike Mitchell has a stable of boxers on the Coast (and who hasn't).

Giants Not So Hot!

(Continued from page 35)

all of his big tests. He was none too keen about fighting and his chin had some of the brittle element of glass. Very few fighters have been dusted off as quickly as Fulton was when he faced Dempsey in the Harrison (N. J.) ball park. That defeat seemed to quench whatever spark was in Fred. Before that the Minnesota plasterer had been considered a real championship prospect. Afterward he was just another fighter . . . . and a not too successful one.

He was stopped by a lot of lesser lights after the Dempsey joust.

It seems to me that I have proven a good case against the big fellows. The really great fighters of history seldom scaled over 200 pounds. All necessary dynamite and power can be packed into that amount of muscle. More usually slows the lads up.

Dempsey, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sullivan, Tunney, Johnson, Sharkey and Schmeling were not in the super-dreadnaught class . . . . but would you care to pit any of the giants, except Jeffries, against those fellows in their prime?

The Lethal Wallop

(Continued from page 17)

ing in explosiveness. Perhaps it was fortunate. If he could have brought to bear his strength and speed, plus the missing quality in that overhand right of his, he would have been barred from the ring—he would have killed every man he hit. Mickey Walker lacks it. Frank Moran had it; his Mary Ann, the old right haymaker, when it landed, spelled chloroform.

Jack Dempsey, in our opinion, did not always pack it, though he was always a cruelly punishing hitter. Remember how often he had to hit Firpo to stop him, and how often he landed on Jess Willard without actually stopping him.

Paul Berlenbach was a most powerful hitter, yet he also lacked the essentials of the "explosive" knockerout type. He was of the mauler type. Tunney certainly failed to show it. Throw out the Madden fiasco, and Tunney's record then shows that he hasn't decisively stopped a good man.

Those who saw Tunney against Heeney, know what I mean. If ever a man was helpless and a target for a quick knockout, Heeney was that fellow, yet Tunney had to prolong the agony and batter poor Tom from pillar to post without being able to put the finishing touches to him.

Of the present-day fighters, those who come within the class of devastating punchers and rank as aces are McLarnin, Petrolle, Lou Brouillard and Canzoneri.

"The Third Round!"

(Continued from page 19)

THE bell sounded. Drake jumped from his corner, but started in surprise. Were his eyes deceiving him? Could that be Freddie Scott, muffled up in a coat, sitting there by the ringside? There the fighter sat smiling.

As he stood there dazed, Benard rushed at him. Drake barely moved. One right swing, it was a terrible blow, caught Drake squarely on the jaw, and he fell like a log.

"1-2-3-4!" the referee slowly counted.

Dimly, Drake could see his manager's face among the spectators. It seemed to be pleading, begging, and Drake could hear his manager's voice again, saying: "But if you lose—good night!"

The dazed fighter struggled to his feet gamely, and Benard rushed again. But because he thought Drake was all in, he had neglected his guard, and Drake, good fighter that he was, used his entire remaining strength to shoot over his famous punch—his right uppercut. Benard straightened up; then fell with a groan. It was all over. Benard was being counted out.

With the aid of his seconds, Drake was dragged to his corner, and with sinking heart, he expected to be arrested on a felony charge—kidnapping. Was it to be defeat after glorious victory? But the first man to clamber up the ring to congratulate him, was the real Freddie Scott. And he was all smiles.

"Put it there!" he cried, as he shook hands with Drake. "You sure are some fighter, and it's the second time you've proven it. You're the stuff—that's why I let you finish.

"Remember that midnight on the riverfront? Ah! so you recollect it now. Put it there again—you're the stuff—and you'll be the real champion some day!"

Ten Seconds

(Continued from page 8)

final ten, the sun, as suddenly as it had broken through the dull gray of the overhanging clouds, slipped back. The arena was sullen and dark again. It was sombre And Luther McCarty was dead!

In the retelling of the story of the ten seconds of sunlight, all of its weird and eerie supernatural elements are evident today—the uncanny coincidence of the little black-clad clergyman and that golden ray of heavenly light which shone down upon the inert form of the stricken gladiator.

All of these dramatic and stirring episodes are all too evident today, but this tale has its human counterpart, and it is to be found in the reactions of that fight-hungry crowd of twenty years ago—an excited and fight-hungry crowd which was too close to the human drama enacted before its eyes to realize its sombre significance.

For as Luther McCarty, stretched prone on the canvas, lay dead before it, the crowd gave voice to its angry suspicions, and cried: "Fake! Throwdown!" and other words of scorn and derision and doubt. It threatened to storm the ring, and mounted police, riding their horses inside the gaunt building, were forced to drive the shouting thousands out into the open.

It was McCarney who was first to become aware that something more serious than a knockout had taken place. He was first to leap into the ring to try to revive his stricken fighter. With the aid of Norton he carried the limp body of McCarty outside, shouting meanwhile, "Clear the way and get a doctor."

But as McCarty lay on the grass outside he was beyond the help of any doctor. The thought slowly crept into the consciousness of the silent crowd as it gradually withdrew, to form an awed circle about the form of the young giant who, but a few minutes before, presented the flashing figure of a fighting man.

The full portent of the tragic tale that had had its climax was slow in sinking into the minds of the crowd.

It was Ed Smith, the referee, who, more than anyone else, seemed to grasp full well all that had taken place, for over and over again he repeated to himself:

". . . . And to think that I counted out a dead man . . . ."

Out For Mat Honors

(Continued from page 23)

state of Georgia will be proud of you." And aside to Lehman, the wrestler, who had taken Dean under his wing, Talmadge said, "Bring back a winner."

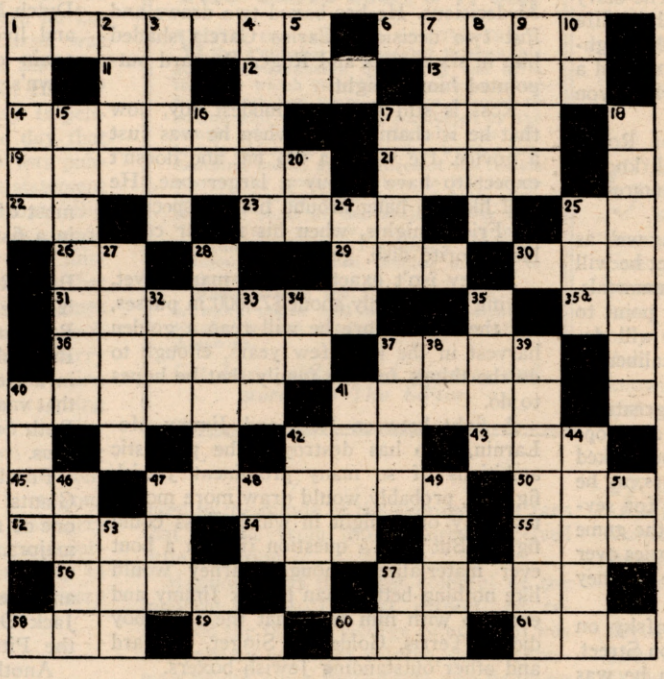
When not wrestling, Dean runs a farm of 108 acres in Georgia with the assistance of twelve Negro tenants, who work on a profit-sharing basis.

In his tour of the country, in quest of new worlds to conquer, which now brings him to New York, Dean has "maw" always by his side, save when he is in the ring. "Maw," as he calls Mrs. Dean, is a striking brunette, the real Dixie type.

A school teacher, she saw Dean wrestle at a fair, and it was a case of love at first sight. So, if you see a handsome woman at the ringside when Dean makes his debut, and she seems vitally interested in the bout, put her down as "the little sweetheart of the mountain that thinks the hilly-billy from Georgia is the ultima thule as a man and wrestler."

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?



HORIZONTAL

1. Boxer who held the lightweight title from 1917 to 1924.
6. "The wild bull of the Pampas."
11. Negative.
12. Colored liquid.
13. One of the four outstanding heavyweights.
14. Claws.
17. Nickname of National League Club.
19. Former world's heavyweight wrestling champ.
21. The way out.
22. Either.
23. Arab temple.
25. The eldest (Abbr.).
26. I am.
29. A goblin.
30. Sunburnt.
31. Heavyweight grappler who hails from France.
35a. Objective of I.
36. Native of the South American Pampas.
37. Reaching the top.
40. "The Durable Dane."
41. Great middleweight of former days.
42. Sink in the middle.
43. And so on.
45. Versus (Abbr.).
47. "The Manassa Mauler."
50. A hut.
52. Eastern college.
54. A boxer's nickname.
55. Dried grass.
56. Fighter who was known as the "Old Master."
57. Marquis of Queensberry are a set of . . . .
58. First name of a popular present-day middleweight.
59. That is.
60. A resinous tree.
61. Limited (Abbr.).

VERTICAL

1. Holder of the welterweight title in 1926.
2. Solely.
3. To entrap.
4. Heavyweight who is a wrecker of championship hopes.
5. Dominion of Natal (Abbr.).
7. Mountain goat.
8. Wireless transmission of electric waves.
9. Mischievous person.
10. Heraldic name for gold.
15. Condense.
16. An Island (Abbr.).
17. Actual.
18. Giant Italian heavyweight.
20. All correct (Slg.).
24. Primo Carnera's manager.
25. First name of a famous colored heavyweight.
27. Portions of food.
28. A recess.
32. First name of a popular wrestler.
33. Hindu fire maker.
34. Not in any degree.
35. Cheat.
37. Leaf of a book.
38. Every puncher (Abbr.).
39. "The Michigan Assassin."
40. Many great boxers have learned the game there.
41. Former time.
42. To box.
44. Seashore.
46. Sage.
47. A cave.
48. College degree (Abbr.).
49. Belonging to you.
51. Nickname of a great diamond star.
53. Young man.
57. A state (Abbr.).

The answers to this puzzle are on page 46.

"Old-Timers Excelled"

(Continued from page 16)

wince and gasp whenever they landed.

"Still he kept on doggedly, though weakening fast, until the sixty-fourth round when things looked mighty bad for him and his backers began to turn blue. In the seventy-fourth round, Carney landed a left to the body and a right to the jaw that knocked Jack clean off his feet. At this juncture the ropes were cut and the crowd rushed into the ring. A free-for-all scrap followed and several of the kerosene lamps that lighted the place were smashed.

"After about fifteen minutes things quieted down and the referee declared the match a draw. This didn't suit the Carney men and another fight began. The owner of the barn was scared nearly out of his wits and begged for the affair to be stopped. Things subsided, but the referee refused to alter his decision.

"For many weeks after, the newspapers were filled with discussion of the fight. An attempt to get a return match failed. The referee wouldn't serve again, declaring that he was glad to have gotten out with his life. Another bit of trouble showed itself when the stakeholder refused to part with the money unless the men agreed to fight it out or draw the stakes.

"In recognition of his pluck and in order to atone in a measure for his bad luck Carney was given a benefit in Boston which drew a house of over 6,000 persons.

"Almost a quarter of a century later I saw Packey McFarland and Matt Wells, another one of England's lightweight champions, go ten rounds with 6-ounce gloves in a luxurious Gotham club, when each man pulled down $12,000 for his trouble. Packey pecked the Britisher to pieces on that occasion and it was a good enough triumph as far as it went, but I couldn't help thinking of that old barn in Revere, Mass., and the savage mill with the skin-tight gloves, that took place there years ago."

Harry could talk on for days and days of old battles like this, but he had a career of his own that measured up very well with the toughest of the times.

The biggest and most important fight in Gilmore's career was when he lost the championship to Jack McAuliffe in twenty-eight rounds at Lawrence, Mass., on January 14, 1887. Skin-tight gloves were used and the battleground was a rather small room and the mill was full of action from start to finish. The bout lasted twenty-eight rounds when Gilmore was forced to abdicate by the K. O. route.

The Nebraska Tiger Man

(Continued from page 22)

Lewis refused to meet some of the stars that challenged him at the time the Strangler held the crown, Pesek was brought in as a substitute and in turn he defeated Moss Latinen, Nat Pendleton and Marin Plestina. Then followed two defeats of Charlie Hanson. The defeat of Plestina took place after Plestina had come East to be ballyhooed as the king of 'em all. It took Pesek only forty minutes to turn the trick on "the great Marin."

In 1926 after Joe Stecher had won the championship, Pesek landed a match with a title holder. The contest was promoted by Tom Packs in St. Louis and Pesek won the first fall after three hours and five minutes of wrestling. In attempting a second toss, Pesek dived through the ropes, hit the concrete, and remained unconscious. That alone prevented him from winning the world's heavyweight championship. He met Stecher again in the summer of that same year after Strangler Lewis had run out of a match with the Scissors King and Pesek was substituted. In that contest John won the first fall and pinned him for a second toss, but the referee refused to allow it. He went back to the mat and with the aid of a bone-breaking armlock he forced Stecher to give up and was proclaimed the new title holder. However, on the following day the referee announced to the newspaper men that he had offered his decision on the ground that Stecher had been fouled and thus Pesek failed in his quest for international recognition.

Barney Ross

(Continued from page 3)

a record of Barney's daily achievements. That started six years ago, before Barney had begun to box as an amateur. The diary contains the details of Ross's school life and his achievements as leader of the neighborhood lads in all things. Leder started a new diary on Ross the night Barney won the title.

So far, little has been said of Ross's fighting qualities. They are so well known that the reader probably is more interested in his other characteristics.

But Barney is a grand fighter as well as a grand fellow. Some critics predict he will be as great as the lightweight immortals, men like Gans and Leonard. The point to which he ultimately will develop will depend to a great extent upon the caliber of opposition he meets.

All truly great boxers achieve greatness largely through overcoming high class opposition. At any rate Ross must be ranked as one of the modern great fighters, as he twice has beaten Tony Canzoneri, for several years regarded as the best in the game for pounds and inches. Ross's victories over Canzoneri would seem to entitle Barney to that distinction.

Barney was born Barney Rosofsky on December 23, 1909, at 258 Rivington Street, on New York's East Side. When he was eighteen months old, the Rosofsky family removed to Chicago, where Barney's father opened a grocery in Chicago's ghetto. It was there, when Barney was still just a youngster, that his father was shot and killed by thugs who held up the store.

Barney began boxing as an amateur in 1928, and in 1929 he won the featherweight honors in the Chicago Golden Gloves tournament. He also won his match in the Chicago-New York Golden Gloves tournament, as well as the Canadian event.

When still an amateur, he was given a trial bout in a gymnasium ring with Earl Mastro, then a leading featherweight. Mastro was managed by Art Winch and Sam Pian, who now handle Ross. Winch was captivated by the young amateur and helped him by seconding him in amateur bouts.

However, when Barney turned professional in 1929, he enlisted under the banner of Gig Rooney, manager of Jackie Fields. Barney would have preferred to go with Winch, but his friends persuaded him to sign with Rooney, who was very much in the limelight at the time as Fields' manager.

Ross had five bouts under Rooney's management. Gig was so busy with Fields that he paid little attention to Ross. Barney was disappointed and, taking things into his own hands, he severed relations with Rooney and signed a five-year contract with Pian and Winch, feeling that he would receive more attention from them than from Rooney.

Barney was right about that, for Winch and Pian worked hard with him. The first thing they did, was to make over his style completely. Barney had been trying to copy Field's style. Winch and Pian took all that away from him and taught him a combination of the styles of Charlie White and Earl Mastro. Winch had developed White and had taught Charlie how to use his famous left hook. Winch also taught Ross plenty about a left hook. That left hook to the body or jaw is Barney's best punch, reminding veteran observers of White's great left.

So far he has engaged in 50 professional bouts. He has scored 13 knockouts and won 33 decisions. He has boxed two draws and lost two decisions. Carlos Garcia shaded him in six rounds and Roger Bernard outpointed him in eight.

Ross is still the same modest boy, now that he is champion, as when he was just a novice. He wears a 6⅞ hat and doesn't expect to have to buy a larger one. He still likes to hang around home, especially on Friday nights, when his mother cooks his favorite dish, gefilte fish.

Barney isn't exactly a rich man as yet, having earned only about $75,000 in purses, but the chances are he will reap a golden harvest in the next few years, enough to do the things for the family that he hopes to do.

A fight between Ross and Jimmy McLarnin, who has destroyed the pugilistic ambitions of so many prominent Jewish fighters, probably would draw more money than any other fight in which Ross could figure. But it is a question if such a bout ever materializes, though Barney would like nothing better than to box Jimmy and even up with him for what the Irish boy did to Terris, Goldstein, Singer, Leonard and other outstanding Jewish boxers.

In some quarters it is believed that Barney will not remain a lightweight long, but will be forced into the welterweight division by taking on more weight. However, neither Barney nor his handlers believe that he ever will be a welterweight.

"Barney is still a natural 133-pounder," says Art Winch. "He has put on only five pounds in four years and I believe he has reached his full growth."

They Take It!

(Continued from page 27)

through the bout and wound up by kicking McCann. When Angelo reached the ground (it was an open-air show), he was met by a mob of seething fans and he attempted to walk through them to the dressing room without an escort. Some fan cracked him from behind, another tripped him and before Angelo or any other wrestler there knew what was happening, the Italian was on the ground and the fans were giving him what is commonly known as "the boots." It took but a moment for Sailor Watkins, a tough Texas middleweight, to fight his way through the crowd to where Angelo lay. He knocked down a couple of the spectators, picked up Angelo, fought his way through to the dressing room and then stood guard outside the door while the fans milled around seeking another chance to poke Angelo.

Can they take it? Ask any wrestler that ever came back into a town after he had been escorted from it by a patrol of police. It takes plenty of nerve and courage to walk back into a town after every mat fan in that town is hoping to be in the mob that will lay him low. Time after time, wrestlers in the lesser divisions, welterweight, middleweight and light-heavyweight, have had to get police escorts to get them to their dressing rooms and later out of town. Bull Montana, Billy Edwards, Billy Hallas, Jack Domar, Jack Gorman, Speedy Schaefer, Waino Ketonen, Joe Porelli, Clete Kaufman, Charley Grip, Charley Carr, Walter Stratton and last but not least, the well-known and colorful Dutch Mantell, have all had narrow escapes and lived to tell about them and wrestle again only through the protection of a town's police force.

Ball Players

(Continued from page 15)

most of them were worth next to nothing in a fistic encounter.

The outstanding Yankee pacifist was Babe Ruth, who stood on the steps of the Yankee dugout and laughed. Once the Babe had got the idea that he could fight. But a short encounter with Gunboat Smith in a New York gymnasium had dissipated that vagrant impression. And from then on, Ruth decided to stick to baseball and home runs.

Frank Snyder, once catcher for the Giants, and now a coach with the club, was one of the best scrappers of his time in the majors.

New York fans still remember the short and sweet fight he had under the stand with Jack Onslow, who at that time was with the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Another corking fighter among the ball players was Babe Pinelli, who was a professional scrapper before he developed into a fine third baseman in the Coast League, and was sold to the Cincinnati Reds.

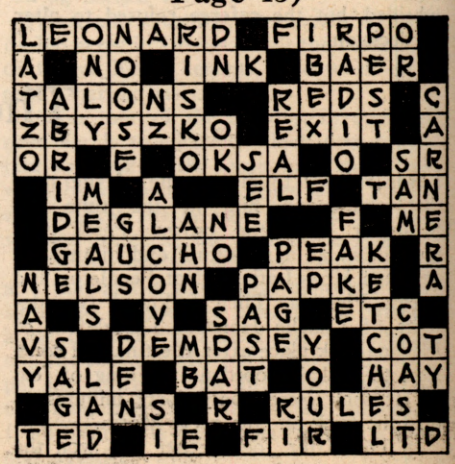
Among the umpires, the best scrapper is George Moriarty, of the American League, who in his day was a fine third sacker with New York and Detroit. Morey hasn't had a fight since May 30, 1932, when some of the White Sox sort of kicked him around in Cleveland and he almost had to retire from umpiring.

Billy Evans, once an American League umpire and now general manager of the Cleveland club, also was handy with the dukes. His battle with Cobb still ranks among the ring classics of baseball.

Among the fighters, the greatest ball player was Jim Corbett, who turned down big league offers. His brother, Joe, pitched for the Baltimore Orioles.

The keenest boxing fans in the majors today are Lefty Gomez, pitcher, and Cy Perkins, coach, with the Yankees.

(Answer to Puzzle on Page 45)



Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 31)

fifth among the flyweights. He is given a rating which he undoubtedly had earned when he was in his prime, before he became totally blind. That, of course, was four years ago. How up to date that National Boxing Association is! Eh, Hiram?

Harry Lenny, manager of Ray Impelitieri, came into my office on the day that the October issue of THE RING was published and was all het up over the statement that I had made to the effect that "Big Ray," who, it is conceded by me, is a good fighter, was being kept idle through mismanagement. In my article, I stated that Lenny had been offered half a dozen names for opponents for Ray and had turned each down for one reason or another. Harry contends that I am all wet in such assertion and that his only reason for not accepting any of the bouts is because he will not play ball with Madison Square Garden so long as Jimmy Johnston is the matchmaker. Well, Harry, we're sorry we hurt your feelings, but we still insist that managers and promoters should get together and forget their personal animosities, in order to help the sport in which we are all very much interested . . . .

* * *

I WONDER when?—The New York Boxing Commission will place a ban on the set-ups fed to Ruby Goldstein . . . . Ruby will hang up his gloves for good . . . . The National Boxing Association will stop playing politics and agree to recognize champions who merit such designations regardless of political affiliation . . . . The wrestling moguls will get together and give the fans a break with real matches . . . . Jack Dempsey will quit his kidding and announce an exhibition tour as such, instead of foisting another "come-back" on the public . . . . The boxing critics in certain cities will cease hailing every lightweight as another Benny Leonard or Joe Gans . . . .

Max Baer, the only logical opponent for Primo Carnera in a world heavyweight championship fight, will be given the chance . . . . Another Jack Dempsey will appear on the fistic horizon . . . . The feud between the leading fight managers of the country and Jimmy Johnston, matchmaker of Madison Square Garden of New York, will come to an end . . . . How long the New York Garden will keep from going on the rocks if its present policy of shunning fights for other activities continues . . . . The Garden was built on fights and must continue to live on fights . . . . Otherwise, its death knell will be sounded . . . .

* * *

WORTH KNOWING—The boxing world lost a true friend and pal in the recent death of Lou Magnolia, recognized for many years as the ace of American referees. Lou, who called them as he saw them, though he employed many frills in doing so, officiated in many championship fights and never was a word of scandal heard with reference to those bouts. In pursuing his work, naturally he often trod on the corns of disgruntled managers, but his fairness and capability were so firmly fixed in the minds of the average fight fans that attacks from those sources received little attention.

Magnolia was the most colorful of the modern school. In that respect, he resembled the famous George Siler. Each was not only an excellent referee, but a showman whose quick movements and handling of a fight made hits with the spectators. Lou will long be remembered not only as a fine official but a true friend. He was a man in every sense of the word . . . .

Artie O'Leary, former star featherweight of New York City, who was in his prime at the time that Leach Cross, another East Side lad, shone as a lightweight, is now a boxing instructor in a New York hotel . . . . Young Otto, the boy with the K.O. wallop, is now instructor at Stillman's Gymnasium in New York City. Otto's specialty is taking the fat off the tummies of the heavy boys . . . . Eddie Hanlon, former Pacific Coast champion, is living in San Francisco. The depression hit him a wallop from which he has not yet recovered . . . . Ad Wolgast, mentally unbalanced, is in a California Sanitarium near Frisco . . . . Willie Richie is in the automobile business in Frisco . . . . Al Kaufman, another Coast favorite, operates a physical culture institute in Los Angeles . . . . Young Mitchell, former star welterweight of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey's period, is the chief storekeeper of the city and county of San Francisco . . . .

Gunner Moir, the Englishman who cut quite a figure in heavyweight ranks at the time that Jim Jeffries had retired and the fistic world was looking for his successor, is now a special policeman at the South London Music Hall of London . . . . It was Tommy Burns who put the Gunner out of the heavyweight running . . . . And incidentally, speaking of Burns, he is comfortably situated in midtown New York, in the swanky Seventies, where he runs a high-class beer garden . . . . George Hackenschmidt, famed wrestler, who lost the world crown to Frank Gotch, has written his reminiscences in London, and shortly after their appearance, he was appointed physical culture director to the members of the House of Lords . . . . Now, so long until next issue.

Heigh! Ho!

The Girls Have Won!

WITH the expansion of "The Ring", the Publisher has decided to show his good sportsmanship by giving the girls that for which they have been clamoring for almost two years—a page devoted to boxing and wrestling as conducted by the female of the species. Despite the editorials which the Publisher has written condemning public appearances of the female boxers, the receipt of close to 900 letters in two months from fans of both sexes from all parts of the world, proves that "The Ring" readers want such a page regardless of the Publisher's personal opinion, and he has decided to bow to their wishes.

Starting with the December issue, one or more pages will be devoted monthly to the women gladiators and wrestling Amazons.

Get busy, girls. Send pictures and stories to The Editor.

Mat World News

(Continued from page 25)

a body slam. After this, he took on Fleet Fox and uncorked his new "avalanche" hold that just about broke Fox in half. Annoyed by the presence of the third man in the ring, Kong tossed Referee Kelley over the ropes to the floor. What a man!

* * *

GUS SONNENBERG, former world's heavyweight champion, has had a streak of tough luck lately. In a recent match with Jim Browning on the Coast, Sonnenberg had his chest crushed by Jim's powerful leg scissors. The injuries to his heart were so serious that doctors gave him only six more months to live. On top of that, Mrs. Sonnenberg, who is better known in the movies as Judith Allen, divorced Gus in Reno.

* * *

DIDJA KNOW THAT—"Strangler" Lewis is a Christian Scientist? . . . . Vanka Zelesniak, Russian star, is now sporting an ape-like beard? . . . . Marshall Blackstock has a farm at Springfield, Illinois? . . . . Paul Jones once owned a large florist shop and a boat race track, but lost both in the depression? . . . . The Pat O'Shockers are pfffftt? . . . . Joe Muhl spends his spare moments selling beer dispensers? . . . . Lou Plummer must be included in the list of "Ardent Anglers"? . . . . Dutch Hefner started his wrestling career in Beaumont, Texas? . . . . Broadway Johnny Cox is Morris Sigel's matchmaker?

Whitey Hewitt specializes in the "Hangman's Noose," which is the act of twisting the ring ropes around an opponent's neck? . . . . Lou Plummer, ex-Notre Dame gridder, floored Referee Joe Muhl, when the latter tried to stop Lou from pummeling Dr. Stanley Lurich, after being declared winner? . . . . Frank Thomason, Muskogee, Oklahoma, wrestling referee, has filed suit for $10,400, against Sam Avery and Gene Ellis, promoters, because he suffered a broken leg when thrown out of the ring by one of the grapplers?

One Houston mat show was so uninteresting, that a fan slept until four in the morning and found himself locked in the Auditorium? . . . . Lou Daro was a strong man with a circus until he began promoting in Los Angeles in 1920? . . . . Mike Nazarian is grappling again after serving time? . . . . Dorv Roche, former Pennsylvania coal miner has made a big hit in the South? . . . . Roche, a heavyweight, is only about five feet, six inches tall but is a very hard man to catch a hold on?

Jim Browning, recognized in New York State as world's heavyweight champ, is a red hot baseball fan, and his brother Fred is a pitcher with the Des Moines team of the Western League? . . . . Joe Varga, California Hungarian, is now grappling in Australia, and figures to make about $20,000 in six months? . . . . Four of the seven Dusek brothers wrestled on the same card at Des Moines, Ernie and Joe winning, and Rudy and Emil obtaining draws? . . . . Abe Kubey, Seattle promoter, is running a middleweight elimination tournament, the winner to meet Gus Kallio for the title?

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

A. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am fifteen years old and weigh 125 pounds and stand 5' 5"; how can I increase my height? How much would I increase it in one year were I to follow "How to Increase Your Height" book?

A.—Stretching exercises and chinning the bar would turn the trick. At your age in one year, you should be able to gain 1½".

An Ardent Reader, Fredericton, N. B., Canada

Q.—Would bowed legs, if they were not too pronounced, hamper a boy who would like to become a professional boxer, provided he had ability?

A.—No. In fact, there is many a bow-legged lad who has made good.

Q.—If a man is 25 years old and has fought for 5 years as an amateur and is champion of his class, is he too old to turn pro?

A.—No.

William Hunt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am 6' tall, 18 years old and weigh 170 pounds, am I built for boxing, what should I be at 21?

A.—Yes, you are okay. Get "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box." You should be 184 pounds at 21.

A Steady Reader

Q.—Who is the oldest living man who was recognized as a champion?

A.—Jake Kilrain, who was recognized as American title holder at the time that John L. Sullivan had temporarily retired. Kilrain now works at the Fore River Ship Yards and is 73 years old.

Casimir Carol, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—What should the measurements of a boy 16 years old be?

A.—I am sorry that I cannot utilize the space of the Question and Answer page to questions pertaining to future measurements.

Q.—Would Jack Johnson have won from Jim Jeffries in his prime?

A.—Problematical. This is a question of judgment only. It would have been a terrific battle with neither favored in the odds.

Q.—Where can I purchase the April, May and June issues, 1933, of The Ring and at what price?

A.—Send 15c for each issue to the Ring office, Madison Square Garden Arcade, N. Y. C.

Q.—What is the present address of Jack Johnson?

A.—He is back in New York again.

Helen Dean, Louisville, Ky.

Q.—I have an excessive waistline and would like to reduce it. I am otherwise athletically built, and am a good all-around athlete. Would you suggest friendly wrestling matches with some of my girl friends who, like myself, are good athletes?

A.—Yes. Wrestling will help considerably. So will bending exercises; rolling on a barrel will likewise aid. Try the use of the medicine ball. I hope you reduce your figure to a slim 16—that's my type.

Frank Enlimex, Seymour, Victoria, Australia

Q.—I know that you are opposed to answering queries relating to future measurements, but please make an exception in my case. I am 18 years old, 5' 11½" and weigh 152 pounds. When I reach 24, do you think that I will be heavy enough and tall enough to become a heavyweight wrestler?

A.—Yes. You should be 6' 1½" and about 186 pounds.

Q.—Have there ever been any Australian boxers who could compare with the American champions of the past?

A.—Yes. Les Darcy, Creedon, Slavin, Griffo, Peter Jackson and Australian Billy Murphy.

Anny Folsom, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—Would bicycle riding broaden the thighs and would such exercise strengthen my ankles?

A.—It would not broaden the thighs, but would harden the muscles and develop them more perfectly. Yes, the ankles would be strengthened.

A Reader, Des Moines, Iowa

Q.—How would Hymie Wiseman, Louie Mays and Ollie Bartlett have rated three years ago? Is Dave Nemo of Des Moines showing any promise?

A.—Wiseman looked very good as a featherweight. Mays was tough but not much class and Bartlett was a rugged customer who was always trying. Nemo is still in the early stages of development.

John C. Herman, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—I've heard much of a New York fighter called Ray Impelletiere, managed by Harry Lenny. Is he really good enough to cause so favorable comment?

A.—Yes, a splendid prospect. Unfortunately, Lenny, a fine manager and trainer, has had difficulty in exploiting him. You'll hear from Ray some day.

"Boxing Bug," Honolulu, T. H.

Q.—I do about seven minutes of light bag, five minutes of big bag, five minutes of rope skipping and shadow boxing every day. I also spar now and then. Is that too much for me? I am eighteen years old; height, five feet five inches, and weigh 106 pounds.

A.—No. O.K. I would advise from two rounds of three minutes for each.

Young Sullivan

Q.—Did Stanley Ketchel have any sisters and brothers, and how many?

A.—Yes, one sister and one brother.

Q.—Who were the heavyweights he fought?

A.—Sorry, too many to list here. Get a record book.

Q.—How could I get in touch with Hype Igoe by mail?

A.—Bayside, Long Island.

Q.—What are the measurements of Lou Brouillard, the middleweight champ?

A.—Sorry, we cannot give measurements in this space.

Q.—How would you rate Ketchel at his best against Primo Carnera?

A.—Carnera would have beaten him.

Q.—I weigh 150 pounds, am twenty-two years old and am five feet eight and a half inches tall. What measurements should I have, and is it too late for me to start as a boxer?

A.—No, O. K. You should have a 70 reach, chest, normal 40, expansion 43 or 44, waist 31 and neck 15.

Thomas Dewart, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Has Maxie Rosenbloom been defeated more than three times since he won the title?

A.—Yes, many more, but all in overweight matches. Only a few weeks ago he was beaten for the second time by John Henry Lewis, Arizona Negro, who floored Maxie with a terrific stomach blow. Maxie claimed a foul and was given five minutes to recuperate.

Marjorie Kennedy, New Rochelle

Q.—Why doesn't The Ring give us some pictures of women boxers and wrestlers? I know what your personal attitude is but, candidly, I think your magazine is the greatest of its kind and can become even better if you give us girls a break. Come on, Nat, be a real sport. Let's have some nice photos of the female of the species. Your circulation will go up by the hundreds.

A.—Well, Marjorie, you are one of more than a score of readers who have asked me to do likewise and I have finally become convinced that you girls are deserving of a break. Starting with the next issue, I'll run several pictures of women wrestlers, if the girls send 'em in, and if I get some good boxing photos, I'll use those also. This does not mean, however, that I've altered my stand. I'll bow to the wishes of The Ring's patrons. Come on, girls, shoot in photos.

Charles Gold, Newark, N. J.

Q.—How old is Abe Attell? Where was he born?

A.—Born on Washington's birthday, 1884, at San Francisco.

Thomas Moran, New York City

Q.—Where is Pancho Villa buried? Was he ever given a championship belt by Tex Rickard?

A.—He is buried in Manila. He had a funeral fit for a king. He never received a belt from Rickard, but did get one from the House of Representatives of the Philippines because of the honor he brought to his people by winning the flyweight title. The belt is now in possession of the writer.

Mabel Talleraf, New Orleans, La.

Q.—Would the use of a fifty-pound bar-bell to strengthen my abdomen injure me? My brother uses bar-bells, but he said a woman would be hurt internally if she used them. Is that so?

A.—Your brother is right. Bar-bells are too heavy for a girl. Furthermore, their use would cause you to lose considerable of your womanly shape if you are well built, because it would cause a development of a part of the body that you least would want to become unshapely. I love the beauty in women, and I'm sure you do, also. If you seek abdominal development without getting bulgy muscles, why not try the ordinary exercises—bending, primarily?

Charles Horan, Woonsocket, R. I.

Q.—Recently I saw a fight in which one boy slipped and got both his gloves full of resin. The referee stepped between him and the fallen boy's opponent and when the lad arose, he stopped the fight and rubbed off the resin dust, then ordered the boys to continue. The referee, according to my watch, wasted eleven seconds. Is that fair? Should he have called time out?

A.—Eleven seconds is a long time to do the job. It should have been cleared in about four at most. Ordinarily, a referee cleans the gloves so rapidly that the time out is a negligible quantity. I should say that it is up to the referee to decide whether time out is necessary. So far as I'm concerned, I would rather see eleven seconds wasted than to see a lad's eyesight endangered. Wouldn't you? Incidentally, why not get a copy of my latest book, "How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight"? You'll find many interesting referee problems discussed in questions and answers.

John Dumas, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—How much money was taken in at the Dempsey-Willard fight?

A.—$410,732. You'll find all the receipts of the Dempsey fights in my book, "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana."

Robert Mason, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Was Bill Brennan, who was killed in a speakeasy in New York a few years ago, the same fighter as Knockout Brennan, who fought Tom Gibbons and Jack Dillon a few years ago?

A.—No. Bill Brennan was a heavyweight, who fought Jack Dempsey and other heavyweight stars. Knockout Brennan was a middleweight, a German-American, who hailed from Buffalo. Bill was an Irishman.

Harvey Thompson

Q.—Was Steve Ketchel, the lightweight, a brother of the famous Stanley?

A.—No. Not related. Stanley was of Polish descent, Stanley Kiecal being his proper name, while Steve was of Irish descent, Lester Oakes being his family name.

Mike Cavallo, South Bend, Ind.

Q.—What was Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's family name? I just came across some articles purported to be written by O'Brien, in which he declares that he was at one time the heavyweight champion. Was he?

A.—His name is Joseph F. Hagen. Yes, he wrote the articles for a syndicate years ago. He claimed the title after Jeffries' retirement because he had stopped Bob Fitzsimmons in San Francisco in the thirteenth round and then fought a draw with Tommy Burns the following year. He disputed the claim of Marvin Hart to the crown after Hart had stopped Jack Root in the twelfth round, but Tommy Burns settled all arguments by defeating Hart in twenty rounds, then winning a return twenty-round engagement with O'Brien.

P. L. Vlasich, Santa Cruz, Calif.

Q.—Do you consider "chinning" a good exercise to strengthen the back muscles?

A.—Excellent—also weight-lifting.

Q.—Does a person with a "ridged" back showing bulging muscles and large biceps necessarily have to be strong?

A.—No, but invariably such is the case.

Q.—I've seen Don George and Jim Browning beat those "burly-built boys" easily, yet the above two champions have no visible muscular development. Where do they get their strength?

A.—Shoulder development and powerful legs and stomach muscles.

Q.—Have there been any "Slav" wrestlers of any great importance?

A.—Yes—many.

Q.—Were the old-time "sixty-five-round bouts" contests of endurance?

A.—Certainly. Of course, you refer to bare-knuckle and skin-tight days when a round ended with a knockdown. Sometimes such a round lasted an hour.

Q.—Is Hackenschmidt (the one that wrestled Gotch) still alive? If so, what is he engaged in? What disease did Gotch die from?

A.—Hackenschmidt is still alive. He's physical director to House of Lords, England. Gotch died from blood poison.

Q.—Is walking a fair means of acquiring endurance?

A.—Yes; also running and rowing.

Q.—Why do some wrestlers wear tights that come down to their ankles? Is there any advantage in doing so?

A.—Their skin scrapes too easily. No, except that it protects the skin from scraping.

Q.—Do you consider a blow to the side of the head an effective punch?

A.—Very. It stuns.

Q.—What is the "scourge" of wrestlers? What do they eventually become afflicted with?

A.—Boils and skin infections. Often brings on blood poisoning. Also infections from resin dust in the eyes.

Phil McGaffney, New Orleans, La.

Q.—In the September issue of The Ring, in a story in which Jack Johnson is quoted, there is a sentence which reads: "Where are the boys who can measure up to George Dixon, McGovern, Gans and myself, all Negroes?" Do you refer to McGovern, the Brooklyn terror, when you speak of McGovern as a Negro?

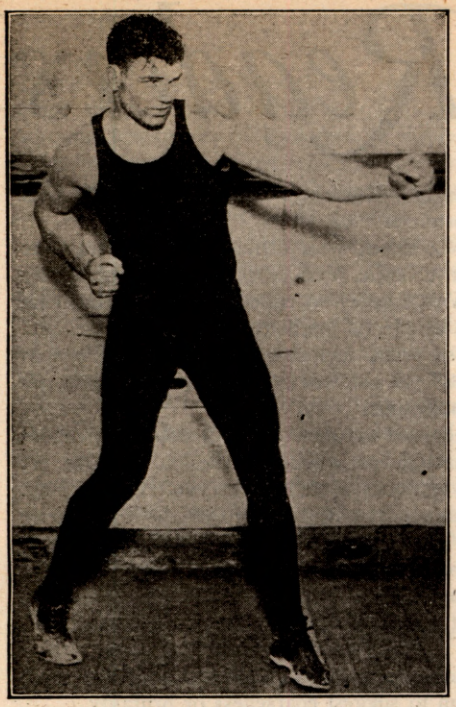
A.—I am mighty sorry that such a gross error appeared. The sentence carried the name of McVey and not McGovern in the original manuscript, but somehow the name was altered in the setting of the type and the error slipped past in the proof-reading.

Roasamond Menke

Q.—What is the age of Jimmy Vaughn of Cleveland?

A.—Nineteen years.

NAT FLEISCHER'S
UNIVERSAL BOXING COURSE



Jack Dempsey

Message to YOU
from Nat Fleischer

IT is not the essential purpose of this course to develop you into a professional boxer. However, it is my mission to teach you the rudiments of self-defense, minus all the hooey and trimmings which have complicated so many other similar attempts in correspondence courses.

A MAIL ORDER course, unsurpassed. Something you've always wanted but, until I decided to furnish it to you, you could not obtain anywhere.

The rudiments of self-defense and the outstanding rules of training and laws of health CAN BE TAUGHT BY MAIL and WILL BE TAUGHT BY MAIL TO YOU and I'LL PROVE IT.

You who take my course will be surprised at what you will learn in eight lessons, covering a period of sixteen weeks. I'll prepare you, in these lessons, to start your amateur career within three months after you get started and it won't be long after that when you'll be ready for a professional career, should you so desire.

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Two Weeks for Each Lesson —

You get one book every two weeks.

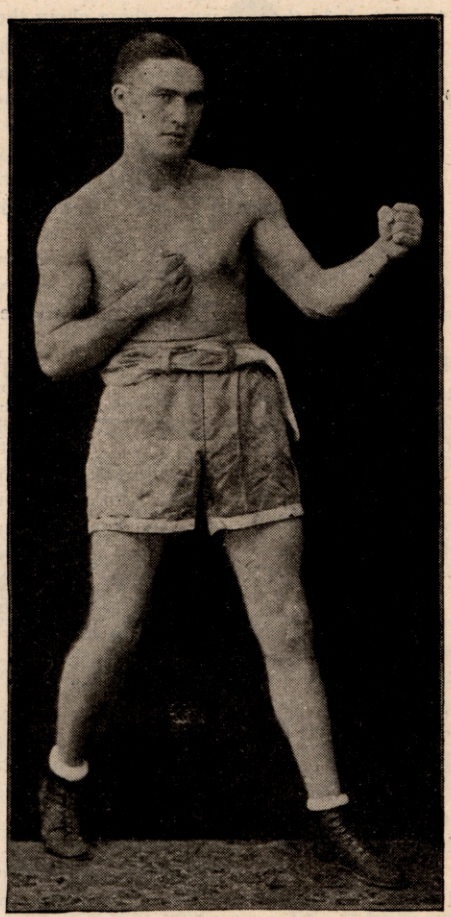
You who have used my books, "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box," know that Nat Fleischer is not among those who promise one thing and give you a substitute. He's on the level with you. That's why he has succeeded.

There is nothing "phony" about any of my offers. You get 100 per cent value for every dollar you spend with me.

Am I right, boys? You who have any doubts, ask those who are regular purchasers of my books.

Nat Fleischer knows his subject and he knows how to teach it to you.

Those who have studied his books KNOW THAT HE KNOWS HIS WORK.



Tommy Loughran

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Here's ANOTHER Feature —

I know that times are not what they were. Money is scarce and it is difficult for you to get any outfits. So I'm making this offer:

Free — No Red Tape — No Bunk Promises

With every enrollment you receive satin training trunks and a gymnasium shirt—both fit to your measurements—absolutely free. This is my gift to you.

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Here's Another Point Worth Considering

Because of the depression, I know it is difficult for you to spend $5.00, hence why not divide this sum with a pal?

The best way to learn boxing is to practice with another fellow. Work with him, study with him and you'll soon master the sport. **Therefore, I am making this extra offer. Your pal also will receive Free, a pair of Satin Trunks and a Gymnasium Shirt.**

You split the fee in paying for the course, and you and your pal get the trunks and gym shirts without any cost to either of you. And—for only $1.00 extra, your pal can also get the full boxing course for himself, the same as you are to receive.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT, CAN YOU?

You might ask, why so generous? The answer is simple. I want to see more of the youth of the land proficient in the art of self-defense. And I want to put an end to many of the BUNCOMBE boxing courses that are now flooding the market and that are gypping the boys of their good money without giving a fair return.

You all know what I have done for boxing and wrestling in the past, and still am doing. For years I've devoted my entire time to the sport and am regarded, if I may be excused for boasting, as somewhat of an authority. My books have been adopted by the leading institutions and by boxing instructors throughout the world, hence you may rest assured that what I'm now offering in my new venture is good from the first word to the last.

In this new course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY

The greatest fighter of modern times. He knows what the boys require and he helped me to give them the points that he considered of most importance.

I also had the help of such a great little fighter as

TONY CANZONERI

Holder of three championships

Also the **Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing,**

TOMMY LOUGHRAN.

Now you know why this course is, in my opinion, the

Greatest Ever Offered By Mail at Any Time and Anywhere.

You cannot go wrong. Your $5.00 will yield you a handsome return.

Also an enrollment blank, asking for your measurements and your employment, which will be returned to you with data showing what your measurements should be so that you'll be able to aim for that physical development during your training.

And after each lesson, keep in touch with me, consult me. I'll not only answer all your questions personally, but when you have completed the course, I'll continue to help you all I can.

Take advantage of this BIG OPPORTUNITY NOW.

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the lessons the same as you are to get. **Study Together and Train TOGETHER.**

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

Remember—Jack Dempsey, Tommy Loughran and Tony Canzoneri—**Three of the Greatest Ring Champions of Modern Times** have collaborated with the Author, Nat Fleischer, to give you the benefits of **Their Experience, Their Knowledge and Their Science and Skill,** in

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Letters from Our Readers

HAVING read a letter in your August issue written by one of our army of RING readers, in which he says he is opposed to women appearing in boxing or wrestling bouts, I wish to ask you to consider some things I submit on the other side of the matter.

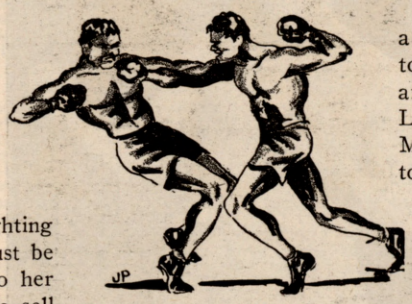
If you were to look through the files of the Hearst papers about 1901 or 1902, you would find an article written by Mrs. J. A. Logan, then among America's foremost newspaper writers and widow of "Black Hawk" John A. Logan of Civil War fame, Mrs. Logan wrote as follows:

"Women and girls are increasingly making fine showings in every branch of athletic sport and there is no reason why a properly trained girl should not enter the prize ring on even terms with a man and expect to win at least half her battles."

Please underscore that testimonial written by a leading American authoress.

Some ten or twelve years ago a physician said in the columns of the "Chicago Evening Post" that many of today's girls between twelve and fifteen years are physically on even terms with boys of the same age and could, with proper training, hold them even or defeat them in a real fistic contest.

In 1923 the "Physical Culture" magazine carried the picture of sixteen-year-old Beatrice Colson and a challenge issued in her behalf by her father, himself an ex-pugilist. He had trained and matched the girl since she was twelve years old. Beatrice had fought often in the ring in those years and showed admirable pugilistic skill.



Her father claimed for her the U. S. championship in her sex and weight and wanted to match her to fight any boy of her weight and age.

Your correspondent who objects to girls fighting in the ring believes that a girl doing so, must be coarse by nature and that the punishment to her breasts and abdomen must put her in line to sell pencils in her later years.

Let me answer that. No doubt some pugilettes may be coarse. So are many pugilists. Did you ever study the faces of some of our Chicago or New York Golden Glove battlers? Most of them look like savage cave men. Yet the prize ring has known gentlemen and scholars like Corbett and Tunney.

How about Mrs. "Bobby Burns" who has a fine ring record around Baltimore and who recently seriously sought prize fights with men?

A full-page Sunday paper counted up her contests and claims and here are the facts: Mrs. "Bobby Burns" had fought often in the ring and with some men and she insisted on real battles and would not have the men pull their punches because of her sex. The picture of Mrs. Burns showed a pretty, well developed, athletic looking girl whose many hard battles had not spoiled her looks in any way.

She was anything but "coarse." She loved good reading and had tastes for music and literature like Tunney has.

In 1896 I saw a picture in the "Police Gazette" of Celia Richards, the twenty-year-old pugilette, who first fought in the ring when she was a girl of fourteen.

Celia, so the article said, had six straight years of prize-ring experience and had fought about fifteen particularly hard and savage battles besides those she won easily. Yet, there was nothing coarse or masculine about her at all. And Celia was eager to battle men in the ring, on even terms, after having beaten every pugilette of her weight in her day.

Mamie Dunnaman's splendid picture appeared in the "Police Gazette" about 1907. She was then twenty-four years old, very pretty and regarded champion at that time. Mamie, too, had battled in the ring since she was fifteen years old and certainly seemed none the worse physically for her many fights, some of which were savage enough. Especially her grueling battle with Ellen Devine near Boston in 1907.

And did your correspondent who dislikes lady boxers ever see the pictures of Hattie Leslie, Vera Roehm, Beatrice Andrews or Fannie Elkmint? Well, Leslie was called the John L. Sullivan of her day. She was a wonderful pugilette, had fair features and shape, and while not so pretty and charming as Celia Richards of Mrs. "Bobby Burns," yet she was not a "coarse" woman, although she was a championess.

Vera Roehm was regarded the American "Championess" about 1916. She had been through many tough battles in the ring, yet she was pretty in face and body after her years in the prize ring.

Recently, I saw pictures in the old "Police Gazette" of Beatrice Andrews and Fannie Elkmint. As I recall them, Miss Andrews was then twenty-six years old, had fought in the ring since she was a girl of ten years and had come through many bruising battles. She had fought men, too. Fannie Elkmint was about nineteen or twenty years with a fair ring record and some terrific fights. Both girls looked quite pretty of face and body and there was nothing about them to suggest coarseness or brutality.

Does your correspondent read the "Literary Digest"? If so, he will find a true story in the July 29 number about a lady who had sung in the grand opera for many years and, at the age of sixty-five was scrubbing floors for a living.

Anyone can have a run of bad luck and take a terrible tumble from a good position in life, but to say that a pugilette will some day sell pencils after taking punishment in the ring is absurd. Let me ask him if he ever heard of Jeanne La Mar who was France's "Championess" and came to the U. S. A.? Miss La Mar had a long record of ring victories and she was known as a tigress in the ring. I saw her picture in the "Police Gazette" in 1931 when she was coaching Hollywood girls in boxing. She looked like a fine female fighting machine, but womanlike in appearance just the same.

And I know a woman who is now thirty-eight years old, married and has three fine children. She is the splendid picture of health and a fine specimen of womanhood. She lived, as a girl, in a mining town. She was very pretty and athletic. As a girl she used to love to fight and between the years of sixteen and twenty-two or twenty-three she fought often and met both girls and men in the ring.

She and her sister told me how Mrs. M— often came home from her fights with a bloody nose, or cut eye, or bruised breasts. Yet she never sidestepped a fight and the town admired her and loved her. She went to her fights in quite short dresses and very lightly dressed. Her fights were all in the open of a ring made by the onlookers who contributed coins to the battlers.

Several times Mrs. M— fought an Italian man who did not hesitate to punish her as severely as he would a man opponent. Because she and the man were keen rivals and could be depended on for a bruising battle, they were matched several times and the man had the advantage. He beat her up cheerfully and severely but she took it bravely and certainly the punishment she took on her breasts and abdomen, did not prevent her becoming a healthy wife and a good mother.

I saw several grueling wrestling matches between women, some years ago, in the local theatres. There were many women in the audience and all enjoyed the bouts greatly. I remember that there were punishment holds galore, but no "wrestleress" winced or cried for mercy and the bouts were not a bit coarse although they were severe. I am sure that no one in the audience found them "revolting" nor did any properly conditioned "wrestleress" suffer after her bouts.

Several times have there been pictures in the "Police Gazette" of fighting girls. I recall the picture of pretty fifteen-year-old

Claire Pnilozik, the Newark high school girl wonder, with an impressive record of victories over boys and girls. Also, some of a young Jewish girl of seventeen or eighteen whose hands were being bandaged for a fight before some athletic club in New York. Both pugilettes were lightly dressed and had full, rounded breasts and seemed to fear no blows on them.

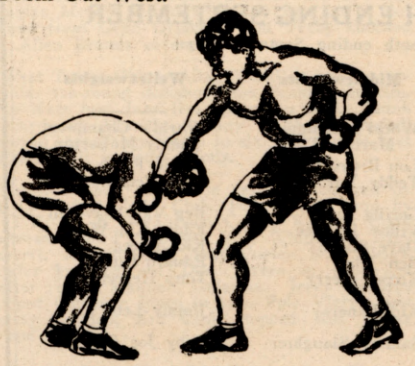
So please, Mr. Fleischer, don't omit accounts of girl prize fights from your excellent RING. There were days when women and girls were barred from every kind of sport, but today these ideas of keeping girls out of the prize ring or not telling of their battles and believing that all pugilettes are coarse, revolting, and will end as beggars are only fossilized ideas.

So I wish to join my request with those of Helen Bowles of Detroit and other of your lady readers and ask you to recognize our pugilettes and wrestleresses and write them up in a special column in every RING number. You state that you have records of many fights and bouts between girls or women. Your RING will be a real and all-around ring magazine when you include columns regularly, telling of the records of our girls and women in the prize ring and wrestling ring.

A STEADY WOMAN READER
From Out West.

* * *

I AM a regular reader of your paper, and have been, ever since I heard of it. Usually you are very fair regarding British and European boxers, but your remarks about Jacky Brown not being the legitimate world's flyweight champion are rather uncalled for.



When Frankie Genaro held the world title, he got k.o.'d in one round by Spider Pladner, won his title back on a foul, defended it successfully against your Midget Wolgast in a ten-round draw and against Valentin Angelmann on points, then lost it on a one-round k.o. to Young (Jose) Perez; making the latter flyweight champion of the world.

In the meantime Jacky Brown had beaten Bert Kirby for the British title, Lucien Popesco for the European title, Emil Degand, the champion of Belgium, twice; Vincente Savo of Italy, Desire Colignon of France, Jimmy Maharg, Champion of Scotland, twice; Ottavio Gori of Italy, Benny Thackely, twice; George Azig of Egypt, Percy Dexter, and Jean Curat of France, Len Beyon, George Maisden, Johnny Regan, Bob Fielding, champion of Wales and then lost on points in an odd weight match to Mickey McGuire, and on a foul to Tucker Winch.

He then met Perez for the world's title, and won on a technical k.o. in the thirteenth round. Since then, Brown has lost a doubtful verdict to Mura, whom Ginger Foran stopped, and on alleged fouls to Dave Crowley and Mickey McGuire.

In each case, Brown was well ahead on points at the time. His victims include Emil Degand, Young Perez in a return bout, Billy Bryon, and in defense of his title, Valentin Anglemann.

Titles can, or should, be won and lost only in the ring, not on the rulings of so-called "governing" bodies, so if Midget Wolgast fancies his chances, let him come over here and fight Jackie Brown before a neutral referee, in the same way as Brown had to when he beat Perez.

The following are my ratings of our boxers in England.

Heavyweights—Champion: Jack Peterson, 1—Jack Doyle, 2—Jack Pettifer, 3—Harry Crossley, 4—Charlie Smith, 5—Gipsy Daniels, 6—Jack London, 7—Norman Baines, 8—Kid Scott and 9—Frank Borrington.

Cruiserweights—Champion: Len Harvey, 1—Eddie Phillips, 2—Tommy Farr, 3—Seaman Rowles, 4—Jim Winters, 5—Bob Carvill, 6—George Brown, 7—Tommy Tucker, 8—Randy Jones and 9—Ted Mason.

Middleweights—Champion: Jack McAvoy, 1—Archie Sexton, 2—Ernie Simmons, 3—Jack Hyams, 4—Wal Disney, 5—Jack Ellis, 6—Tommy Moore, 7—Charlie Macdonald, 8—Tom Curran and 9—Leslie Ward.

Welterweights—Champion: Jack Hood, 1—Charlie Baxter, 2—Danny Evans, 3—Jake Kilrain, 4—Kid Berg, 5—Harry Mason, 6—Johnny Quill, 7—Leo Phillips, 8—Stoker Reynolds and 9—Fred Webster.

Lightweights—Champion: Johnny Cuthbert, 1—Norman Dale, 2—Jimmy Learoyd, 3—Tommy Spiers, 4—Jimmy Stewart, 5—Evan Lane, 6—George Odwell, 7—Billy Quinlan, 8—Harry Mizler and 9—Douglas Parker.

Featherweights—Champion: Seaman Watson, 1—Nel Tarlton and Tommy Rogers, 2—Sonny Lee, 3—Ginger Jones, 4—Tony Butcher, 5—Benny Sharkey, 6—Dick Burke, 7—Phineas John and 8—Johnny McMillan.

Bantamweights—Champion: Johnny King, 1—Len Beynon, 2—Albert Lindley, 3—Dick Corbett, 4—Dave Crowley, 5—Sammy Haines, 6—Tucker Winch, 7—Harold Lewis, 8—Billy Lewis and 9—Jackie Rees.

Flyweights—Champion: Jacky Brown, 1—Ginger Foran, 2—George Marsden, 3—Mickey McGuire, 4—Herbie Hill, 5—Tommy Pardoe, 6—Percy Dexter, 7—Jerry O'Neil, 8—Bert Kirby and 9—Ellis Ashurst.

RICHARD B. WEBSTER,
Berkshire, England.

* * *

EVERY month for the last six years I have bought THE RING at the newsstand, and I wish to state here that during that time, I have always been thoroughly satisfied with every issue of this fine magazine. It has given me many hours of enjoyable, interesting and instructive reading.

In the September issue this year, which I have just read, I was especially attracted by your editorial about fighters who are allowed to enter the ring with injuries, such as a cut over the eye, etc. Your advice against permitting a fighter to participate in a fight when he shows signs of having an injury at weighing-in time, should certainly be adhered to by the official examining physician.

I want to compliment you on the stand you made when you demanded to know, in the interest of the fans, why the official examining physician allowed Bob Godwin to box Maxey Rosenbloom in their recent fight, when it was plain to be seen at weighing-in time, which was about eight hours before the fight, that Godwin had a bad injury over his eye. You deserve the highest praise for directing your arguments against such incidents that will rob the patrons of witnessing a good fight.

In all of your editorial comments and other articles in THE RING, you have always argued for the benefit and protection of the fans who pay to see fights, and for this excellent work, you are to be commended. Here is wishing you, Mr. Fleischer, and your magazine, a more prosperous future and a greater success.

CLYDE S. HEINTZ,
Kansas City, Missouri.

* * *

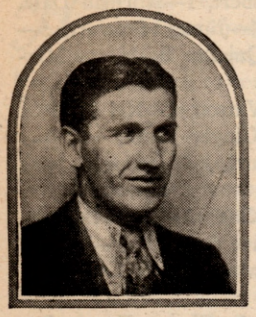
I HAVE been a regular purchaser of your excellent publication, THE RING, which seems to improve with each issue and it is a pity that we in England haven't a newspaper or magazine anywhere near so good. Perhaps if we did, it would considerably enhance the prestige of English boxing and produce a well-needed stimulant.

As a sporting journalist and an ardent enthusiast of boxing, I am naturally very interested in its contents and really I must admire the whole tone of your magazine. It is alive, to the point, splendidly straightforward, cleverly illustrated and, in fact, a real credit to the sport. I wish you every success with it. You certainly merit it and I hope that some day Englishmen will have something similar in the way of boxing publications to boast about.

ISADOR GREEN,
Camden Road, London, England.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN



THE close of the summer season ended with a glorious bang, with Barney Ross retaining his title against the determined assaults of Tony Canzoneri; King Levinsky coming through with one of his remarkable surprises by whipping Jack Sharkey, and Teddy Yarosz confirming his superiority over Vince Dundee by scoring over him in a return engagement. Those were the most important events that took place in September.

Starting off with activity in the heavyweight division, Levinsky heads all rivals with his victory over Sharkey. Unknown Winston whipped Tony Adolf Heuser in eight rounds. Teddy Yarosz repeated his victory over Vince Dundee. Gorilla Jones kayoed Johnny Romero in three rounds, Manuel Rubio Victoria in seven, Billy Papke in eight and drew with Hal Hoxwood. Ben Jeby whipped Joe La Grey. Young Terry kayoed Gene Moretti and Bucky Lawless in five rounds each.

Kid Tunero defeated Rodger Besneux. Sammy Slaughter whipped Battling Tracey. Henry Firpo won from Ray Tramblie and Roy Williams. Williams scored over Frank Battaglia. Tommy Freeman kayoed Buster Mallini in eight rounds. Jimmy Smith whipped Nick Venore and drew with Vincent Forgione. Frank Rowsey won from Vearl Whitehead. Angel Cliville scored over Angel Luis Torres.

In the welterweight class, Young Corbett, former champion, announced his retirement from future fisticuffs and is now an officer of the law. Billy Petrolle went to a draw with Sammy Fuller in Boston. Eduardo Duarry, hard-hitting Cuban, Willard Brown defeated Carlos Garcia and stopped Battling Shaw in four rounds. Al Foreman scored over Tommy Bland. Roger Bernard whipped Jimmy Slavin. Joe Ghnouly won from Bobby Lawrence. Chino Alvarez drew with Johnny Cook and whipped Erwin Berlier. Lou Lombardi kayoed Young Terry McGovern in nine rounds but was beaten by Joey Ferrando. Maxie Strub whipped Jackie Pilkington.

Freddy Miller assumes ranking position among the featherweights. He whipped Lew Feldman during the month and Feldman scored over Pete De Grasse. De Grasse bested Al Roth while Roth whipped Nick Scalba. Baby Arizmendi won from Cris Pineda. Johnny Pena defeated Young Tommy and fought Pinto De Sa in no decision contest with opinion divided as to the winner. Tommy Paul kayoed Little Dempsey in seven rounds. Mike Belloise defeated Vincent Renta. Eddie Shea disposed of Eddie Trujillo in seven rounds. Petey Hayes whipped Varias Milling. Jackie Sharkey defeated Lou Vine, Eddie Metz and Young Geno. Phil Zwick kayoed Roberto Gomez in three rounds and Vernon Cormier whipped Danny Tardugno.

In the bantam ranks, Young Casanova kayoed Harry Fierro in six rounds. Bobby Leitham defeated Jimmy Thomas but was beaten by Pete Sanstol. Joe Tei Ken scored over Little Pancho. Eugene Huat kayoed Mariano Arilla in four rounds. Babe Triscaro disposed of Frank Romero in two rounds. Dick Corbett whipped Len Beynon in England. Mose Butch defeated Frankie Wolfram while Chato Laredo scored over Baby Nationalista.

The leading flyweight, Midget Wolgast, defeated Freddy Lattanzio during the month. Ginger Foran whipped Emile Degand. Mickey McGuire defeated Praxille Gyde. Jackie Brown won over Valentin Anglemann. Maurice Huguenin drew with Maurice Filhol. Bert Kirby whipped Frankie Barron.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Johnny Naples, Portland, Me.
Bantamweight—Dewey Cannon, Mobile, Ala.
Featherweight—Jimmy Engle, Youngstown, Ohio.
Lightweight—Harry Mizler, England.
Welterweight—Laddie Tonelli, Ottawa, Ill.
Middleweight—Al Salbano, Syracuse, N. Y.
Light-Heavyweight—Harold Anderson, Flint, Mich.
Heavyweight—Jimmy Gibbons, St. Paul, Minn.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH ENDING SEPTEMBER

These are my ratings for the month ending September 23:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Primo Carnera	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Baer	John Henry Lewis	Lou Brouillard	Jackie Fields
2—King Levinsky	Bob Godwin	Teddy Yarosz	Billy Petrolle
3—Max Schmeling	Tony Shucco	Gorilla Jones	Bep Van Klaveren
4—Jack Sharkey	Joe Knight	Vince Dundee	Eddie Kid Wolfe
5—Patsy Perroni	Lew Scozza	Dave Shade	Kid Azteca
6—Johnny Risko	Wesley Ketchell	Ben Jeby	Eduaro Duarry
7—Tommy Loughran	Fred Lenhart	Young Terry	Tony Herrera
8—Paulino Uzcudun	Al Gainer	Kid Tunero	Jimmy Leto
9—Don McCorkindale	Billy Jones	Sammy Slaughter	Baby Joe Gans
10—Unknown Winston	Gordon Fortenberry	Henry Firpo	Paulie Walker

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast
2—Young Peter Jackson	Seaman Watson	Speedy Dado	Ginger Foran
3—Wesley Ramey	Jackie Wilson	Young Tommy	Mickey McGuire
4—Steve Haliako	George Hansford	Pete Sanstol	Jackie Brown
5—Benny Bass	Baby Arizmendi	Joe Tei Ken	Valentin Anglemann
6—Sammy Fuller	Lew Feldman	Little Pancho	Maurice Huguenin
7—Harry Dublinsky	Petey Sarron	Lew Farber	Maurice Filhol
8—Frankie Klick	Johnny Pena	Newsboy Brown	Lucien Popesco
9—Eddie Cool	Pinto De Sa	Bobby Leitham	Praxille Gyde
10—Lew Massey	Petey Hayes	Babe Triscaro	Percy Dexter

Galento. Young Stribling kayoed Benny Odell in one round. Steve Hamas and Charley Massare battled to a draw. Charley Retzlaff scored over Gene Stanton. Lee Ramage stopped Johnny Rousseau in seven rounds. Walter Neusel won over Harry Crossley in England.

Red Barry defeated Tom Kirby. Arthur Huttick whipped Jack Van Noy. Pietro Corri was beaten by Paul Cavalier and Abie Feldman. Al Ettore won from Salvatore Ruggirello. Obie Walker scored over Humberto Arce, Joe Sekyra whipped Les Kennedy. Larry Johnson whipped Bob Moody. Tony Cancela drew with Dick Daniels. Buck Everett stopped Corn Griffin in seven rounds.

In the light-heavyweight division, Maxey Rosenbloom scored over Leroy Haynes, Chuck Burns, Joe King but was beaten by Young Stribling. Bob Godwin defeated Joe Knight. Tony Shucco stopped Tuffy Griffiths in the fourth round. George Manley kayoed Ed Prante in two rounds but was stopped by Wesley Ketchell in four. Lew Scozza won over Johnny Nelson.

Al Gainer drew with Battling Bozo. Billy Jones whipped Harry English and kayoed Larry Johnson in four rounds. Gordon Fortenberry scored over Fritz Heinz. Harry Ebbets kayoed Dick Evans in two and Frank Lo Bianco in four sessions. Joe Banovic drew with Trader Horn.

Marcel Thil still heads the list of middleweights with his victory over Jack Etienne, notwithstanding the "N.B.A." Lou Brouillard disposed of scored a surprise victory over Tony Herrera. Jimmy Leto, coming youngster, turned in a win over Steve Haliako. Baby Joe Gans kayoed Buddy Jackson in eight rounds. King Tut defeated Battling Dozier.

Tracey Cox whipped Battling Shaw and kayoed Wildcat Monte in five rounds and Ritchie Mack in eight. Cerefino Garcia kayoed Eddie Frisco in seven and Meyer Grace in ten rounds. Billy Wallace whipped Ray Kiser. Eddie Holmes defeated Stanislaus Loayza. Al Wing Lee triumphed over Billy Townsend, Frankie Monroe and kayoed Joe Coffman in the first round. Murray Brandt scored over Pedro Nieves, Petey Gulotta, Tony Scarpati and Ray Napolitano. Billy Hogan defeated Patsy Pasculli and Phil Rafferty. Stanley Kranenberg won from Jimmy Phillips. Young Firpo whipped Buster Brown but was beaten by Manuel Quintero. Andy Di Vodi kayoed Benny Levine in two rounds and Joe Rivers scored over Sammy Mandell.

Heading the lightweight group, is Barney Ross holding his title against Tony Canzoneri's attempts. Lew Massey whipped Bobby Pacho but was beaten by Young Peter Jackson. Wesley Ramey triumphed over Cocoa Kid. Steve Haliako scored over Herman Perlick. Benny Bass won from Stumpy Jacobs but lost on a foul to Davey Abad in seven rounds. Harry Dublinsky defeated Jacquotte Elverrillo. Frankie Klick drew with Al Cuillo and whipped Eddie Cool and Tony Falco. Falco won from Buster Brown and Ernie Ratner.

BURMA BOXING NEWS

By EDWARD TIN THEIN

CONTRARY to expectations, the indoor season did not go along with a flourish. Unlike America, the indoor season falls between April and October, due to the monsoons, or the rains. This temporary decline of boxing is due to the fact that nearly all the bouts staged here did not please the fans. Lack of enterprise and failure to advertise, on the part of the local promoter is responsible for this. In spite of this, things are beginning to perk up, and from now on, the promoters are expecting to do good business.

In one of the best fights ever seen in Rangoon, Young Norman Goudie, the hard-hitting local bantamweight, created an upset by T. K. O'ing the clever Ceylonese bantam champ, Thajudeen, in the ninth round. Up to the time of the K. O. the Ceylon man was leading by a comfortable margin.

On the same card, George Sulzdorf, the local bantam sensation, and rival of Young Goudie, outpointed Harry Tice, the Indian lightweight, in six rounds.

Spider D'Cruz, lanky featherweight star, received his first setback at the hands of A. Amovsie, the Armenian welter, in six rounds.

Al Hutt, hurricane flyweight, continued his winning ways by decisively outpointing Young Oliviero, in six steaming rounds. Pound for pound, Hutt stands out as the best prospect around here. Hutt has two things, skill and a tremendous wallop.

Gunboat Jack, the champion of India, met with an accident while giving an exhibition of trick cycling in Madras, and injured his head and shoulders.

Young Pancho Aposto, the local flyweight, has been doing good work in Singapore. He outpointed Young Brown and Little Lewis. His victory over the seasoned Lewis, came as a surprise to all over here. Best of luck, Pancho.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN attracted the nearest-capacity house of the year, in his return to Montreal rings, to see him add the Canadian lightweight title to his British Empire laurels, with Tommy Bland, Toronto's ex-wearer of the Canuck crown, supplying the medium. This ten-round double-title battle between Foreman and Bland headed an attractive card arranged by Armand Vincent, who is doing the matchmaking for Dr. George F. Strean, a new figure in local fight promotorial ranks, with the Mount Royal Arena being the scene of action. The game is apparently back on its feet in the Canadian metropolis, as a good crowd of seven thousand or so had trekked into the Forum a week before to see Pete Sanstol eke out an unpopular verdict over Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam king, in a furiously fought twelve-round top-spot of a fine card presented by Matchmaker Alex. Moore.

Foreman gave an impressive display in outscoring the tall, rangy Bland, though many were disappointed that he did not score one of his frequent dramatic knockouts. But Bland proved too shifty and clever, concentrating on defensive ability to avoid the Britisher's lethal clouts, and this, combined with lack of ring action since he had fought in Australia last spring, proved too much for Foreman's hopes of adding another knockout victim to his lengthy list.

Joe Ghnouly, Gus Wilson's sturdy St. Louis lightweight, outsocked Bobby Lawrence, Toronto's overgrown Canuck featherweight champ, in the ten-round semi-final. The fight was hard-fought throughout, but Ghnouly proved too smart and tough for the game Toronto lad. It is likely that Ghnouly will oppose Foreman on the next card with the winner meeting Tony Canzoneri, which would be an unusual attraction.

Ray Cook, blond young Toronto stylist, was the outstanding performer in the prelim battles, though the judges decreed that he only earned a draw with Joe Marciente, rugged local Italian featherweight. Cook was much the better boxer, doing some deadly sharpshooting, but Marciente's occasional two-fisted flurries apparently caught the judges' eyes. Keep this lad Cook on your memo file—he's a sweet-looking comer.

The other pair of prelims were also hard-fought six-rounders. Phil Lightheart and Jack Dane, Montreal and Toronto heavyweights respectively, staged a mauling deadheat, while Tommy Rollings, redheaded local boy, outpunched his opponent, Wilf Carufel, only to get a draw.

Bobby Leitham gained more prestige in his battle with Pete Sanstol at the Forum than he or anyone else had bargained for. These bantam topnotchers staged a grand battle that the judges would have been wise to call a draw. Sanstol earned the more points, chiefly through Leitham's innumerable misses, but the fiery Verdunite inflicted far the most damage in their thrilling set-to that ended with two battered, arm-weary gamecocks pushing one another around in the twelfth and final canto. When the verdict, split at 2-1, went to Sanstol there was nearly a riot and Leitham gained a host of new followers.

Sanstol's eye was so badly gashed that he has been forced to the shelf for a month, so Leitham is taking on the N. Y. Commission's world's flyweight king, Midget Wolgast, who was scheduled to meet the winner. Sanstol may be ready for a return bout with Leitham by the time this is printed. Leitham had established his class by beating Jimmy Thomas, Pittsburgh negro sharpshooter, on a previous card, marking his first appearance since returning from a notable tour of British rings, as well as the successful comeback of his stable mate, Frankie Martin, who speeded through to an impressive six-round win over sturdy Biff Lemieux.

Roger Bernard, Raoul Godbout's junior lightweight star, spanked the fattened-up Jimmy Slavin, ex-Brooklyn bantam pride, in the ten-round semi-final. Bernard's body barrage was too stiff for Slavin, and Roger made his best showing of the year. Harry Gerson, local bantam comer, outclassed Frankie Regis, Brooklyn, in a six-rounder, Freddie Bernard, Roger's heavy-hitting welterweight brother, outslugged Bill Carruthers in a rough tussle and Frankie Fiore fought a hard-fought six-round draw with Johnny Keller. The opener didn't last long when Frankie Martin hung the K. O. sign on Eddie Martin, his local bantam rival, in two rounds.

STRAY SHOTS—Lefty Gwynne, Toronto's Olympic bantam titlist, convinced local fans of his class by his decisive eight-round win over Harry Gerson in the semi-final to the Leitham-Thomas scrap . . . . Gwynne may be ready for Leitham in another eight months . . . . the Queen City promoters could have a red-hot attraction in a return Foreman-Bland struggle . . . . amateur boxing getting underway for big season in Montreal . . . . these kids give *action* . . . . the N.B.A. issued their annual "joke" . . . . their ratings failed to include Al Foreman, and Bobby Leitham, a leading bantam . . . . they rate Black Bill among the flyweights despite the reports that he died some months ago . . . . wonder how they forgot to include John L. Sullivan, Joe Gans, Terry McGovern and a few of those boys . . . . they have as much right to be rated as the unfortunate Black Bill . . . . Yours truly will have been down to Broadway, plus a hop to Philly for the Loughran-Sharkey mill, a peek at the world series, a jaunt to Connecticut and back home between the sending and printing of these notes.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

OXFORD, KANS.—The Oxford Athletic Club is one of the most active fight towns in the state. A small spot, but they do have real fights and know their fighters. Amateur fights are sponsored bi-monthly. Bill Nevitt won a (T.K.O.) in two over Young Gidion. Bobby Hull beat Ralph Ketchum. Curley Cook beat Eugene Scott. Jack Shippey won on a foul in two from Vaughn Stotts. Kid Anderson knocked out Harry Giles in one. Dave Howland knocked out Kid Smith in one. Billy White knocked out Vern Carl in one. Leonard Noel knocked out Glenn Snell in two rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results. Bud Schildknecht beat Joe Lobeck. Bill Phillips beat Bob Preston. Joe Adelman beat Bud Swanson. Irvin Smith beat Pat Doherty. Earl Yates beat Frank Gail. Chester Ruddy beat Douglas Moody. Leonard Spears won on a foul in one from Gene Driskell. Tom Yerby knocked out Allen Brands in one round.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Allan Whitlow won an unpopular ten-round decision from Frankie Graham. Glen Nute beat Joey Dragon in ten. Billy Blunk knocked out Frankie Spenny in three. Haskell Howard beat Bogey Smith in six. Bill Morris beat Johnny Hull in four rounds.

Oxford, Kans.—Amateur results sponsored by the Oxford Athletic Club. Billy Canny won by a (T.K.O.) in three from Curley Karnes. Clare Patterson beat Pat Gravel. Billy White beat Tony Lazerri. Everett Ogle beat Curley Neill. View Seigler knocked out Dan Livers in two. Lee Nutter beat Manuel Ledesma. Jerry Jenkins stopped Clarence Jones in two. Polo Vierya beat Jimmy Rodden. Kid Cook stopped Kid Young in one round.

Kansas City, Mo.—Bus Breese beat Peewee Wilson in six rounds. Jackie Fell shaded Steve Ketchell in six. Eddie Boughen knocked out Davey Jones in five. Chuck Reinhardt beat Joe (Red) Haas in six. Gorilla Stevens knocked out Rickey Bass in one round.

Florence, Kans.—Brooks Robison knocked out Cliff Kelly in the fourth round of a ten-round main event. Jack Charvez beat Fred Reese in ten. Red King and Kid Helm drew in six. Max Evans knocked out Ralph Lutt in two rounds.

Hutchinson, Kan.—Kenny Hill knocked out Tarzan Burdette in six rounds. Bus Breese beat Bobby Hull in eight. Freddie Raigoza shaded Lawrence Potello in six rounds.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Frankie Wolfram beat Kid Granite in ten rounds. Midget Mexico beat Mickey Flynn in ten. Chief Paris beat Johnny Nichols in six. Ike Bayouth beat Ray Youmans in six. Ralph Updegraft knocked out Buddy Hawkins in two rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Bus Breese knocked out Jess Freeman in four rounds. Harold Matthews knocked out Jerry Jenkins in five. Roy Jacks beat Chick Jarboe in six. Tommy Gibson knocked out Louis Gray in five. Mickey Weston knocked out Jack (Red) Allison in three rounds.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Lou Terry and Frankie Graham bout called "No Contest." Billy Blunk beat Madero (Chili) Villareal in ten. Forrest Cannon beat Red Crisp in six. Mickey Flynn beat Chief Paris in six. Indian Billy Hill beat Rural Sharpenstein in four rounds.

LOOSE AND DRIFTING—Glen Snyder, manager of boxers and fight promoter, has sent his good bantam to the West Coast to be handled by George Moss. Snyder has already started pro shows and will continue having bi-monthly shows. Oxford Athletic Club officials are going strong with amateur shows and plan a strong card for October. Jack Slattery is busy with a strong stable of "pro" and amateur boxers. Kent Robison is staging successful "pro" shows at Florence, Kansas, and intends opening at McPherson soon. Johnny Husong, a very capable referee of Wichita, is keeping fairly busy. Ira Krueger states he will start the game in Neodesha soon. Scotty Fraser of Chanute contemplates opening here. Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, reports renewed activity in the fight game in this state. Vince Santry matchmaker for promoter Lefty Creamer of Tulsa, will start the indoor shows at Tulsa soon, formerly held in open air arena at West Tulsa.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

PROMOTERS at Mobile, Alabama, and Galveston, Texas, will have the advantage of Martin Burke's extensive experience, in the staging of boxing shows at those points. Burke has consented to assist the powers at the Alabama city and also help Sam Maceo in Texas. New Orleans will not lose his services, though, as Burke will continue as top impresario there. Phil Gaffney is also helping over in Galveston.

Chino Alvarez, heavy-handed Cuban lightweight, could not keep Ervin Berlier, New Orleans, on the canvas despite clubbing him down six times for counts. Chino received the plaudits of the Crescent City fans by walking away with the ten-round decision.

In the six-round semi-final, Baby Kiser, 157-pound Oklahoman, beat Moon Couns, New Orleans, with a well directed body attack. Joe Sailee, 114 pounds, battered Little Tommy, Filipino, to win a four-rounder.

Hopping over to Mobile, Ala., the following week, Chino Alvarez battled a draw with Johnny Cook, Crescent City veteran. Leslie Rush, Mobile, kayoed Red Martin, Gilbertown middleweight, in the semi-final.

The scramble for the contract to promote in the interests of the Mobile American Legion post finally ended in the awarding of permission to Bill Schreiner. The unsuccessful bidders were Sam Powe, promoter for the Disabled War Veterans; Charles Barrett, erstwhile Legion impresario, and Clyde Conway.

Before leaving for the green pastures of Texas, Curtis Mullens, Mississippi welterweight, boxed his way to a ten-round decision over Spike Webb, Savannah, Ga., in a Mobile ring. On the same card Sailor Blalack, Mobile, was the winner over Horace Burkel, Boston, Mass., welter, in ten rounds.

That roaming Floridan, Murray Cribbs, is looking after the interests of the Kiser brothers, Ray and Baby, of Oklahoma. Headquarters will be in New Orleans. Cribbs also has Al Jerome, clever New Orleans featherweight, under his wing. Reports show he is going good in Florida arenas.

Little Jimmie Perrin, New Orleans, has entered the circle of rated bantamweights with three wins. Jimmie had his revenge on Dewey Cannon, Mobile, with a kayo. Cannon held a ten-round decision over the clever Perrin.

Patsy Flannagan, New Orleans veteran, tasted a ten-round beating in Mobile, while Jesse Aldeman, touted Brookhaven, Miss., lad, was counted out in the first round of his match with Perrin at the New Orleans Garden A. C.

Promoter Martin Burke staged two more of his popular all-star programs with excellent financial returns. Included in the winners were Nutzie Liuzza, 112, New Orleans, who easily outpointed Johnny Edwards, Barberton, Ohio. Snooks Campbell, Miami, Fla., lightweight, decisioned Roy Calamari, New Orleans. Each bout went ten rounds. Augie Camarata, 129, New Orleans, settled keen rivalry with a technical knockout in the tenth of a ten-spot go with Jimmy McNamara, New Orleans. Russell Gonzales, Filipino, fought to a draw with the same McNamara.

The first show staged by Maceo and Burke at Galveston was a pugilistic success, but a howling hurricane kept down the attendance. Indications were, however, that Galveston will be a profitable spot. Billy Wallace, Cleveland Eskimo, defeated Ray Kiser, Tulsa, Okla., in the feature.

Tracy Cox, Indianapolis junior welterweight, seems to be the fair-haired boy in Texas rings right at present. Cox, in quick succession, has beaten such Lone Star favorites as Curtis Mullens in ten heats at Beaumont; Battling Shaw in ten rounds at Laredo, and Wildcat Monte by the kayo route at Fort Worth.

Maxie Rosenbloom is the first champion to appear in Texas rings under the new legalized boxing laws. Maxie gained a lot of new admirers in defeating Joe Rice, Fort Worth heavyweight, at Fort Worth.

OUTCROPPINGS—Credit "Red" Walsh for the excellent cards presented at the New Orleans Garden A. C. . . . . Gus Kallio, middleweight wrestling champ, owns a farm near Arcadia, La. . . . . When it comes to training and seconding scrappers, there are none better than Pete Kelly . . . . J. G. Heckard has his Beaumont middleweight, Joe Dundee, going in great shape . . . . From the nose busting business to the pulpit, is the ambition of Buddy Danner, Mobile lightweight, now a theological student . . . . Ralph Chong is in Los Angeles under the direction of Johnny Fisse . . . . Jack Gibbs beat Mickey Hazuda, Pittsburgh, Pa., middleweight, at Beaumont . . . . Send your notes to the writer at 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE closing major match of the summer season was brought out when Barney Ross successfully defended his lightweight title against the onslaughts of Tony Canzoneri, the former titleholder. It was rumored before the match that Canzoneri would retire from further ring service if he failed to retain the crown. Although it is only our opinion—and whatever consolation Canzoneri can derive from that, he is entirely welcome to—he did not really deserve losing the official verdict.

Harold Barnes and George Kelly, the judges, disagreed on the winner and it was left to Referee Arthur Donovan to cast his vote and he decided in favor of Ross. Barnes gave his vote to Ross, while Kelly voted for Canzoneri. Donovan gave his reason for voting for Ross because of three foul blows delivered by Canzoneri in three separate sessions.

There is a ruling in New York State that when a referee penalizes a fighter in any particular round for low punching he must publicly warn the offender and then notify the judges of the penalization. This, Donovan did not do, and no one knew of his opinion until the conclusion of the contest, when he stated that he took the title away from Canzoneri because of the three foul losing rounds.

As far as the fight went, it was a brilliant display and one of the hottest scraps ever witnessed between lightweights. It was a shame to select a winner and a loser out of such a scrap, but Tony didn't lose prestige by the verdict. It was a type of battle that will boost boxing and encourage interest in the boxing game.

Ross proved himself a plucky, two-fisted battler and one who will wear the crown of champion for some time. His work should improve in the future and the increased confidence that the title carries along with it will make him a formidable foeman difficult to whip.

It was a splendid turnout and the gate attracted over $102,000 net receipts, a mighty sum for these times. Al Weill, who engineered the match, was deserving of considerable credit for the smooth manner in which things were conducted and his two publicity men, Mike Cohen and Chick Wergeles, were entitled to unstinted praise for their efforts.

Lou Ambers outscored Joey Costa in the six-round semi-final of a stirring tilt. Billy Hogan looked great in whipping Patsy Pasculli. Al Roth whipped Nick Scalba and Billy Walker kayoed Nick Pastore in one round, while Carmen Knapp defeated Bobby Bruno in the opening four-round fray.

King Levinsky, the enigma of the heavyweight division, came back with a vengeance when he banged out a decisive victory over Jack Sharkey in Chicago. He floored Sharkey in the first round for the count of seven and piled up a convincing margin in the remainder of the rounds. This puts Levinsky right there with Baer among the heavyweight contenders and will give Carnera another heavyweight rival to play with. Levinsky has never shown to advantage around New York but his latest performance places him on the preferred list. Sammy Wolff promoted the show and after giving Sharkey his guarantee of $25,000 had enough left to compensate him for his efforts. They drew around $46,000 net figures. Levinsky received 60 per cent of the gate receipts out of which Sharkey's guarantee was deducted.

How a dignified body like the National Boxing Association could ever assemble an aggregation of "contenders" for public digestion, as was recently issued, is a complete mystery. It's too bad that they couldn't devote themselves to a useful purpose and strive to attain constructive criticism instead of making themselves the laughing stock of the sporting world with their selections. It is rather difficult to compile an accurate list and it requires keen judgment and absence of bias, but apparently this faculty was overlooked by the selection committee.

In reviewing the entire list from heavies to flyweights, we bring out the most noticeable discrepancies. In the heavyweight division, Johnny Risko was overlooked entirely, and considering that his last start was a victory over Loughran, who is ranked sixth, the selection merits an explanation.

In the light-heavyweight ranks, John Henry Lewis, who twice whipped Rosenbloom over the weight, and Tony Shucco, another conqueror of Rosenbloom's, are both overlooked. A grave error is discovered in the middleweight ranks when they fail to mention Marcel Thil as the world's champion.

The N. B. A. sanctioned the world's middleweight scrap between Thil and Gorilla Jones, which was won by Thil, and declared him the world's champion following that bout.

In the welterweights, Young Corbett is still rated highly but his retirement evidently failed to influence the N. B. A. not to include him. Jackie Kid Berg is listed with the 147-pounders but he is still a lightweight.

In the lightweight class, they overlooked a leading Pacific Coast figure, Young Peter Jackson, a mighty personage in the 135-pound class.

Among the featherweights, Fidel La Barba is still rated, despite his retirement several months ago and Seaman Watson who whipped La Barba in Fidel's last start is not mentioned.

In the bantams, they include Baby Arizmendi who is a featherweight. Among the flyweights are listed Speedy Dado and Little Pancho, two crack bantamweights, and also Black Bill who has been dead for nearly a year.

Some selection! And to think that such men try to rule boxing.

The Coney Island Stadium finished its outdoor season with a show that featured Lew Feldman and Pete De Grasse. These featherweights provided a corking scrap which was won by Feldman. Lew seems to have recovered the form that he possessed last winter and is certain to reach top ranking again. Petey Hayes scored over Varias Milling in another hot scrap at the Stadium and De Grasse won the decision over Al Roth in other features that were held this past month. This club proved the saviour of the best local prospects, running shows weekly and giving the Coney Island patrons some exciting action. Arkie Bass and J. Humbert Fugazy, joint promoters, will shift their headquarters for the winter to the historic Broadway Arena, Brooklyn. Morris Sacks expects to open Stauch's Casino for the indoor season, featuring nothing but local youngsters.

Charley Massare and Steve Hamas furnished the fireworks locally in the only heavyweight match of importance staged in New York. This was the crucial test for Massare, who had been making great strides in the heavyweight division and was looked upon as one of the outstanding prospects. He stood up under the test and although the official decision was a draw, it was the consensus of opinion that Hamas was the lucky party in getting an even break. It was a great scrap and the finish bordered on the sensational that it would have been a crime to call a winner. This fight proved expensive to Massare, as he injured both hands during the battle and was forced to remain on the sidelines for several months, losing the opportunity of meeting Patsy Perroni in the Garden. Al Cuillo, Brooklyn's speedy southpaw, established himself solidly by holding Frankie Klick to a draw in the semi-final. Murray Waxman's protege did himself proud in this battle and it should help him a great deal in the future to secure work.

Midget Wolgast sailed for Europe to engage in three bouts under the direction of Jeff Dickson. This is the smartest move Wolgast ever made and his style should establish him solidly in European circles. His speedy boxing and lightning left hand will be appreciated. Eddie Walker and Jimmy Coster went along with Wolgast. Walker will represent Jimmy Kelly who was unable to make the trip. Walker was given a great send-off by his many friends on the *S. S. Berengaria* before sailing, among them some choice, delectable beauties from the Paradise Restaurant. Jackie Kid Berg returned to New York with his charming bride, on a honeymoon trip, and his judgment is to be complimented. Jimmy Leto, young brother of Tony Leto, former featherweight, is fighting in great form around the New England States.

Teddy Yarosz repeated his victory over Vince Dundee, this time in Newark. Yarosz has improved immensely since outgrowing the welterweight class and should provide Lou Brouillard with a great scrap for middleweight honors on this side of the ocean. Doc Avery has taken over Red Stockman, a heavyweight formerly with Dan Carroll, and is bubbling over with enthusiasm about his charge's possibilities. Pinkie Lou Masters reports that Jake Denning is going good in the South and would like to hear from the Northern promoters. Pinkie can be reached at 1911 Waters Ave., Savannah, Ga. Sammy Goldman has added two new prospects to the stable that look better than passable—Julie Katz, former Golden Glove bantam champ, and Frankie Genovese, former Olympic entry from Toronto, who weighs 140 pounds. The newly elected president of the N. B. A., Edward Foster, of Rhode Island, came out with a "brilliant" statement when he said that managers were unnecessary to a boxer's progress and he intended to eliminate them as much as possible. It would be much easier doing away with boxing commissions in many parts of the country and would prove much more advantageous to the interests of boxing, especially those who list dead fighters in ratings!

You can often judge a person's character by the manner in which he accepts a loss and by the same token judge the winner in the same fashion. That is the best way to summarize the splitting up of Tim Mara and Al Weill in the closing venture of the outdoor season. Their dispute was not publicized but on good foundation we can safely say that they will not be together when summer comes around next year. Al Weill had one more match to stage outdoors before the close of the season—Petrolle and Van Klaveren—but he released it to the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club for a good-sized profit. This is another Garden match, being forced into a small club because of the differences existing between Jimmy Johnston and Jack Hurley, Petrolle's manager. By the looks of things, there will be very few Fridays occupied by boxing at the Garden this winter. Canzoneri may meet Chocolate in New York and the winner to clash with Ross for the lightweight title.

Billy Wallace, following his victory over Ray Kiser at Galveston, motored to Los Angeles, his home, for his first visit in five years. There is plenty of action on the Coast for Wallace. Young Peter Jackson in Los Angeles, and Ah Wing Lee in Portland, being two of the tentative matches arranged. Peggy McAllister and Rita Roy, two beauties in the Paradise Restaurant, are friendly with the two outstanding lightweights of the country. Peggy is keen on Ross, while Canzoneri favors Rita as a companion. Berg recently married an English show girl, Dempsey tied the knot with Hannah Williams and Max Baer's interest in movie circles leads one to believe that boxing and show business are close relatives. Primo Carnera adopts Victoria Hotel as his New York home because of the made-to-order bed installed by General Manager Roy Moulton. Eddie Walker left many casualties behind among the females when he sailed for Europe—principal among them being Claire Carroll, Ann Howard, Louise Gay and Myra Lott.

Dave Lumiansky and Jeff Dickson are on opposite sides on the promotional battle existing in England. It seems odd to see two Americans battling on foreign soil. Al Brown was suspended for one year by the I. B. U. of Europe because Manager Lumiansky objected to a certain referee selected by that body, to referee the championship bout between Brown and Johnny King. Lew Stillman made a wonderful move when he shifted headquarters to the business section of Seventh Ave. Ross trained there for two days and hundreds of people were turned away owing to lack of space. Lew Raymond is still located in Pittsburgh and intends promoting there with his ace-in-the-hole, Teddy Yarosz, as the outstanding card. Raymond helped develop Yarosz by nursing him against proper opponents and Manager Ray Foutts feels an obligation on his part and will assist Raymond every possible way.

Gabe Kaufman sends word along that he has taken over the Arena in Kansas City. It has a seating capacity of 3000 and every seat is so elevated that the last rows can get just as good a vision as the front rows. Wrestling is held on Mondays and boxing on Fridays. His new headquarters are located at 15th and Troost, Kansas City, Mo.

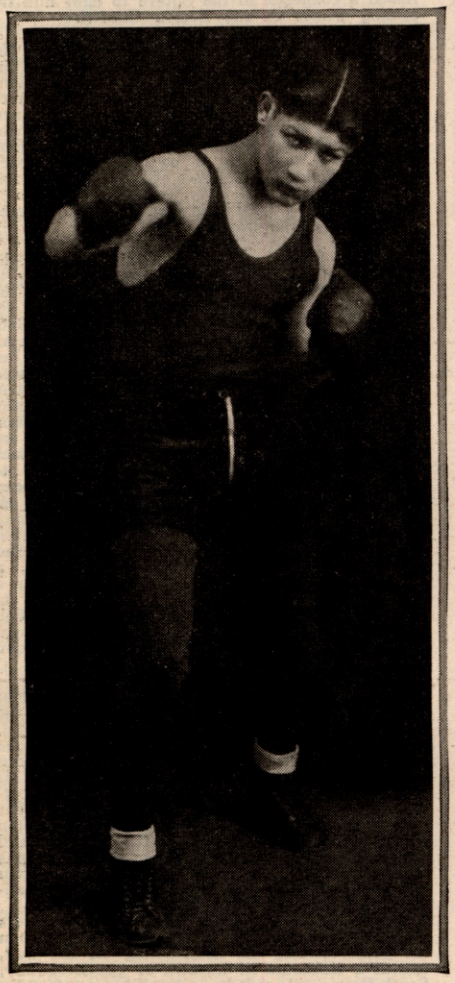
SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

IN one of the best fights of the season, Young Rightmeier, Sioux City bantamweight ace, and Frankie Wolfram of Winnipeg, Canada, battled eight sensational rounds to a draw. These two balls of fire will have to be matched over a longer distance if there is to be a decision for either one.

Another good fight saw Frankie Graham, Oklahoma City lightweight, shade Johnny Stanton of Minneapolis in six; Floyd Morey, a classy lightweight from Lincoln, Nebr., beat Jess Ackerman in six; Frankie Pollock shaded Terry Griffith in four; Kid Newman beat Carl Detray of Detroit, Mich., in four; Mickey Slater shaded Kid Mann in four.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—One of the best crowds of the season turned out to watch Johnny Martin, veteran Larchwood, Ia., middleweight, beat Irish Kennedy of St. Paul in six; Bobby O'Dowd and



Alfred Gaona, Mexican welterweight, now in New York.

Kid Swezy fought to a draw in six; Johnny Stanton knocked out Reddy Adair in the first round; Wayne Short shaded Ernie North in six; Tag Jensen beat Kid Hargrave in six; Lee Savoldie knocked out Howard Ryan in the last round of their sixer.

Omaha, Nebr., at one time a bright spot on the fistic map, will again stage regular boxing shows under the leadership of the Elks' Club, with Dick Grottee as matchmaker. At present, there is a good bunch of boys working out at Jensen's Gym. Included in the list are Millip Millitti, welter; Sonny Sofio, lightweight; Tommy Corbett, lightweight; Jimmy Wooten, lightweight; Sammy Musco, bantamweight, and Buzz Smith, lightweight. Sofio, Corbett and Smith are three of the best prospects in Omaha right now.

Allen Whitlow, St. Louis lightweight, and Tommy Corbett of Omaha drew in eight rounds at Riverview Park Arena. It was a poor match, with both fighters being herded into greater activity by the referee, Ted Zanfes. Sammy Mosco and Bobby O'Dowd fought six very close rounds. There was not one clinch in the whole fight. A draw would not hurt either boy. Kenny Kent beat Tag Jensen in six; Tuffy Dial knocked out Jack Osman in two; Mickey Slater defeated Mickey Scott of Los Angeles, Calif., in four sensational rounds; Bud Lymer knocked out Angelo Perry in three.

Waterloo, Ia.—Harry Hobbs knocked out Billy Thompson in three; Freddy Thompkins beat Kid Lehr in six; Whitey Dale beat Billy Hallahan in four; King Court knocked out Young Neuman in three.

Oskaloosa, Ia.—Tolly Anderson, Mason City light-heavyweight, scored a three-round knockout over Johnny Newman; Buddy Kelly drew with Kenny Crouch in six; Billy Henderson beat Popeye Eslinger in four.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—Johnny Stanton, Minneapolis lightweight, knocked out Bobby Rendley of New York City in three; Tag Jensen beat Duane Maddox in six; Roy Cossette beat Everett Roe in six; Ollie Bartlett and Bobby O'Dowd drew in six.

A word about Young Everett Rightmeier, the classy bantam, who is making a hit here this season . . . . The youngster is only eighteen years old . . . . He has been boxing around five years, and has a total of sixty-five fights . . . . At this writing, he has won all but one . . . . He is under the management of his dad, who was a boxer away back when— . . . . Local fans think the boy will go places . . . . There is no doubt he will make it tough going for any boy he is matched with . . . . Watch him!

Paul Anthony, former Sioux City boxing promoter and manager, has signed up as matchmaker for a boxing club at Burlington, Iowa. Anthony is after boxing talent and can be reached care of Reilly's Cafe, Burlington, Iowa.

Jack Charvez of Topeka, Kans., lasted seven rounds with Larry Udell in an eight-round rematch; Buzz Smith shaded Al Manriquez in six; Young Rightmeier and Sammy Mosco fought six to a draw; Keath Weaver lost a hair-line decision to Kid Miller in four; Angelo Perry beat Nick Costango in four; Phil Staddy shaded Red Stanley in four; Terry Griffith beat Harry De Vore in a fast four.

THE LAST BELL—Fred Griffiths, well-known Sioux City boxing manager and father of Tuffy, died at his home in Sioux City . . . . Fred was on hand for all the fights, and he will be missed by his many friends . . . . James E. ("Jim") O'Phelan, night sports editor of the St. Paul, Minn., *Pioneer Press*, died after several months of sickness . . . . Jim was well known throughout the country and had a world of friends in the boxing game.

Jefferson, Ia., has staged some very good shows this season. Tony Fuente, heavyweight boxer, is the big card there . . . . Humboldt, Ia., also entered the boxing list with a show . . . . Kingsley, Ia., is also staging weekly shows . . . . Ferson Carr and Alton Grudgings have staged a number of good shows at Oskaloosa, Ia.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—My new list of boxing promoters will be ready about the middle of next month . . . . Owing to the cost of getting this out, I will have to charge a small price, ten cents per list . . . . The list will contain the following—Promoters in So. Dak., Minn., Nebr. and Iowa. The best spots, and a list of the leading boxers . . . . Sailor Burke who has been staging boxing shows at Arnolds Park, Iowa, has closed down for the season . . . . Harry Jones, local boxing promoter, has staged a number of dandy shows this month . . . . Jones will hold some high-class indoor shows this year . . . . Reddy Adair, veteran lightweight who has been staging a comeback, met with a big setback, when he was knocked out in one round by Johnny Stanton of Minneapolis . . . . Adair is through, and promoters should keep this in mind and pass the vet up when making matches . . . . Frankie Wolfram who has been making Sioux City his headquarters, outpointed Kid Granite in ten rounds at Tulsa, Okla . . . . Mickey Slater is making headway on the four-round curtain raisers . . . . Slater, a bantam, is one of the best-looking prospects of the youngsters . . . . Ray Mann, local welterweight, is on the side lines . . . . Red Stantley of Portland, Ore., is a clown fighter and a big hit here . . . . Frank Koops, boxing manager of Lincoln, Nebr., says the RING is a big hit there . . . . Sonny Sofio, Omaha lightweight, has been training under the wing of Whitey Eckert, Chicago trainer . . . . Sofio has had thirty professional fights and never lost a decision . . . . Fight managers, boxers, trainers and promoters can be found around the Martin Billiard Parlors . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin, matchmaker for the Elks Club at Sioux Falls, So. Dak., has the fans turning out in good crowds . . . . O'Loughlin lost money on his first two shows, but after he showed the fans he had something to offer, and was willing to take a chance, he soon had the fans coming . . . .It looks like the boxing game out here has put the run on the wrestlers . . . . Don't forget that our address is 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa . . . . Your news is what keeps these notes agoing, so send them in.

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

BILLY PETROLLE, the famed "Fargo Express," made his first professional appearance in Boston, September 8—a Boston Garden debut with our own Sammy Fuller the other principal. When the ten-round fistic part of Petrolle's Beantown debut was completed, the officials handed him a draw. Starting that night and continuing up to the present, Hubites have been arguing among themselves whether Petrolle got the worst end of the deal, had a "gentlemen's agreement" not to knock Fuller out, merely intended to win a close decision without much exertion because the "house" was none too good, had a damaged right hand or is about ready to cash as a great fighter. Perhaps one guess is about as good as another, while Jack Hurley, mentor for Petrolle, before leaving town for other parts, declared that his "Express" had been made the victim of a "Boston decision" and that several of the sports writers, including yours truly, didn't know a 100-per-cent fighter, meaning Petrolle, when they saw one.

The fight itself, which everyone was led to expect would be a sort of a kill-devil affair, was a disappointment, inasmuch as after the fourth round Fuller began to get frightened, he realizing that Petrolle could both outbox and outpunch him. This the "Express" did and maintained enough of an edge to entitle him to the decision. However, in about every round, by actual stopwatch count, Petrolle did about only thirty seconds of real fighting—went to bobbing, ducking, feinting and pulling his punches whenever Fuller showed serious signs of folding up.

After the bout it was explained that Petrolle was merely trying to make Fuller fight, also was endeavoring to maneuver him into position for a kayo, all of which may have been the case though such was not our impression. In any event, all of this maneuvering came to naught for, barring a right-hand slam to Fuller's ear in the final round, which sent the Bostonian down, but for no count, there was no knockout. Furthermore, when Fuller was sent to the resin in the tenth, and immediately got up, he came back fighting and landed the majority of what few blows could be scored during the remainder of the round. Petrolle most certainly failed to follow up his advantage, no matter what he, Hurley or anyone else may have to say on that point.

The contest demonstrated several facts, among them being that Fuller, as a big-league card, is about done, the same largely due to himself. He has rusted, due to his long layoff since his defeat by Jimmy McLarnin in New York last December, he having had but one fight, a Maine no-decision affair, since that time. In that lone encounter, he met one K. O. Costillo of Bath, Me., and the Pine Tree State sports writers ruled for the home boy. Sammy may be able to snap out of it, but we doubt it. As for Petrolle, he shaped as a cool, crafty, clever ringster—a chap who thoroughly knows his business but—who has passed his tops and intends to retire from the game before many months. Whether this latter opinion is correct or not remains for the future to decide.

The term "Boston decision," which originated fully twenty years ago, and implies that an outsider cannot get a fair "break" in the Hub, no more applies to ring affairs in this city than it does to a hundred other boxing centers outside the boundaries of Massachusetts. Occasionally, bad decisions are given here just as is the case elsewhere. It is human to err. In the vast majority of cases, however, the awards made in Boston rings average as close to being 100-per-cent correct. Visiting ringsters do get the "breaks" here—get just what they are entitled to, and often, more.

It is fact and not fiction that the complaint in this city has been that outsiders have received better treatment than the home performers. In our more than thirty years of covering sporting events, boxing in particular, we have seen this work out many times—know whereof we speak.

All of which brings us to another event—the knocking out of Tuffy Griffiths of Chicago by Tony Shucco, the Boston light-heavy, a native son of Italian parentage, the night of September 6, in the Mechanics Building. The fight, a scheduled ten-rounder, marked the feature bout of the initial tourney of the new Burke Sporting Club, behind which organization is Bobby Burke of Miami, Fla., a former "big shot" in matters sporty in the southern winter playground. Shucco came into the ring at 177 to Griffiths' 187 pounds, and immediately started to box circles around the Mid-Westerner.

He blocked off or sidestepped Griffiths' attempts to down him with savage hooks and swings, with results about 50-50 in the first round. Shucco outboxed his man in the second and third and then, in the fourth went in to finish him. Tony met Griffiths' rushes with lefts to the face, and, in close, rights to body. Suddenly a right hook to chin sent Tuffy down for seven. Back on his feet, Griffiths took a left to chin and went down for four. When he came up Tony was after him like a tiger—doubled Tuffy over a top rope, and, as he was helpless, a towel was tossed from the Griffiths' corner ending the one-sided bout. The time for the round was 2:40.

This win, coming atop of Shucco's recent victory here over Lee Ramage, also the fine record piled up by the Italio-American within a year, has given him a tremendous boost. With the possible exception of Sharkey, Shucco today is the best-looking fistic proposition in New England. He reminds in many respects of Tommy Loughran when the latter was at his best.

On Sunday, September 10, Shucco took unto himself a bride and now is on his honeymoon.

As pertains to Shucco's future, negotiations are now on in his behalf to send him against Jack Petersen, the British heavyweight champion, in a fifteen-rounder to be fought in London, the weight to be 180 pounds. Shucco, a native of Chelsea, Mass., though a resident of Boston for eighteen years—a shining light of the town's "Little Italy"—is twenty-two years old and has been boxing as an amateur and "pro" since 1929. He has fought in every class from lightweight to heavy, and sports a longer and better fighting record than the British champion. As he is a worthy foe of the Briton and is willing to make the crossing to England on terms which British promoters should be able to meet, there is a chance that the negotiations may amount to something.

Lou Brouillard, claimant of the world's middleweight title as the result of his win over Ben Jeby in New York, is being warmed up for an early meeting with Adolph Heuser of Germany in the Boston Garden ring. The distance is to be ten rounds. As Heuser is the heavier man—probably will weigh around 170 pounds, Lou's titular claims will not be at stake. Despite the difference in the weights, the Worcester boy is generally liked as the probable winner. Recently Brouillard announced that he felt equal to more than duplicating Mickey Walker's stunt of holding Jack Sharkey to a draw and, in connection, issued a challenge to the Squire to fight him the coming winter in the Boston Garden.

Charley Retzlaff of Duluth, fighting in the semi-final to the Petrolle-Fuller affair at the Garden, won a seven-round decision over Gene Stanton of Cleveland, all without too much trouble. Gene was in there to go the distance, and Retzlaff to knock him out. The latter tried hard enough, but when it was all over Stanton was on his feet. In a co-semifinal of seven rounds, Tommy Romano of Watertown and Werther Arcelli of Italy, welters, went to a draw. It was a good fight and the fans cheered both boys all the way.

Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., holder of the N. E. light-heavy title, hooked up with Vittorio Livan of Italy in a ten-rounder, staged by the Cycle A. C., at Beachmont, Mass., August 29, the affair going the distance to a draw. Both put plenty of work into the fray. In the semi-final, Tom Kirby, the Roxbury heavyweight, out of the game for months, came back, but lost a ten-round decision to Red Barry of Washington. While Kirby escaped serious damage, he being a remarkably clever boxer, it was clearly demonstrated that his fighting days inside of ropes are over. He is not likely to make another comeback attempt. Having a good job, he is likely to stick to it, picking up occasional extra money as a sparring partner. In the gym as an instructor he is par excellence.

A few nights later at Nashua, N. H., Conrad took on Paul Bakanas of Medford, Mass., a ten-rounder, and for the second time within a few weeks, the latter held the Granite Stater to a draw. The show drew very little money. Following it Conrad gave notice that he was through with boxing and from now on will give attention to his ice business in New Hampshire.

Joseph Taylor Gilman, for three years president and manager of the Boston Garden, died on the night of September 15, in the Newton Hospital, Newton, Mass., where several days previously he had undergone a major operation. He had been a sick man for months but had remained at his post until absolutely forced to undergo an operation. Harold Dibble of the N. Y. Garden has been appointed temporary head of the Boston Garden, pending a meeting of the directors and election of a new president. President Gilman was fifty-three years old, and was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1905, where he was all-American guard on its football team.

The Irish-American A. C., successful promoters of amateur and "pro" boxing events in Boston for years, noting the handwriting on the wall, opened a clubhouse of its own at 390 Broadway, South Boston, where it has a small but comfortable arena. In its first sporting event there, an amateur boxing tourney, the club drew more than a thousand fans and went over the top. George Freeman, years ago active inside of ropes, and ever since connected with the game, is one of the heads of the club. The Irish-American A. C. is the first organization to return to the former small club idea—staging fights that will pay for themselves, and, in the staging, serve to develop some real fistic talent.

Leo Numa (right name Gerald Anderson) of Seattle, Wash., who six weeks ago came within an ace of knocking off Ed Don George for the world's heavyweight mat crown, also later on held Nick Lutze to a draw, successfully accomplished an iron-man stunt on September 13, when he whipped two opponents, one after the other. These chaps were "Bull" Martin, the Jerseyman—who rejoices in the title of "Roughhouse Champion," and Regis Siki, the colored giant, who for months has been doing some very good work here. Numa, once the "Black Secret" and famous because of his toehold, worked that lock on both of his foes. Martin surrendered after 39 min. 48 sec., and Siki in 28 min. 30 sec. Both however, gave Numa plenty of trouble. The Seattle blond is slated to wrestle Jim Browning in New York at an early date, and later may go against Champion George.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

IT'S so seldom that I receive an opportunity, I cannot resist saying I told you so.

Everybody knows now that Barney Ross, lightweight and junior welterweight champion, and King Levinsky, fourth ranking Chicago heavyweight, can fight. Only great fighters can whip fellows like Tony Canzoneri and Jack Sharkey. Ross defeated Canzoneri for the second time in three months at New York and Levinsky decisively defeated Sharkey at White Sox park. Both fights were determined in September. The champion and Levinsky give to Chicago two of the greatest boxing attractions in ring history.

The Sharkey-Levinsky bout, the first major professional bout held outdoors here in five years, was a financial success. The paid attendance was 21,218, but at least five thousand more saw the fight. From nightfall until Sharkey and the King reached the ring, hundreds of boys and men clambered over the iron picket fence of Sox park. Others crashed unprotected gates.

The gross receipts were $56,598. Taxes cut this to $47,159. Of this Levinsky received sixty per cent—$28,290—from which he paid Sharkey a guarantee of $25,000, leaving a profit of $3,290 for himself and a much coveted victory. Promoter Sammy Wolff's profit was estimated at $5,000.

Levinsky outpunched the Boston fighter in nearly every exchange. When the battling was toughest, it was Sharkey who backed away. While Jack did not realize it the bout was over as far as he was concerned in the first half minute. He met Levinsky in ring center with a hard left jab to the head. The blow touched off the dynamite and Levinsky whirled his right hand over head and let fly. It landed on Jack's left ear. Sharkey stepped back. Again the Chicagoan unleashed his right swing. This time it struck on Jack's jaw. Sharkey crumpled sideways to the canvas. He arose at the count of seven.

Levinsky's efforts tired him and the former champion, by cautious retreat, kept from further trouble. Sharkey's best work was done in the sixth and seventh. Sharkey was boxing better and with three rounds to go, it seemed he might even up the score. Suddenly the tide of action flowed back to Levinsky. Twice he pinned Sharkey against the ropes, only to miss with tremendous roundhouse swings. Jack scarcely fought back in the final seconds, so intent was he on evading Levinsky's attack. The King delivered several hard blows without a return just before the final bell.

Maurice Rivkin, Marigold Gardens promoter, has leased the Midway arena for weekly shows on Friday during the winter. He will continue to present cards at the Marigold arena on Monday . . . . Lou Novarro, Cuban lightweight, has placed himself under the management of Leo Tadych of Chicago . . . . J. Curtis Sanford of Birmingham, Ala., has obtained an option to offer bouts at the Coliseum Annex this season.

Karl Ogren, claimant of the Swedish middleweight title, has recovered from a jaw fracture, sustained when he held Vincent Sireci to a ten-round draw at Northwest stadium.

Ray Tramblie, Rockford, Ill., middleweight, has been retired by his manager, William Bostelmann . . . . Eddie Shea, South Side featherweight, is reported to be in good form in bouts in California . . . . Sammy Levine, West Side 126-pounder, has placed himself under the management of Jack Eile.

OPENING THE MAIL BAG: From Rene Armengol, 3437 Garfield Avenue, Detroit, Mich.—Dear Sir: Where can I locate Tony Cancela?

Ans.—Tony Cancela, former Tampa, Fla., heavyweight, is a stablemate of King Levinsky. He can be reached at Kid Howard's gymnasium, 116 Madison Street, Chicago.

REMINISCING—Eddie Shea, having the appearance of picking up something while boxing in the amateur ranks, with his head almost touching the floor prior to tossing left and right swings at his foe . . . . John Bon, manager of John and Frank Mirabal, is a dry-goods merchant in Evanston. He has a summer home at Madison, Wis. . . . . Jack Sharkey's true name is John Zukasskay not John Cocoskey. That's what he told me and he should know . . . . He received $206,803 for his bout with Jack Dempsey in the East in July, 1927, 22½ per cent of $1,075,000. Dempsey was given $252,759, or 27½ per cent of the gate.

Packey McFarland, Illinois athletic commissioner, wearing last year's hat . . . . The sheriff and thirty-five deputies in Cicero arresting three hundred spectators at the Billy Cepak-Sammy Frager contest at a hall at 29th Street and 49th Court . . . . Benny Ray, fight manager, suffering with hay fever for the twelfth straight year . . . . Paulino Uzcudun, Basque heavyweight, killing two young bulls at San Sebastian, Spain . . . . Freddy Caserio, Golden Gloves champion, greeting customers at his Ringside Tavern at 1904 South Wabash Avenue.

Packey McFarland is financially interested in the E. Porter brewery at Joliet, Ill. . . . . Al Keegan, heavyweight stablemate of Tuffy Griffiths, is working at "The Chicago Tribune" . . . . Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis, Minn., featherweight, opened a letter addressed to Jack Sharkey, former heavyweight champion, and it was written in Lithuanian . . . . Dave Barry, Illinois athletic commission referee, was unable to play at his regular position at fullback on the Northwestern University football team of 1906 against Walter Eckersall and University of Chicago because the old "Inter-Ocean" printed the information that he was a professional boxer and ineligible. Barry was taking up a course in medicine. He quit college after three years.

Fidel La Barba, retired undefeated flyweight champion, who made his last ring appearance against Seaman Tom Watson, is very sensitive about his injured left eye. He underwent three operations on the eye after his battle with Watson and his physician said it would return to normalcy within six months. La Barba stopped off here en route to his home in Los Angeles, Cal.

Yank Taylor, radio editor for the "Chicago Daily Times," is a real fellow. A great fight fan, too. He was probably sitting in the first row at the Sharkey-Levinsky fight. Has a nose for news and scoops most of the other radio editors. Whenever you wish a perfect radio coverage just read Yank Taylor's column, Listening In.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

FREDDY HEINZ, middleweight from Saginaw, lost to Kid Leonard, E. Moline, Illinois, in the eight-round feature bout at Chicago. Harold Anderson, at present light-heavyweight champion of Michigan, showed good form in stopping Willie Oster, veteran from Chicago, in the second round of their scheduled ten-rounder at Flint. Oster was knocked down three times before the fight was stopped.

Billy Jones, Philadelphia Flash, outpointed Harold English of Toledo. Pete Petroskey, Muskegan, knocked out Mike Flaherty, Toledo, in the first round of the semi-final. Reuben Edmans, Muskegan welter, defeated Mickey Hayes, of Toledo, in six rounds. Fred Payne, Ludington, stiffened Joe Lombardo, Toledo, in the second and Jack Jellich, Bessemer, outpointed Eddie Gortat of Muskegan in the four-round opener.

Holman Williams, colored 130-pounder from Detroit, shaded Wilbur Chevalier, Bay City, in ten rounds at Mt. Clemens. Red Casson, Detroit bantam, outscored Joey Dodge, of Pittsburgh, in the semi-final.

Sammy Mandell, just a shell of his former self, was decisively defeated by Iowa Joe Rivers (Pete Reyna) in ten rounds at Windsor. Mandell was floored once. Mandell should retire while he has the chance.

Tony Tassi and Ken Offet, Detroit featherweights, battled to a draw at Dearborn. Frankie Zavidil, Ecorse, outpointed Billy Walker, Detroit, in six. Harry Nelson, Detroit heavy, stopped Tom Colbert in two; Ray Johnson beat Mickey Dodge and Morris Turniack beat Georgie Bond. All are from Detroit.

Orville Drouilard continued his winning ways when he scored over Mike Kolnick, of Hamtramck, in eight rounds. Milton (Babe) Albrecht defeated Billy Phipps, of Toledo and Popeye McAuley defeated Eddie Trongo in six-rounders.

Milton Reeves, Detroit negro, outpointed Kid Ketchell, Pontiac, in six rounds at Trenton. Jackie Young, Detroit lightweight, flattened Ray Burnett, Pontiac; Speedy Johnson, Pontiac, beat Morris Turniack, Detroit; Mickey Hollaway, Detroit, stopped K. O. Pimento, Pontiac; and Jim Allesia, Trenton, drew with Butch Gamble, of Carleton, Mich., in the preliminaries.

Reuben Edmans, Muskegan welter, didn't have much trouble with Marty McHale of Cleveland in the six-round main go at Hazel Park. Pudgy Pete Petroskey knocked out Eddie Rand, Cleveland, in the first round of the semi-final

At Mt. Clemens, Orville Drouilard scored over Jimmy Rankin in eight rounds. Billy Gerbe, Detroit, beat Harold Anthony, of Detroit, in the semi-windup.

In preliminaries to Drouilard and Rankin, Jack December knocked out K. O. Morgan, of Mt. Clemens; Sammy McAuley beat Tommy Meeking of Windsor; and Adam Helzer, Mt. Clemens, beat Red Lemanske, a fellow townsman.

Anyone wishing Michigan boxing promoters' lists can get them from me for a quarter. If you want the record of any good Michigan fighter you can get it from me at the same price or ratings of national fighters in any division at 25c. Address Mickey McIntire, Route 3, Deckerville, Mich.

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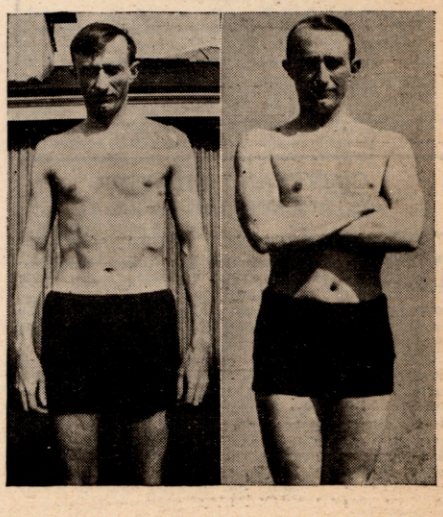

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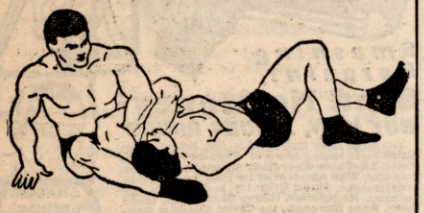

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CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

NOTHING of interest has taken place in Cleveland during the last six weeks and there is little indication of conditions improving to any extent. Not due to business troubles but to the unfair taxes and exorbitant rent charged by the Public Auditorium.

Besides the ten per cent government tax on boxing shows, the state demands the same percentage and the local boxing commission gets six per cent from all receipts, which brings the dollar down to seventy-five cents when a fighter gets his percentage. The Auditorium charges a flat rental of fifteen hundred dollars for the night with the privilege of twenty per cent which makes it impossible for any promoter to run a show, unless he gets the fighters for absolutely nothing.

A great match for Cleveland would be King Levinsky with Patsy Perroni. This would introduce two of the most likely looking figures in the heavyweight division today, and it would pave the way for a new opponent for Primo Carnera or Max Baer. Risko, on the strength of his recent victory over Loughran, is entitled to another crack at the headliners.

Tommy Hudson is training at Jimmy Avon's gym on West 25th Street.

Marty McHale is still barnstorming around the state—winning many of his fights. He will get started around Michigan soon.

Steve Nugent has several of his boys going to Michigan in six-rounders. He has a large class of amateurs he is preparing for the winter season.

Jimmy Vaughn boxed Cecil Payne three times at Louisville, and gave him three good scraps.

Buck Everett, Gary, Ind., heavyweight, is about the busiest heavyweight in the Middle-West. He has made two or three trips to Winnipeg, Canada, and is going back there soon again.

Jimmy Dunn, is now running Joe Tumas, Argonne A. C. on Superior Ave., where he has Ross Fields, Al Getchel, and several other fighters ready to box anybody in their respective classes.

George Nolte of Akron is starting his winter and fall season this month at the Firestone and expects to run every Saturday night.

Bruna Sala is boxing around Pennsylvania rings and is anxious to box any light-heavyweight in the state.

Mickey Dugan has taken a trip to the sunny South and expects to box in Birmingham, Ala.

Little Al Corbett, who was a member of the Dun stable, has branched out as a promoter and put on a Milk Fund show at East Cleveland.

In a wild swinging affair Joe Bauer outpointed Joe Malinky, golden glove light-heavyweight champion, in the feature bout of the evening. Tony Zagar, 135, won over Curly Barnett; Jimmy Kittleman, 118, beat Don Goode, 126-lb. class; Vince Nerevice beat Micky Cardas; twenty-five hundred fans witnessed the show.

Jerry Sachs, the soldier of fortune, is still at his summer camp, where he is looking for talent. He might stay there all winter, as he plans on running shows, both amateur and professional.

Babe Triscaro got off on his right foot at Los Angeles. He scored two straight knockouts, and the fans have gone for him.

Al Zill will run monthly shows at Youngstown.

Any good heavyweight wanting work will please get in touch with the writer.

Lakewood has passed a boxing bill, and ex-Mayor Tom O'Malia will be the new promoter out there, at the Elks Club.

Johnny Risko and Danny Dunn are back from their fishing vacation. I would like to advise Danny to keep on fishing and see if he can get that Kingfish (Levinsky), on his line.

IN BUCKEYE STATE
By J. R. BASCO

Frankie Wine, the Montana heavyweight, who has been out of action for three months with a broken hand, knocked out Alex Knaub of Billings, Montana, in five rounds at Williston, N. Dak.

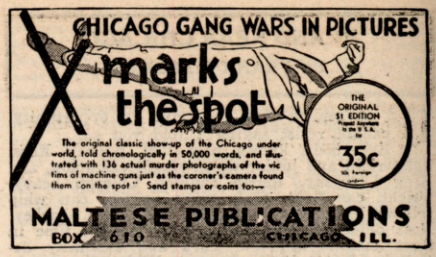
Frankie Wolfram, the fast-stepping Winnipeg bantamweight, is going like a house on fire. After winning two straight ones by a knockout at Chicago, he jumped to Sioux City, Ia., and fought Young Rightmeier a draw. At Tulsa, Okla., he beat Kid Granite in ten rounds and then beat Mose Butch of Pittsburgh at Youngstown, Ohio, in ten rounds. Wolfram is a great little bantam.

Jimmy Vaughn, sensational Cleveland lightweight, is about the best-looking prospect around Cleveland, besides Patsy Perroni.

Bud Scrutchings, little colored Akron lightweight, hurt his hand and had to call off several matches.

Young Stribling got back into action by easily beating George Neron at Beckley, W. Va., in ten rounds and then knocked out Benny O'Dell in two rounds at Rome, Ga.

Lou Office, the Dayton, Ohio, promotor, staged a bout between Joe Sekyra and Les Kennedy, and drew a good gate. Sekyra won easily.



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We have just received from our foreign representative 100 copies of "How to Second a Boxer." These books are now out of print, but when we had them, we sold 2000 copies to an Australian firm and because of the many requests for this book, we have paid a premium to have 100 returned to us.

These have now arrived and will be sold starting September 20. When these are gone, there will be no more available until December 30.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

WITH the Freddie Miller-Lou Feldman match off his list, Promoter Herman Katz is now dickering for the Music Hall for the winter season, where he will probably feature Freddy in a title match. Katz also figures to show Tony Canzoneri or Barney Ross. Miller won handily in ten rounds over his New York rival at the Parkway Arena before the largest crowd in over three years.

Cliff McWhirter, the young Canadian featherweight, is going somewhere, if he takes care of himself. A year or more ago Cliff came down this way, fought in the amateurs and made a big hit. Then for a time hard luck trailed him and now the little dark-haired Canadian is back and with a bang. He slapped Charlie Lightfoot all over the ring in a four at Coney Island; came back a few days later at Northside to hand the same boy a drubbing in six sessions; beat Billy Burke in a six and Skeet Weems in a four and his last battle was an eight-round questionable decision which went to Burke in the latter's own manager's ball park.

The writer would like to ask this question: Why is the Cincinnati Boxing Commission so lenient? Promoters are managers and managers are promoters; out-of-town promoters come to Cincinnati to promote and the Commission casts a black eye in the local men's eyes. Example to date: Sam Jordan of Toledo came here and promoted, Fred Batsche and Danny Davis, both well-known managers, are both promoting shows, the former at Parkway and the latter at Northside; Joe Anderson from Covington is trying to climb in on the Cincinnati band wagon as is Tex Blankenship of Newport, who has already announced his first show for the Armory.

The writer is not begrudging any of these sports for anything, but just asking a simple question. Why does the Cincinnati Boxing Commission allow it? There are too many Cincinnati promoters inactive. Why not give them the chance? Make a promoter be a promoter, a manager a manager, and keep alien promoters out.

Franky Sanzone, fighting little Italian lightweight, continues on his merry way as 135-pound champ of greater Cincinnati. He defeated Tiger Lyons; bested Frankie Mieners twice in his last three defenses of the crown. Both Calhoun and Sanzone are managed by Joe Altman.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Rumor round that Vince Hambright was in the East was wrong, as he has been back in Cincinnati near on to four or five months . . . . Anderson staged his first indoor show on September 15 . . . . Eddie Gerhardt staged one boxing show at Witteried's Arena .

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

MANAGER FRANK JACOBS left a host of friends behind when he returned to the States with Jack Berg for Jackie's latest U. S. campaign. Jacobs is surely one of the most charming fellows connected with the boxing world who has been here from over the "herring pond." While over here Frankie spent some time looking up prospects, and the five best youngsters he picked are Harry Mizler, Fred Mitchell, George Odwell, Dave Finn and Johnny Quill. The first three are lightweights, the fourth a featherweight, and the last a welter.

Mizler is the ex-amateur champion of England at three different weights, and has stopped all his five professional opponents inside the distance, while Odwell has also stopped most of his men inside the journey in the past few months.

Mitchell was the only sparring partner who stood up to Berg and was fighting back at the end of the rounds, during "Yiddle's" training. Both Berg and Jacobs were greatly impressed with Mitchell. Finn, who has a great facial resemblance to Berg and boxes on the same style, is fancied to become a great fighter and Jacobs took a special interest in him during his trip.

Finn, who is only eighteen years of age, is a great body puncher. Quill is another who has been winning all his fights inside the distance.

Manager Ted Broadribb came in on the same boat as Berg and his manager went back on, and he was full of enthusiasm and pleasure for the wonderful welcome that he received during his stay in the States. Ted is well liked here and has a host of friends in the U. S., chief of whom is Nat Fleischer, the Editor of THE RING.

Another who impressed Jacobs is Ginger Foran who, up to the time of writing, is still waiting for Jackie Brown to obey the British Board of Control's ruling to defend his title against Foran. Brown's contention is that although he has not defended his British title for nearly a year, he defended his world's title two months before the board decreed that he should defend his World's, European and British championships against Foran.

A bombshell was thrown into Dave Lumiansky's plans when the French Federation suspended Al Brown for a year for objecting to the French referee when Brown met Johnny King in a title fight.

According to newspaper stories, war has been declared between Lumiansky and Jeff Dickson. May the better man win. Dickson's first big card of note for the season in France was a world's middleweight title fight between Marcel Thil and Kid Tunero, the undefeated Cuban.

Walter Neusel, the crack German heavyweight, came to Leicester and conquered Harry Crossley, the former British light-heavyweight king. Neusel is one of the best heavyweights seen in Britain in many moons, and a fight between him and Jack Petersen would be worth going miles to see. They were matched to meet in August, but Petersen's injuries against Doyle forced him to postpone the mill.

Doyle, who was suspended and heavily fined for fouling Petersen, is appearing in vaudeville, pending legal action against the board.

Mickey McGuire, who holds two decisions over Jackie Brown, and has knocked out Young Perez, is still going strong. He has won his last five starts.

Tommy Rogers, the sensation of the year, had bad luck when he slipped and injured a cartilage, which will stop him from fighting for nearly six months. Rogers's latest performance before his injury was defeating Tommy Hyams in five rounds. This is the best performance any Englishman has ever put up against Hyams. Rogers is the twenty-year-old youth who went to Paris and massacred Eugene Huat and drew with Kid Francis.

Jock McAvoy could not defeat George Brown inside the distance, and the latter went all the way. A surprise on the same program was the defeat of Dave Crowley by Jimmy Walsh. Crowley was very unlucky in having the verdict go against him.

With the news that Primo Carnera, world's heavyweight champion, would meet Don McCorkindale in Rome, the British Empire champion, Larry Gains and his manager started on an exhibition tour in France, hoping to wend their way towards Italy. Could it be they hope to have another shot at the giant?

Dick Burke, the Liverpool knockout artist, has taken a new lease of life. He defeated Bernasconi, the Italian bantamweight champion, and Phineas John.

Veteran George Cook won over Ernst Guhring, the German, on a foul in eleven rounds at Liverpool.

Boxing was televised from Broadcasting House, the headquarters of British radio, for the first time, during August. Archie Sexton boxed an exhibition with Lauri Ratteri and Billy Lewis outpointed Freddy Baxter. C. H. Douglas, the famous British referee, officiated, while it was also my honor to take part in the program, which was a great success. Mr. Jim Mollison, the famous airman, was an interested spectator. He and Lord Scarsdale and Mr. C. H. Douglas gave very interesting talks on boxing. It was the first television boxing show on record.

The Northern Area lightweight champion, Jim Learoyd, who has been boxing a number of years, drew with Norman Dale of Newcastle after twelve rounds of hard fighting. This was the second time these two have met, the first occasion ending in a points win for Dale.

A lad with a very unorthodox style is Charlie Baxter, of Birmingham, who has come to the fore with a rush. He has won his last six starts and will soon be meeting Stoker Reynolds for the Southern Area welterweight championship.

Another lad who is winning all along the line is Tony Butcher, who is being nursed in Liverpool, a town where good fighters come from. Butcher has beaten Ginger Jones, Louis Botes and Peter Nolan in his last three fights.

Ben Foord, another South African, who is in England, is a heavyweight of distinct promise. He was formerly a lifesaver in Durban, and has only had a dozen fights in all. In his two bouts in England, he has won both, having outpointed Charlie Smith and Vincent (Frankenstein) Parrille.

Tom Pardoe, the former British amateur flyweight champion, is making a big hit in the professional ranks. He has won all his fights. If Pardoe keeps this up, he will soon be challenging Ginger Foran and Jackie Brown.

Ernie Roderick, the Liverpool lightweight, was regarded as one of Britain's greatest prospects until he went to Australia, where he has not won a fight. He drew two and lost one against Bobby Delaney.

Len Johnson, the Negro Manchester cruiserweight, made a remarkable comeback at the Liverpool Stadium, when he defeated Jack London of West Hartlepool on points in twelve rounds of fast milling. Johnson was far too clever for his heavier opponent.

Billy Nash, the nineteen-year-old Clerkenwell flyweight, had three fights in a week, winning them all. He defeated Harry Barber and Teddy Butler and knocked out Billy Condon. Nash is being sponsored by dance-hall proprietors and is being given every opportunity to make good. He has been defeated only once in about fifty starts.

Since Jack Casey was punched all over the ring by Archie Sexton, at Manchester, a couple of months back, he has been having a very thin time. He has won only two fights. He was surprisingly beaten on points by Reg Perkins, the Bedford middleweight.

Victor McLaglen, the film star, gave belts at different weights, for competition at Watford. One of the winners was a youngster named George Day, who is very raw but possesses a heavy punch.

Harry Mason, the former British lightweight champion, has made a great comeback in the last few months. He defeated Johnny Summers, Leeds; Wal Dinsey, Willesden; Fred Webster, Kentish Town; and boxed a draw with Danny Evans, the Welsh welterweight champion. It looks a certainty that Mason will get another chance against Jack Hood for the welter title. He has drawn and beaten Hood, and the latter has also beaten him.

Johnny McMillan, the Scots boy who made good in the States, is still boxing very well over here. His latest victory was over the tough Liverpool boy, Billy Gannon.

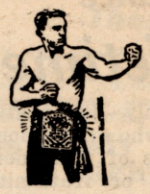
Britain's flyweights are going strong. Mickey McGuire's latest victory was over the I.B.U. champion, Praxille Gyde, while Ginger Foran scored over Emile Degand, an old opponent of Jackie Brown's.

Reggie Meen may be a failure in top-class heavyweights, but he can still beat the second-class men. He was matched against a local rival in Frank Borrington, at Leicester, and the latter was knocked right out of the ring in the fifth round.

Len Johnson, the Negro Manchester middleweight, boxed well to outpoint Jack London, the promising West Hartlepool heavyweight.

Since the success of Harry Mixler and Tommy Pardoe in the paid ranks, amateurs are turning professional with regularity. The latest are Ted Shaw, the former Lynn A. C. middleweight, and George Morris of the Battersea B. C. Both made successful debuts and look like becoming good 'uns.

Sent On Approval



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At the Brunswick Stadium, Glen Moody, middleweight champion of Wales, defeated Batt Parkin of Mansfield over twelve rounds.

George Marsden, Leicester, cleverly defeated the former Welsh champion, Jerry O'Neill, (Merthyr) over fifteen rounds after a close fight. Harry Sankey, who had some experience in the States, boxed well to defeat Eddie Davies, Careau, after a good fight.

At the Stadium Club, London, Jock Middleton, of Aberdeen, lost to Jackie Bishop of Hoxton, in a hard-fought twelve-round bout.

Red Pullen of Wales defeated Dixie Cullen of Chelsea, in another twelve rounds on the same card, after a scrambling sort of bout.

George Morris, the ex-amateur from Battersea, won in convincing style from Harry Daley of St. Georges.

Del Fontaine, the Canadian middleweight, stopped a substitute in Jack Marshall of Accrington in the seventh round, when the referee, Johnny Summers, called a halt.

Johnny Cuthbert, the British lightweight champion, received a shock at Liverpool, when he met a lad by the well-known name of Jake Kilrain, a nineteen-year-old Scot. The bout was fought at the Stadium, and was over the fifteen-round course and an overweight match. The Scottish lad tore into the champion from the gong, and never let up, and at the end received the referee's decision amid loud cheering from the large crowd present.

SOME SCOTTISH NOTES—Johnny McMillan, the king-pin of the Scottish feathers, continues his winning ways . . . . Mac gave a masterful exhibition in outpointing Benny Sharkey in Glasgow . . . . Boy McIntosh is rapidly becoming a great favorite with Scottish fans . . . . Two rounds were sufficient to show Willie Sharkey (brother of Benny) that he had no chance . . . . McIntosh is a great little scrapper . . . . Jake Kilrain continues to win all along the line, but the fans would like to see him against stronger opposition . . . . Willie Hamilton, the ex-welter champion of Scotland, made a comeback against Len "Tiger" Smith, but the Scot took such a lacing that his seconds threw in the towel after nine rounds . . . . Steve McCall, who recently gave up his cruiser title to become a policeman, has resigned from the force and intends to come back to the ring.

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Benny Leonard
Jimmy McLarnin
Young Terry

GROUP No. 2—
Ben Jeby and
Vince Dundee
(facing each other)
Wesley Ramey
Freddie Miller
Al Brown
Fidel La Barba
Primo Carnera
Stanley Poreda

GROUP No. 3—
Young Corbett III
Midget Wolgast
Kid Chocolate
Billy Petrolle
Tony Canzoneri
Johnny Dundee
Dave Shade

GROUP No. 4—
Frankie Genaro
Max Baer
Max Schmeling
Abe Attell
Terry McGovern
Jackie Fields
Barney Ross

GROUP No. 5—
Frank Battaglia
Jose Santa
King Levinsky
Johnny Risko
Baby Arizmendi
Maxey Rosenbloom
Pancho Villa

GROUP No. 6—
Jess Willard
John L. Sullivan
Bob Fitzsimmons
Georges Carpentier
Al Singer
Sammy Mandell
Benny Bass

GROUP No. 7—
Tommy Burns
Joe Walcott
Joe Gans
Jack Johnson
Jack Dempsey
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Floyd Marshall
Jack Reynolds
Sandor Szabo
Paul Jones
Fritz Kley

GROUP No. 13—
Hans Steinke
Gus Sonnenberg
Benny Ginsberg
Jim McMillen
Babe Caddock
Joe Malcewicz
Ernie Dusek

JERSEY GOSSIP
By HERSCHEL SCHWARTZ

DON PETRIN, leading light-heavy, got off the floor in the first round to fight an eight-round draw with Tony Galento, of Orange, at Newark.

Dick Clarke, Weehawken, welter, fought an eight-round draw at Englewood with Jack Mason of Staten Island.

Benny Bass, former titleholder, scored a two-round kayo at Atlantic City over Jack Portney, Baltimore lightweight.

Lew Raymond, Baltimore junior welter, drew in six with Jimmy Reed of Miami on the same card.

Stanley Kranenberg, Grand Rapids lightweight, won an eight-rounder at Englewood from Buckey Keyes of Jersey. On the same card, Nat Bor, U. S. Olympian last year, kayoed Jimmy Martin, New York welter, in six heats.

Ernie Ratner, Newark featherweight, was whipped in ten rounds at Long Branch by Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh. Billy Wilson, Pittsburgh, won on a foul in four rounds from Al Paretti of Bloomfield on the same card.

Vince Dundee, Belleville middleweight, scored a six-round technical kayo over Irish Danny Devlin, of Allentown, at Paterson. Carl Duva, Paterson welter, defeated Johnny Ferriel, of Newark, in six rounds on the same card.

Lee Ramage, of Los Angeles, stopped Johnny Rousseau, Montreal heavy, in seven rounds at Newark.

Stanley Kranenberg, Grand Rapids, was the winner in eight rounds at Paterson over Jimmy Phillips of Bernardsville.

Dom Rizzo, Bayonne middleweight, was outpointed in ten rounds at Long Branch by Sylvan Bass of Baltimore.

Eddie Durine, Montclair middleweight, kayoed Al Fehn, of Newark, in one round at Stanhope.

Paul Cavalier, Paterson's classiest fighter, outpointed Pietro Corri in eight rounds at Englewood.

Carl Hyde, Morristown light-heavy, kayoed K. O. Klinko of Oxford in two rounds at Stanhope.

Steve Dudas of Edgewater, former Golden Glove heavyweight, kayoed Frank Buzzoni in six at Englewood. Dom Rizzo of Bayonne beat Jay Mecaden in the main eight-rounder on the same card.

All items for this column should be mailed to this writer care of the Sports department of the Paterson "Evening News."

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By JAMES VACCOLLA

THE indoor season is under way. The New Haven Arena of course is holding the spotlight for the fight fans of the state. Lew Brown and Al Caroly are again making matches for the Arena. Bridgeport, Stamford, Hartford and Waterbury will also run indoors.

Jimmy Leto who makes his home in Hartford, is regarded as one of the best lightweights in New England. During the outdoor season, he has defeated Cocoa Kid, Steve Haliako, and fought a draw with Wesley Ramey.

The Walnut Beach Stadium closed their season with a good show. In the main bout, Eddie Moore won the decision over Connie Josenio of Texas. Al Borros, Bridgeport heavyweight, stopped Tut Jackson of Waterbury in the fifth round, and Pinkey Morris defeated Tommy Brown in a special four-round bout.

In Bridgeport, the Elks presented Primo Carnera, the world's heavyweight champion, in a four-round exhibition. In the main bout, Steve Smith of Bridgeport defeated Sal Uva in eight rounds. Louie Bogash also boxed a four-round exhibition with Gus Holmes.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Lew Anger owns a chain of movie houses . . . . Al Rossi of Newark married a New Haven girl and now makes his home in New Haven . . . . Al Gainor may meet Al Rossi in the New Haven Arena . . . . Irish Jimmie O'Brien has quit the fight game and now pumps gasoline for a living . . . . Pete August, who fought as a welterweight, now weighs over 200 pounds . . . . Al Caroly, New Haven Arena's matchmaker, has a hobby of playing rummy and plays a good game at that . . . . Primo Carnera drew less than $1400 in Bridgeport.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

MADONNA FIELD in Englewood is one of the best-situated clubs in this state, but the matchmakers (there are four of them) don't seem to be able to give the fans the proper dishes.

In one of the recent cards presented to the fans in Englewood, Steve Dudas, weighing 185 pounds, got the duke over Johnny Dario, 165 pounds, six rounds. Irish Paddy Sullivan was stopped in the second round of his six-round go with George Marshall, Dick Clark beat Mickey Salem in six and Hard Rock, a clown, who tried to imitate Wild Man Gould, outscored Clothespin Picico in four.

Ben Jeby, deposed middleweight king, got the duke from Joey La Grey in the main event of ten rounds staged in Newark. In three other tens, Abe Feldman beat Pietro Corri, Johnny O'Keefe drew with Phil Raffarty, while Justin Sirutis stopped Frank Montagna in the seventh.

At the Dreamland Park in Newark, Teddy Yarosz repeated his triumph of a few weeks previous in outpointing Vince Dundee in ten rounds. Rocky Stone beat Jackie Cohn (5), Max Fisher decisioned Johnny Toomley (5), Eddie Durino beat Frankie Corsi (5), Nick Abate stopped Frank Martin (1), Bud Taylor was kayoed by Keller Crawford (4). Al Diamond knocked out Stanley Domun (1), and Joe Kuhal lost to Mickey Butto in five rounds.

In ten of the fiercest rounds seen around these parts in a long while, Joey Ferrando, the Ohio Hurricane, clearly outpointed Lou Lombardi. Lombardi was the favorite entering the ring, but Joey showed his superiority in seven of the ten rounds. In the semi-final six Billy Burkett drew with Jimmy Colombo, Gene Mickens, a protege of Joe Jennette, stopped Steve Sheloe. In the first round of a six, Eddie Oliver t. k. o'd Jackie Lombardi, Lou's brother, in the third round, and in the final bout of the evening, a six-round between Jackie Mason and Frankie Genevose was won by the latter. A big crowd was on hand to see the main go between Ferrando and Lombardi.

Ralph Yandola, the Englewood promoter, is to run indoors in Hackensack, where he has a club that seats 3500.

Joe "Zip" Anderson who used to cover this column is now a full-fledged referee and a very competent one, never having any trouble whenever he renders a decision either way. Joe is well liked by every one and should get plenty of work during the fall and winter season.

At Paterson: Eddie "Kid" Moore finished Nickey Williams in the third of the feature go, Red Panico stopped Joey Cebu, (3); Jimmy Brady beat Manny Tillman, (5); Frank Zamoris put the crusher on Dick Wheeler in the first, Joey Madden lost to Pep Lambert, (4); as Bobby Larkin lost to Baby Dempsey, (4).

Send your news and photos to the writer at 205 41st Street, Union City, N. J.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

YOUNG TERRY, Trenton contender for middleweight honors, scored two knockouts in the past month. At Asbury Park, on the P.B.A. benefit card, Terry stopped Gene Moretti, Atlantic City veteran in the fifth round. At Shenandoah Terry stopped Bucky Lawless of Syracuse in the fifth. Terry and Lawless met a year ago here in Trenton, and Terry just barely won the decision. Since that meeting Lawless has been after a return. Terry obliged.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Trenton welter, and Sherman Brown, dusky Philadelphian, battled to an eight-round draw at Asbury Park.

George Levy, Trenton lightweight, won by a close margin over Johnny Sayres of Shenandoah in a six-rounder.

This writer has just opened a gym at 200 Second St. Jimmy (Fat) Pinto, trainer of boxers, is in charge. Jimmy is the boy that brought out Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Young Terry, Joe Sharkey and many others. Tom Ritchie's stable of fighters are training daily at this gym; they are Jack Gross, southpaw heavyweight, Charlie O'Donnell, Puggie Snyder, Mickey Harvey and Micky Bellinio. Al Cohen has Johnny Brennan, Billy Kearns, Michey Cohen and Billy Mahan. Fat Pinto is taking care of Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Sailor Roberts, Angelo Pelante, Lou Majakis, Shadow Vendell, Young Whitey, Moe Moore and a few lesser lights. Out-of-town boxers are welcome to train at the Pioneer Gym, Phone 2-2798.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

THE month of August was one of unusual importance in this locality. Teddy Yarosz, the outstanding mitt luminary in western Pennsylvania, who crossed leather with Vince Dundee, of Newark, emerged the winner by unanimous vote. Dundee earned hardly a round in the ten which he could rightfully call his own. The foxy craftiness and bewildering speed and stamina of the local boxer, simply played havoc with Dundee.

Losing but once in seventy professional engagements, representing all his work in the pro game, Yarosz surmounted his foremost barrier to date and is now the logical challenger for the fight with the champion.

Gross receipts exceeded $21,000. The paid attendance was revealed in the neighborhood of 15,000. Yarosz received $5,000 for his end. Dundee collected the same amount. The distance was ten rounds. There were no knockdowns.

These statistics represent the greatest in Pittsburgh fight history. The fight was held in Forbes Field, Pirates' ball park, under the banner of Promoter John L. Hernon with the aid of William Tracey, local business man.

CORRESPONDENCE—"Just a few lines to let you know that Mose Butch easily defeated Frankie Wolfram, at Youngstown, in the main go. Also wish to mention that I have Young Antonucci, who has had fifteen professional fights and has scored fifteen K. O.s. No fighter has gone more than three rounds with him."—Jack London, Pittsburgh.

"I have a boy I am looking after by the name of Henry Moreno, eighteen years old, weight 118 lbs. He has had forty-six fights, lost two decisions —Mexican—nice-looking boy in the ring, not marked up, and in perfect shape . . . . He has a win over Chato Laredo and a draw with Baby Arizmendi.—J. B. Tisserand, P.O. Box 427, Evansville, Ind.

Billy Holt, persistent-winning colored lad, of Homewood, whipped Phil Ross, Chicago boxer, in a six-round star bout.

The preliminary offerings of the Yarosz-Dundee fiasco were of the bang-up variety. Tiger Joe Randall was beaten by Al Salbano, Terre Haute. Phil Ross trimmed Al Diamond, middleweights. Joey (Battling) Bazzone, of McKeesport, whipped Al Lewis, Washington, Pa. Eddie Zivic won the disputed verdict over Harry Weekly. Al Becker and Johnny Riske, middles, opened the show with a gruelling draw.

Several fight producers expect to get back into action. This includes Messrs. Joseph Mazer and Jules Beck. and possibly a few more.

The leading boxers in Pittsburgh territory at the moment are:

HEAVYWEIGHT—Lloyd Clements.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Bruno Sala.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Teddy Yarosz.
WELTERWEIGHT—Billy Holt.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Eddie Zivic.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Jackie Wilson.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Tony Marino.
FLYWEIGHT—Joey Zelano.

PICKED UP ON BOXING'S BROADWAY—Frank Klaus, ex-middleweight ruler, always bears in mind the location of the nearest fire-escape exit whenever he enters a strange building or fistic emporium . . . . Johnny Risko, Cleveland's pride, has purchased his dad a nifty gas station . . . . Harry Cohen, Cleveland's newest promoter, was trying to line up Sammy Slaughter with Mickey Walker . . . . The Yarosz-Dundee affair was the first fistic offering staged at Forbes Field in eight years . . . . Yarosz is destined to replace the never-to-be-forgotten Harry Greb as Smoke Town's prize idol . . . . Greb won the world's middleweight championship and Yarosz is eager to duplicate Harry's feat . . . . Teddy has gone out of his way to imitate the idolized Pittsburgh Windmill in fast glove throwing, et al . . . . Frank Goosby, colored lad, received but $75 for his tiff with Vince Dundee, just for the chance.

According to Dan Parker's column in the New York "Daily Mirror," Nat Fleischer, THE RING editor, received a letter from Chief Kodwo Nsaaku, of Ukaan Abode, Essikadu, Gold Coast, British West Africa, making a gentle request and stating he intends to introduce boxing to his (the Chief's) tribe.

DO YOU KNOW—that Tiger Joe Randall is the "hittingest" fighter in this sector? . . . . All of the world fight champs to come out of Pittsburgh were of the middleweight division, Klaus, George Chip and Greb? . . . . that Charley Massare, New York heavyweight boxer, formerly of Monongahela, Pa., is accomplishing wonders in the East? . . . . Lou Beres from Cleveland promised the scribe some news and that it has yet to come? . . . . that Pete Kino, who picked Baer to flatten Schmeling, also chose the Cincinnati Reds to cop the National League pennant? . . . . so there!

IN SYRACUSE, N. Y.
By BILLY SHAW

MICKEY BARRON, busy little Scranton featherweight, and Joey Brown of this city, fought a spectacular six-round draw. Barron kissed the canvas 4 times in the first three heats but had Brown on the verge of a kayo in the last stanza.

Baby Joe Thompson, California Negro welterweight, and Bucky Lawless, the Auburn Irish Terrier, turned in a great fight. The draw decision at the end of six-rounds was so unpopular the pair may be rematched. Opinion as to the winner was about evenly divided. Several arguments broke out among the spectators after the decision and Lawless supporters swapped punches and words with Thompson rooters.

When Syracuse fans get stuck on a fighter they are for that fighter 100 per cent. This is one of the best fight towns in the country and is being built up gradually. Six-rounders are all the rage here. These bouts made popular by the bootleg "amateurs" are better liked than the tens.

Lou Scozza, Buffalo veteran, won from Johnny Nelson, local Negro star. Scozza is the same plodding, two-handed worker, and plenty tough. Nelson trained three weeks for the bout and left most of his strength in the gym. Johnny was unable to get his T.N.T. right over. Scozza proved too smart and cagy for him.

Pedro Lorenzo, the Philadelphia feather, has two nice wins here. Pedro stopped Mohican Kid (Frankie Delragno) of Pittston, Pa., in four and defeated Joey Gerace, Buffalo, in six. Lorenzo is camping on the trail of Bushy Graham.

Panama Al Jenkins of Pittsburgh, is in town seeking work. Jenkins was sent here by Frankie Goosby. He is training at Jack McCann's gym.

Irving Robbins, Joe Netro, Eddie Gallagher, Jack McCann and Jack Horth handle the best boys in this section. Robbins has Baby Joe Thompson; Netro has Lawless and Graham; Gallagher is local representative for Lorenzo and Frankie Hayes and is doing business for Mickey Serrian. Horth, who was formerly associated with Anse Carroll and the Flower A. C. at Rochester, is booking Jimmy Herman of Hazleton and Werner Wilsch of Wilkes-Barre.

Billy Shaw, local matchmaker, would like nothing better than to have Jack Dempsey referee a main bout. Billy is a great admirer of the former world's heavyweight champion.

Syracuse fans like sluggers. The two-fisted boys draw well here.

Errico Palumbo, better known as Eddie Dempsey, former Federation amateur lightweight champion, has applied for a license. Eddie wants a crack at Sammy Mandell.

Marty Postal staged a good card at Binghamton, N. Y., topping his show with three tens. Joe Banovic and Trader Horn, drew. Steve Halaiko pasted Herman Perlick, and Al Gainer and Battling Bozo battled to an even break.

Jimmy "Red" Herring has been named matchmaker for the Utica club which plans to stage weekly cards. Ray Kahl has drawn the assignment for the Auburn club which will run every other week, according to present plans.

Ritchie Fazio, former amateur boxer and brother of Young Fisher, veteran local middleweight, has applied to the Boxing Commission for a referee's license.

Billy Browne, who used to officiate as third man in the ring for the amateur shows in this section has also put in a bid for a license. Billy is a corking good official, and very popular with the fans and fighters.

Joe Sheppe has been granted a license and is referee at Marty Postal's Binghamton club.

Mickey Barron shaded Joey Brown in a sizzling return match at the Arena but the judges called the scrap a "draw." Referee Jack Michaels cast his vote in favor of Barron. The verdict was booed for nearly 10 minutes and the fans voiced their disapproval for several days after the battle.

Joe Moran, former Syracuse university football star, and national inter-collegiate middleweight champion the last two years, made his debut as a professional boxer before a crowd of more than 4,000 and fought an exciting six-round draw with Werner Wilsch, tough Wilkes-Barre German slugger. Moran, who is handled by Jimmy Bronson, well-known New York pilot of boxers, showed top form. The general opinion of the experts who saw Moran in his first pro fight was that "Dynamite" Joe is going places. Frankie Hayes battered out a close decision over Jimmy Reed, Erie veteran, and Mickey Serrian continued on his winning way by badly beating Len Porter, California Negro.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GEORGE HUSSEY

EMIL PALUSO is working out daily at the Manhattan gymnasium. The little fellow has not slowed up much since his last appearance here.

Tommy Paul, ex-featherweight champion via the N.B.A. ruling, is in Los Angeles. He has many offers on the coast and expects to be kept busy for some time.

Some of the real old-time boxers appear here frequently in the movies. Sid Marks, Bert Keyes, Philadelphia Kid Broad, Bob Perry, Joe Rivers (the original), Jack Perry, Tom Kennedy, Bob Roper, Spike Robison, Young Abe Attell, Al McCoy, Billy Papke, Frankie Garcia, and others too numerous to mention, are in the fistic movie colony.

The death of Solly Smith, old-time bantam and featherweight, leaves but three of the old-time banties—Jimmy Barry, Harry Forbes and Frankie Neil. Barry and Forbes reside in Chicago and have city jobs, Neil is with the Standard Oil Company at Point Richmond, California.

Fireman Jim Flynn is now a movie star. He photographs like a "million dollars." His facial expressions are as they say in pictures, "full per cent."

Jack Dempsey, working out with Primo Carnera and Max Baer, had to go into training for the stunt. Dempsey said he would take no chances with them as they did not know how to pull a punch. I would like to know when Dempsey pulled one.

Bill Duffy and De Preem were introduced at the Hollywood Stadium, Primo, from the ring and Bill in his seat. The old boy perhaps could not make the grade up the steps. Age will tell.

Benny Miller is the latest sensation among the heavyweights. He will do well as he has that which goes to make a good fighter—"CLASS."

Mrs. Barney Dempsey, widow of the brother of Jack Dempsey, has the Manhattan Gymnasium and the place is packed with boxers. The boys do not say as much as darn in the cuss words. The little lady acts as mother to them, and her sage advice helps a lot, for they respect her. She is the only woman gym owner in the West and perhaps the world.

Tom Gallery, matchmaker of the Olympic Auditorium, is fast getting it back to normalcy. He has some great cards lined up. The report is that Tony Canzoneri will show at the big place in the near future.

Word comes from San Diego that Mike Payan, Mexican welterweight boxer, was bitten by a toy bulldog, at the Gorilla Jones-Manuel Victoris bout at Tia Juana, Mexico, and two hours later the poor dog died, but Payan is still living.

Three of the smaller clubs closed up shop here, because they could not pay the extra ten dollars allowed the referees. Some of them were paying the boxers off in rubber collar buttons.

Here's one for the all-time book. A certain boxer wired home for money and his wife sent him ten dollars and the manager wanted his cut, so the Kid cut him off the payroll. That is gospel truth.

Jack Wrenn is here. He has a dandy stable of boxers that are clicking wherever they are shown. Jack has adopted California as his future home. He is one bird who appreciates the climate. (An ad for California gratis.)

Babe Trisco, the little Cleveland bantamweight, busted right into the fans' hearts in his first bout, when he defeated Joey Martin, the flashy little New Orleans' flash, at the Olympic Auditorium last month.

Mike Mitchell, the wizard of the trainers, is here training the Joe Glaser stable. He has Eddie Shea, Art Lasky and a few more lesser lights under his wing.

Suey Welch, the Akron, Ohio, fight manager, is making Los Angeles his headquarters. It is, I think, a case of throw out the anchor, for he will not take matches over a day's jump from the capital of the western front, Los Angeles.

The Hollywood Stadium has had six turn-away houses in the past two months. This Matchmaker Charley McDonald sure knows his gloves.

There is talk of Jack Dempsey making a South American trip. The writer knows that he was offered the trip last year when the Olympic games were held here. The betting is six, two and even that he will be on his way to the land of real chili by the first of the year. A nice wedding trip for little Hannah.

At the Olympic Auditorium last month the following great old-timers were introduced to the fans—Jim and Jack Jeffries, Jess Willard, Max Baer, Jack Dempsey, Billy Papke, Frank Moran. Then they had to watch Smacksie Rosenbloom do his act for ten heats.

Since the death of Solly Smith, it left but one Los Angeles born ex-champion in the person of Young Jack Thompson. The record books show that Thompson was born at San Francisco, 1904. But this is an error. He was born in Los Angeles.

Lew Massey, the Philadelphia lightweight, made a hit, September 5, at the Olympic Auditorium, in his bout with Young Peter Jackson, the Pacific Coast lightweight champion. Massey will do much better after he is acclimated. The ten-round duke against him did him no harm, he is a real game fighter.

Tom Gallery, the two-time matchmaker, is sure the busy person. He makes all the matches for the Olympic here and the Dreamland Arena at San Francisco—some task. He is also one of the most popular men in the boxing game.

One can search the boxing game from the cellar up and he will not find a more active manager than Mushy the Newsboy (Greenston). He manages Meyer Grace, who has made a comeback that has startled the boxing game. Grace was signed for one bout at Mexico City and he made such a hit that he was offered two more and, as fighting is his business, he accepted.

Abie Isreals, the Seattle Flash, and the one that won a duke over Freddie Miller, is in Los Angeles. Abie is just one degree slower than a lot of lightning.

Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom was in a few pictures here and his handsome facial expressions made a hit with all those concerned.

Hugo Kohut, the first man to lace a boxing glove on the hard hands of Paul Berlenbach, is now managing the destinies of Mike Payan, the Mexican fighter of note.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

YOUNG PETER JACKSON, Los Angeles, Pacific Coast lightweight champion and conqueror of Ah Wing Lee, won a vicious slugfest over Billy Townsend, sensational Canadian crowd-pleaser, in ten rounds at the Multnomah Stadium in Joe Waterman's only card of the month. The Negro sent "Billy the Kid" to the canvas for a nine count in the seventh.

In the semi-windup, Ah Wing Lee, 139½, local southpaw, chilled Joey Coffman, formerly of Buffalo, in one furious canto.

"Chalky" Wright, 128, Los Angeles Negro, defeated "Whitey" Neal, 127, Portland youngster, in six rounds.

Louie Nelson, 133, Portland favorite, battled six rounds to a draw with Roy Ockley, also of the "Rose City."

Tiger Cody, 132, Butte, and Young Harry Wills, Longview darky, battled a four-round draw.

Elmer Buzz Brown, 123, St. Paul, hit too hard for young Eddie Spina, Albina, and won a technical kayo in four.

On a Tex Salkeld prelim card in St. Johns at the Bachelor arena Frankie Monroe, 137, Klamath Falls, slugged to a draw with Johnny Higgins, 140, Salem, in four stinging rounds.

Elmer Buzz Brown stopped Johnny Watson, Spokane featherweight, in two rounds of a scheduled main event.

K. O. Cox, 182, Sherwood, was knocked out by Skippy Skinner, 190, Albina, in two rounds.

Spud Murphy, 188, Oregon City, outfoxed and outslugged Bud O'Neil, Piedmont, for a bloody four-round win.

In another Salkeld bout, Frankie Monroe scored fifty-fifty with Roy Ockley in a four-rounder for the lightweight title of Oregon, formerly held by Ah Wing Lee who outgrew the division.

Bud O'Neil decisioned Sailor Fuscha, 176, St. Johns, in four in the semi-windup.

Fat Spud Murphy upset Main Street, 179, Atlanta, Georgia, in the second canto.

Ray Morgan, 156, Mount Scott dynamiter, flattened Jimmy Scott, South Portland, in four.

The last of Salkeld's month program saw Elmer Brown of St. Paul kayo Johnny Snell, 124½, Portland, in the first.

Spud Murphy again won the referee's verdict over Bud O'Neil in an old-time Irish brawl of four stanzas.

JUMBLED GEMS—Waterman, Portland's ace fight promoter, has given boxing a much-needed uplift in his two-year period here. . . . Tex Salkeld, the large, good-natured, trainer and manager has developed into a great promoter with his four-round bouts in St. Johns. Many deserving boys are now given "employment" and a chance to star for themselves . . . . Fans from the good old "Please refrain from smoking" days at the Armory are able to attend thirty rousing rounds of slug and poke every Friday evening at almost unbelievable prices, thanks to friendly Tex.

KLAMATH FALLS—Ah Wing Lee, Portland southpaw Chinaboy, and University of Oregon scholar, scored a ten-round decision over Frankie Monroe, Klamath Falls lightweight. Whitey Neal decisioned Ad Cadena, Los Angeles lightweight, in the semi-windup. Elmer Buzz Brown stopped Johnny Snell in the first round.

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WASHINGTON STATE NEWS
By JACK NEVILLE

IT seems the legalization of boxing in this state has anything but added interest to the game. Boxing in the entire state is in the doldrums.

At Ellensburg during the rodeo, Lonnie Austin, Seattle promoter, staged two nights of boxing. Henry Woods, Yakima lightweight, scored a technical kayo over Carl Johnson, Spokane, in six rounds. The second night of battling found Lonnie Austin's prize heavyweight, Frank Van Hee, dropping a decision to Leon Chevalier, huge Oakland heavy.

In Seattle, Ely Caston, matchmaker of the White Center Club, packs them in weekly with good fights.

Dave Miller, rotund fight manager of Tacoma, who has one of the best stables of fighters in the Northwest, with such stars as Freddie Steele, Fred Lenhart, and Don Fraser, has the concessions at Longacres, the new race track.

Steele, in his last two starts, has defeated Eddie Ran, and kayoed Frankie Petrolle in three heats. This fellow looks better every time out.

George Burns, Oakland, Cal., fight manager, is in Seattle with the Ponce brothers, and Harry Thomas, light-heavy . . . . Chet McIntyre, old-timer of the ring, is developing boys in the amateur class in Tacoma . . . August Sepp, former policeman for the light-heavyweight wrestlers, is on his own, and promoting wrestling weekly in Seattle . . . . Bud Ridley, former star featherweight, is now the fight promoter in Bremerton . . . . Eddie Pinkham, former coast lightweight champion, is now a referee in this state.

Harold Schrader, a boy who recently boxed in the local amateur ranks and lately turned professional, as a light-heavy, died from the effects of being knocked out by Les Funk at Aberdeen in two rounds. This was Schrader's second pro fight in the light-heavy division.

Any news of interest to boxing and ring followers for the state of Washington, should be mailed to Jack Neville, Elks Club, Seattle, for THE RING Magazine, not later than the sixteenth of the month.

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

MARCEL THIL defeated the Belgian champion, Jack Etienne, cleanly in a ten-round contest in the Paris Salle Wagram Arena. At the same entertainment that Thil and Etienne fought Gustave Roth, the Belgian middleweight champion of Europe, defeated Candel, of France, on points. The meeting attracted another packed house for Dickson, the gates were closed within one hour of opening time.

Jeff Dickson has signed up Kid Chocolate for three fights, two of which will be in France, and one in England.

Boxing is run exceedingly clean in France. Paul Rousseau, the president of the French Federation, and secretary of the International Boxing Union, is one of the most capable men I have ever known to have been connected with sports.

Several European boxers will make a trip to South America the coming winter. Boxing in several of the big cities in South America is going over big.

The German featherweight champion, Willy Seisler, has gone to Buenos Aires, where he has several engagements booked up for the early winter months. Three other German boxers Edder, Duebbers and Stein, expect to make the trip with Seisler.

Theo Bouquillon, a young brother of the former heavyweight champion, of France, knocked out Sam Siki, in the sixth of a ten scheduled bout, at Le Mans. The youngster, who is just nineteen years of age, stands over six feet and scales over 200 pounds.

In a bout in Berlin, the German lightweight, Gustave Edder, defeated the French battler, Eugene Drouhin, in an eight-round contest.

Boxing is going over big in Paris, and Promoter Jeff Dickson is packing them in at his entertainments. Dickson, who has always been absolutely on the level in all of his transactions has the goodwill of the sporting enthusiasts backing him up in his many endeavors. Everything points to this year being another very successful one financially for the young American promoter, both in his French and English promotions.

John Anderson, the light-heavyweight champion of Europe, has been matched to meet Spakow of Rumania, for the title. The contest will probably be held in Bucharest.

Carlos Flix, the bantamweight champion of Europe, knocked out Victor Ferrand, in the sixth, at Barcelona, Spain. At the same entertainment, Jose Girones, of Spain, holder of the European featherweight championship, stopped Di Cea, in six rounds.

Spain is beginning to turn out some excellent boxers in the lighter weight classes. Paulino did much to popularize the game throughout the bull-fighting country.

Everything points to 1934 being a big boxing years in Paris. Jeff Dickson keeps crowding them in at all of his entertainments. He has all of the best talent of Europe sewed up for months to come. He should have another big financial clean up during the boxing season.

The ten-round middleweight boxing contest between the champion of Cuba, Kid Tunero, and Roger Besneux, of France, held at the Salle Wagram arena, resulted in an easy victory for Tunero. The Cuban showed real championship form.

All of the preliminaries resulted in knockouts, two of which were rattling bouts. Featherweight Meynadier, in the third round of a scheduled six sessions, knocked out his colored opponent Pontoir. It was a corking bout while it lasted.

Two lightweights, Chaintron and Corfini, gave a rousing display of fighting. During the last round, when about half-way through, the seconds of Corfini tossed in the sponge.

In the concluding bout on the program, Seelig, the German middleweight, won a point decision from Bassin, the French Negro. The battle was hard-fought throughout.

Tino Rolando, Italian middleweight of considerable local repute, scored a ten-round point verdict over Louis Vauclard, French light-heavyweight, in a slow fight at the Central Sporting Club.

The two best battles of the evening saw Maurice Dupuis, French flyweight, take the decision over Frankie Dimascio of Italy, and Prilleux, French middleweight, win by a technical knockout over Louigi Tempesti in the eighth round.

Jackie Brown, the world's flyweight champion, defeated Valentin Angelmann, the French flyweight champion, on points over fifteen rounds at Belle Vue, Manchester. Brown's title was not at stake.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

By CONRADO MATA

AUGUST was a red-letter month for the local promoters, when three record-breaking capacity houses were staged in the short time of three weeks. The Logan-Gora bout opened the month with a bang, followed by the Monserrat-Calvas and Monserrat-Keatos mat matches.

Luis Logan, local heavy champ, took nine of the ten rounds from Tony Gora, Japanese-Hawaiian importation to win the unanimous verdict of the judges.

German Monserrat, boss of the Island's pachyderms, threw George Calvas, Ireland, for two falls with flying headlocks to win his first attempt at a comeback after three years of absence.

Cunning Nene, Cuyugan's flashy bantam, is scheduled to pull off for the Pacific Coast, to join a well-known stable. Nene is a pleaser and bears watching.

Rush Binoy, 126, is the most promising fighter of the month. He is managed by Messrs. Caravana and Limjengco.

Jose Villanueva, leading bantam contender, gave Syd Torres, recently returned from the mainland, a neat drubbing in ten.

Les V. Hartman, manager and matchmaker of the Manila Open Air Boxing Club, is lining up a couple of "big time" cards. He is bringing over some first-class beak-busters from the States and Australia.

Ambrose Palmer, heavy and light-heavy ruler of Australia, is the right chap to test the mettle of Luis Logan. A Logan-Palmer offering will go big here.

German Monserrat lost his heavyweight "rassling" crown to Joe Keatos, Australia, and with it the big silver cup donated by Ruf. Halili when Keatos tossed German for two successive falls in easy fashion.

The four Guam fighters brought over by Lieutenant Pemberton, *U.S.S. Penguin*, made a creditable initial showing at the Dreamland ring against the Cavite pugs. Batt. Mariano, Jr., Guam, lost decisively to Joe Grande, while Whirlwind Meno and Mauler Maano drew with Kid Cruz and Jack Ricardo respectively. Rocky Aflague, promising Guam lad, kayoed Buddy True.

TID-BITS—Francisco Flores was the only one who knocked Dencio Cabanela off his "dogs" . . . . Pancho Villa's first win by a knockout was over George Mendies, former Empire and Australian flyweight champion, when the latter was on his way to the United States . . . . Martin "Young" Mondejar was the original "chin-chiller" . . . . Pancho Villa and Clever Sencio left the Islands a day after they were married and both heard of the birth of their sons a few days before they expired . . . . Tirso Garcia, former leather-pusher, is now head of the local Banking Commission . . . . Ramon Sanchez, knockout king of a decade ago, is now connected with the Philippine National Bank.

PORTO RICAN FISTICUFFS

By JOE VALCAR

BOXING has gained some of its former splendor since promoter Frank Gangemi entered the field in old "Victory Garden Stadium."

Sixto Escobar, classy Puerto Rican bantam, fought ten spectacular rounds to a draw with Felipe Andrade (Yambo), another local boy who has scored victories over Vidal Gregorio, Pinckey Silverberg and other good boxers in New York. On the same card, Al Clemens, former lightweight champion of Puerto Rico, won a close decision over John Martin, and Elly Mark, a very promising youngster, outpointed the old-timer Caballerito.

Angel Fajardo Cliville, the good Puerto Rican middleweight, returned to the island after a long absence and appeared in the Victory Garden in a ten-rounder against Luis Angel Torres. Cliville won. Billy Nelson stopped Kid Truyol in a one-sided bout. Malinsky, Jr., a very promising youngster, defeated Jose Verdejo on points.

Jose E. Angulo surprised Peter Martin, Puerto Rican welterweight champ, by holding him to a draw. Sixto Escobar beat Ray Lulolo. John Martin was awarded an unpopular decision over Elly Mark.

Pedro Montanez, lightweight champion of Puerto Rico, lost to Felipe Andrade (Yambo), clever southpaw. Montanez did not lose his title, as it was not a titular bout. Sixto Escobar whipped Vicente Abadia in eight rounds. Mon Rodriguez, one of the most prominent aspirants to the flyweight title, now vacant, had a soft job defeating the inexperienced Young Matty Mario by T. K. O.

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

BOB GODWIN and Joe Knight, the South's leading light-heavies, fought a terrific ten-round battle at the Twin City Arena with Godwin taking the duke. Knight put Godwin down in round three only to have Bob get off the floor and take the play away from him. Godwin fought a very smart battle and deserved the decision. Billy Strickler took the decision over Roy Bailey in the six-round semi-final. This battle was also a hummer. Henry Irving of Washington and Big Boy Smith fought an interesting six-round draw.

Ernie Rater of New York lost a close duke to Toney Falco of Philly, in the feature ten-rounder at the initial show of the Arena A. C. in Baltimore. Buck Taylor and Jimmy Tramberia, Baltimore featherweights, fought a bang-up eight-round semi-final, with Taylor having an edge. The best crowd to attend a fight in Baltimore in a year was on hand.

Leroy Dougan and Perry Knowles, two Southern featherweights making their homes in Washington, fought a rough ten-round draw at the Twin City Arena. Dougan was out in front in the early rounds, only to have Knowles even things up in the final three heats. Pete Bevens of Pittsburgh knocked out Joe Grace of Florida in the third round and Harry Groves of Baltimore licked Doug Sweafman in the feature prelim.

Frankie Klick of New York surprised Baltimore fans by handing Eddie Cool of Philadelphia a licking in ten rounds at Carlin's Park in a show staged by the Arena A. C. The fight was fast and furious. Charlie Von Reedon of Florida took an eight-round decision over Mickey Genaro in the semi. Ray Bowen of Washington belted out Pete Bevens of Pittsburgh, Pa., in four heats and Harry Decker of Philadelphia did likewise to Sammy Lucas of Florida in three.

Billy Jones, colored lightweight of New York, knocked out Larry Johnson of Chicago in four rounds at the Twin City Arena. Both boys took considerable punishment with Jones far the more durable.

Ken Overlin of Norfolk, Va., spotted Billy Strickler considerable weight and then handed the Washington battler a real pasting in a feature eight-rounder at Fort Washington, Md. Johnny Mays had the better of Johnny Farr in six rounds. Sammy Romano and Doug Sweatman boxed a six-round draw and Soldier Clark took the nod over Bill Bullick in four rounds in the best bout of the card.

PICKUPS—Charlie Cornell has closed his Twin City Arena located halfway between Washington and Baltimore on the main highway. Yes, Cornell took down a good-sized profit on his investment and well deserved the same. The Twin City shows became more popular as the season progressed until capacity crowds were turning out for the weekly shows in the latter stages of the season. While Cornell showed many of the leading boxers with logical opponents in his main events, considerable of his success can be attributed to his careful preliminary matchmaking. Every show presented a high-class preliminary card with many new faces . . . . Frankie Rice is making the matches for the newly organized Arena A. C. in Baltimore, Md., and thus far is doing a great job of it. During his boxing days Rice boxed all the good ones . . . . Billy Younger, prominent in boxing some forty years ago, is matchmaking for the Elks Club in Alexandria, Va. Younger trained many of the old-time battlers and has been a close student of the game since his active days. With Younger operating at the Elks Club and Frankie Mann operating at Portner's Arena, Washington, fight fans will get plenty winter boxing. Then too, there is a rumor that Charlie Cornell will operate in the District of Columbia on the Club member plan.

Washington. D. C., seems to be a standout for the Southern boxers, as during the summer season Joe Knight, Bob Godwin, Roy Bailey, Eddie Burl, Charlie Von Reedon, Mickey Genaro, Toney Lopez, Joe Goozeman, Sammy Lucas, Jimmy Reed, Harry Kersey, Roy Manley, Leroy Dougan and Perry Knowles made their headquarters there, and with the exception of Knight, Bailey and Lucas, the bunch is still talking things over at C. E. "Fats" Cornell Restaurant, next door to the Capitol Building.

Jimmy Erwin, former Texas promoter, who has been making Alexandria, Va., his headquarters for the past year or so, has done plenty well in this locality. At present, Jimmy looks after Pete Sarron, Les Kennedy and Billy Jones. Sarron is a great drawing card at the Portner Arena in Alexandria also Kennedy, while Jones has been busy on the road and in Maryland rings.

Chris Dundee has closed the Virginia Beach Arena for the season and has moved his operations into Norfolk, Va. Chris had plenty of tough luck with the weather at the beach this summer and many of his outstanding cards were either washed out by showers or threatening weather would keep many of the fans away.

NORTH CAROLINA NEWS

By DAN POLIER

DEWEY KIMREY, sturdy Charlotte scrapper, who holds the heavyweight title of the two Carolinas, may obtain a crack at the Dixie heavyweight crown worn by Young Stribling of Macon, Ga. Kimrey, Charlotte's twenty-four-year-old heavyweight ruler, tips the scales at exactly two hundred pounds and measures six feet and two inches in height. The colorful Carolinian has tangled gloves with such heavyweights as Arthur Huttick, Buck Everett, Ted Sandwina, Les Kennedy, Arthur Godoy, Frankie Wine, Tony Cancela, Ralph Ficucello, George Neron, Rufino Alvarez, Benny O'Dell, Pat Hayward, Big Boy Peterson, George Gemas and Add Warren. Kimrey, is under the wing of Lukie Tenner.

Asheville, N. C.—Clyde Chastain, of Dallas, Texas, just back from a tour of South Africa, made his debut in North Carolina by holding Jake Denning, classy light heavyweight from Durham, to a steaming ten-round draw in the final bout at the Pack Square Garden.

Battling Bozo, clowning heavyweight from Birmingham, Alabama, took the licking of his career when he collided with Corn Griffin of Fort Benning, Georgia, over a ten-round route, at the Pack Square Garden.

Charlotte, N. C.—Veteran Johnnie Roberts of Huntington, West Virginia, was no match for Corn Griffin, of Fort Benning, Georgia, at the City Armory.

Concord, N. C.—Baby Stribling, crack welterweight from Macon, Georgia, successfully pounded out a ten-round decision over Little Boy Safrit of Kannapolis at the Fair Grounds here.

Asheville, N. C.—Buck Everett, of Gary, Indiana, stopped the brilliant winning streak of Corn Griffin by scoring a technical knockout in the seventh round at the Pack Square Garden. A nasty cut over the Fort Benning boy's eye bled terribly and forced him to retire.

Charlotte, N. C.—Big Dewey Kimrey, Carolina heavyweight king, punished Ted Sandwina of New York so severely that the New Yorker had to call it quits in the seventh heat, at Virginia Beach recently.

Add Warren, one time heavyweight champion of the two Carolinas, who was relieved of his crown by Dewey Kimrey some three years ago, is now waging a comeback campaign in which he hopes to regain his lost crown. During his retirement from the fistic world Warren taught the art of self-defense at Duke University in Durham, N. C., where he turned out some fine boxing squads to represent the North Carolina institution.

This scribe, in conjunction with Sol Tenner, North Carolina's foremost boxing promoter, has selected the following ring performers as North Carolina's leading fighters in each division:—Heavyweight, Dewey Kimrey; light-heavyweight, Al Massey; middleweight, Bob Allison; welterweight, Rufus Miles, and lightweight, Jimmie Swinson.

ALABAMA NOTES

By S. P. CARPRI

THE Disabled American Veterans under the direction of Jay Thomas, in Birmingham, put on some fine cards last month.

At the Municipal Auditorium, Battling Bozo, local heavyweight, lost a hard ten-round bout to Joe Knight, Caire, Ga. Another popular local middleweight, Tom Blanton, kayoed Bernard Schultz, of Tuscaloosa, in the seventh round. In the prelims, Hardboy Henry kayoed Keno Fernita, in two rounds. Young Hambright drew with Jessie Moore in four.

A week later, Tom Blanton was given the main event, with Bernard Schultz. The mill went ten bloody rounds with both bleeding from either nose or mouth. But Tom had the edge in the milling. In the semi-final, Jimmy Rogers, 158, kayoed Sailor Edwards in the third. Eddie Caldwell, who recently turned professional, won from Aubrey Cannon, 125-pounder, in a six-round bout. Chick Evans, 131, beat Charles Alsep in four.

The D.A.V. are staging shows at the Birmingham Athletic Club now. Cutting down overheads.

Billy Vinson, Birmingham featherweight, who just came back from Washington, lost a close decision to Jimmy Box.

Managers and would-be managers are trying to sign Marshall Grosse, a young middleweight amateur, for a professional career.